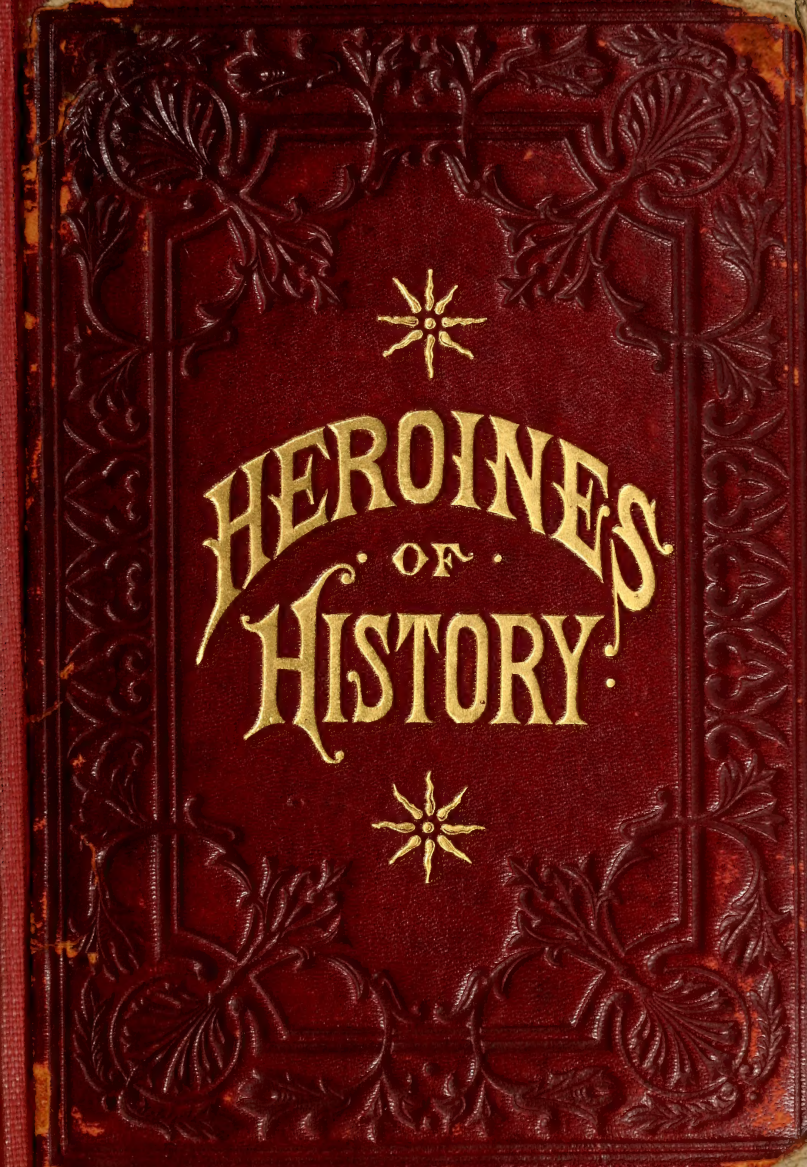
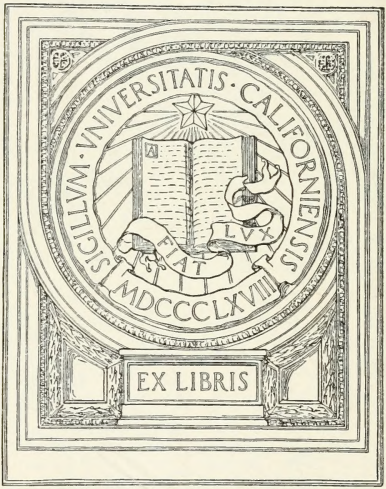

HEROINES
OF
HISTORY

GIFT OF
Mrs. W. Barstow



With best wishes
for a Merry Christmas
1889.

From M.V.G.

Napa



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Cleopatra

HEROINES

—OF—

HISTORY.

—BY—

JOHN S. JENKINS.

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED.

"Thou hast a charmed cup, O Fame!
A draught that mantles high,
And seems to lift this earthly frame
Above mortality."

—MRS. HEMANS.

L. P. MILLER & CO.,
CHICAGO, ILL., PHILADELPHIA, PA., STOCKTON, CAL.
1889.

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1888

Gift of Mrs. W. Barstow

TO THE ARGYLLS

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1888.

HEROINES

OF

HISTORY.

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M83498

Dedicated

TO

S. SHELDON NORTON, ESQ.

My Dear Norton:—

I do not inscribe this volume to you, merely because of the long and uninterrupted personal friendship existing between us,—though I would fain have you regard it as a memorial of the intimacy which that friendship has sweetened and hallowed. I find other motives to influence me, in our mutual admiration of female heroism, and in the interest with which, in common with myself, you have traced out the varied fortunes, and studied the characters of the "Heroines of History," whose lives I have attempted to sketch in the following pages.

They were not *perfect* women,—and where did such ever exist, unless in the dreamy conceptions, half poetic, half philosophic, of the pure and simple-minded, though almost too unworldly, bard of Rydal Mount? I have not considered them as examples of female excellence, without spot or blemish; nor have I represented them in that light. They were *famous* women, and so lifted "above mortality,"—and as such I have endeavored to portray them.

Cleopatra.

Por Cleopatra o Egypto foi vencido.
MASCARENHAS.

WHATEVER might have been the character of the person occupying the throne of the Ptolemies, during the time of the Cæsars and the Triumvirate, it may well be doubted, whether the independence of Egypt, under any other circumstances than those which attended the complete subjection of that kingdom to the Roman sway, could have been longer maintained in opposition to the colossal power whose victorious standards were planted on the rocky shores of the Atlantic, or fanned by the soft breezes of the Orient; and, perhaps, it was rather the misfortune than the fault, of the fair, but frail, descendant of a long line of illustrious princes, that she was the last of her dynasty and race who ruled in the home of her ancestors. Nay,—is it not certain, that the charms which captivated Cæsar and enthralled the heart of Antony, though powerless to save her country from the doom that awaited it, put far off the evil day of its undoing? The Egyptian kings had long been the mere allies of

Rome; and such vassalage was almost sure to be the precursor of entire subjugation.

Yet it is for the very reason offered by the Portuguese poet in her condemnation—that for, or on account of her, Egypt was vanquished—that the name of Cleopatra is so famous in history. The poet who has dwelt with delight on her charms and her follies, and the historian whose periods have grown eloquent as he depicted her graces and lamented the weakness with which they were allied, have referred to them more as the causes which produced the downfall of the Egyptian monarchy, than as the effects of that national degeneracy which preceded it. As the beauty and the shame of Helen are first in the thought of the traveller who pauses beside the yellow waters of the Scamander, and looks around him, but in vain, for the memorials of ancient Ilium; so he who gazes on the humble promontory that breaks the waters of the Ionian sea, forgets that the crescent of the Moslem is reflected in the blue waves that sparkle beneath it—Time rolls back the events which she has numbered—the proud galleys of Egypt's queen and her doating lover pass in review before him—and he remembers only, that here

> "was lost
> A world for woman, lovely, harmless thing!"

But the story of the false bride of Menelaüs is all a fable; and thus, too, may it be said, that historic truth does not warrant the conclusion, that Egypt was overthrown, for the sake of Cleopatra. It is enough that

she presided, as it were, over the catastrophe which she could not avert, to invest it with the attractions of Romance. The seeds of dissolution were not, in fact, planted by her hand,—she but neglected to check their growth. Under her auspices, the last days of the monarchy were spent in the soft dalliance of love, in excess and voluptuousness, instead of the misery and confusion of a hopeless and protracted warfare. One after another of the Roman generals who designed to wrest from her the kingdom she had inherited, was made captive by her beauty, and in her embraces forgot the "high ambition" which had before been his mistress; and it was only when that beauty had faded, and could no longer ensnare, that the Egypt whose glory and splendor had once been unrivalled, was humbled in the dust. The beauty and the love of Cleopatra had preserved for a season, but they did not secure, the independence of her country; and the same hour that witnessed the overthrow of the one, beheld the failure of the other.

CLEOPATRA was born about the year 68, B. C. Her father, Ptolemy Auletes, had ascended the throne of Egypt under the patronage of the Roman Senate; his predecessor, Alexander Ptolemy III., having bequeathed his kingdom to the Romans, although, as he had been banished by his subjects, it was a matter of some doubt, whether he was capable of making such a disposition of his crown. Auletes was a shrewd and politic prince. With the sum of six thousand talents he purchased the favor and friendship of Julius Cæsar

and Pompey, and through their influence secured the alliance of Rome. His people, indignant at his conduct, revolted from his authority and drove him into exile; but they were compelled again to receive and recognize him as their king, by the presence of a Roman army. Subsequent to this re-establishment of his power, the peace of the realm was not disturbed; and until his death, he continued in the uninterrupted possession of his kingdom.

Auletes had two sons and three daughters. But two of his daughters survived him: the eldest, whose name was Berenice, was put to death by her father, because she had worn the crown, and assumed the royal authority, during his exile. By his will, therefore, he left the government of Egypt to his eldest son and his second daughter,—the latter being the renowned Cleopatra. He also directed, in accordance with the usage of the Alexandrian court, that they should marry together and reign jointly. As both were minors, they were placed under the guardianship of the Roman Senate, by whom Pompey was selected to fulfil the duties of the office.

At the time of her father's death, Cleopatra had nearly reached her seventeenth year—that season of poetry and love. She stood just upon the threshold of womanhood,—the faultless outlines of the girl wanting but the filling up to perfect a form unmatched among Egyptian maidens for symmetry and grace. She was tall of stature, and queenly in gait and appearance. Her features were regular, and every limb finely moulded, though yet lacking the round and vo-

luptuous fullness of her ripened beauty. The warm sun of that southern clime had tinged her cheek with a hue of brown, but her complexion was clear and pure as the serene sky that smiled above her head, and distinctly traced beneath it, were the delicate veins filled with the rich blood that danced so wildly, when inflamed with hate, or heated with desire.

Her eyes and hair were like jet, and glossy as the raven's plume. The former were large, and, as was characteristic of her race, apparently half shut and slightly turned up at the outer angles, thus adding a great deal to the naturally arch expression of her countenance; but they were full, too, of brilliancy and fire. Her silken ringlets fell in long flowing masses down the stately neck, and over the snowy throat, and the polished shoulders, and the wavy bosom where Love delighted to make his pillow. Both nose and chin were small, but fashioned as with all the nicety of the sculptor's art; and her pearly teeth nestled lovingly between the coral lips whose kisses were sweet as honey from the hives of Hybla.

But her beauty was not all mere comeliness of form and feature. To the witchery of Venus she added something of the dignity of Juno. Beside the personal charms that might arouse the slumbering passions of an anchorite, she possessed the most exquisite mental gifts. Her countenance was expressive, and her dark sparkling eyes beamed with intelligence. With a fondness for philosophy, she united a love of letters as rare as it was attractive; and in the companionship of scholars and poets, her mind expanded as she added

to its priceless stores of wealth. She was not only familiar with the heroic tales and traditions, with the poetic myths and chronicles, and the religious legends of ancient Chemia; but she was well versed, too, in the literature and science of Phœnicia and Chaldæa, of Greece and Rome. Of both the Greek and the Latin tongue she was a complete mistress, and with the swarthy Ethiop and the fierce Bedawi of the desert, with the Jew, the Syrian, the Mede, and the Persian, she could converse without an interpreter. Delighting, as she indeed did, in the love-songs of Anacreon, she often turned with interest to the dark volumes of papyrus containing the historic fragments of Manetho and Eratosthenes. Much as she admired Homer and Pindar, they were not more her favorites than Euclid or Archimedes, than Anaxagoras or Aristotle; and Apollonius of Perga occupied as high a place in her regard, as his namesake, the Rhodian. She was skilled, also, in metallurgy and chemistry; and a proficient in astronomy, and the other sciences cultivated in the age in which she lived.

In the lighter accomplishments, she was not deficient. She possessed a fine taste, which had been highly cultivated. The female graces for which Miletus was so widely famed, beautified and adorned her character. Her skill in music found none to equal it. Her voice itself was perfect melody, and when breathed through the soft tibia, fell upon the listening ear with a magic power, and bathed

> "The drooping spirits in delight
> Beyond the bliss of dreams."

Touched by her fingers, the cithern seemed instinct with life, and from its strings there rolled a gushing flood of glorious symphonies. She was eloquent and imaginative, witty and animated. Her conversation, therefore, was charming; and if she exhibited caprice, which she sometimes did, it was forgotten in the inimitable grace of her manner.

Had she not been fond of pleasure, she would have constituted an exception to the times. Yet she was no Sybarite; but, like Aspasia,—or, to find her parallel in a later age, like Margaret of Valois,—she loved to mingle the intellectual with the sensual. There had been a reaction in the social condition of the Egyptian people—the sacerdotal power was diminished—the influence of their strange religion was weakened—the prejudice of caste was not felt to the same extent as formerly—refinement had taken the place of austerity, and licentiousness that of gloomy formalism. This change commenced with her father's reign, and her character was formed by the circumstances that surrounded her.

Her vices were those of the age:—her virtues, few though they may have been, were cherished in spite of it. She was superstitious,—but Superstition was then Religion. She was cruel,—but cruelty was the besetting sin of nations and individuals. She was selfish:—why should she not have been selfish, with enemies plotting and conspiring against her at her father's court, and seeking in every way to compass her destruction? She was ambitious,—but when were the sons or daughters of kings and princes without am-

bition? She possessed strong and ardent passions, which she rarely attempted to control,—but they were the only feelings she was at liberty to gratify: she was formed to love, and be loved in return, but both the law and her religion forbade the indulgence of an honest affection.

Such was the youthful queen of Egypt when she ascended the throne of her father, not as sole mistress, but enjoying a divided empire, and coupled, too, with a condition,—that of her marriage with her brother, who was still younger than herself,—from which she revolted, less from principle, indeed, than for the reason that its fulfilment was abhorrent to her inclinations. A mutual dislike seems to have been early formed between them; and the flame was industriously fanned by the designing counsellors and favorites of young Ptolemy. Not less ambitious than his sister and wife, but her inferior in talents, in accomplishments, and in every attribute necessary to maintain the dignity appropriate to his position, he was but the tool and creature of abler and more designing men.

The strong aversion conceived for each other by the royal pair was soon changed to the most rancorous hate. The Egyptian people were by no means favorable to the rule of a female sovereign, and this national prejudice contributed a great deal to strengthen the influence of the king's advisers. While the joint power remained in the hands of Cleopatra, they could do nothing,—she was too intelligent to be a dupe, too ambitious to acknowledge a superior,—and, therefore,

it became their aim and object to deprive her of her share in the sovereignty. Their plans, for the time, were successful. Acting under the advice of Photinus, his tutor, of Achillas, the general of his army, and Theodotus, the rhetorician, Ptolemy refused to allow her to participate in the administration of the government.

It was not in the nature of Cleopatra to submit to so great an indignity. She claimed her rights, with a boldness and spirit which, among any other people, would have aroused a general and irrepressible feeling of enthusiasm in her favor; but the prejudices of the populace were stimulated and aroused by the artful ministers, and they, too, joined in the cry against her. Too proud to compromise her dignity, by a surrender of her authority, she was nevertheless forced to yield to the tide of popular fury. But the heroic heart that beat in her bosom was unsubdued. Obliged to fly from Egypt, she hastened to Palestine and Syria, to collect an army that might enable her to recover the heritage of which she had been deprived.

Just at this juncture, the fate of Rome and of the world was decided on the plains of Pharsalia. Pompey fled to Egypt, but was treacherously murdered by the cruel Ptolemy and his ministers. The victorious Cæsar followed close upon his track, with an army too small for conquest, but having in its leader a host. He was then at the zenith of his power, and brave men trembled when his name was uttered. The murder of his great enemy did not secure his friendship, as the counsellors of Ptolemy had anticipated: he

treated them with coldness, and demanded the prompt payment of a sum of money due him from Auletes.

Anarchy now reigned in Egypt. Altercations and disputes between the respective adherents of Cleopatra and her brother were of daily occurrence. Assassinations were frequent; violence usurped the place of justice; and crime went unpunished. While this state of things existed, Cæsar could not expect that his claim would be satisfied; for the turbulent state of the country afforded abundant excuses, or pretences, for postponing its consideration, or evading it altogether. Accordingly, it was his policy to promote the early restoration of order and quiet, and to that end he proposed, as the representative of the Roman Senate and nation, to hear and determine the dispute between Cleopatra and her brother.

In the mean time, the fair refugee had nearly completed her preparations, and was about to return to Egypt to maintain her right to the throne by force of arms. Having received the summons of Cæsar to appoint some person to plead her cause before him, she determined to obey it, but to be her own advocate; and fearing that the arbiter might be prejudiced against her by Ptolemy and his ministers, she resolved to seek a private interview with him, without delay.

Lest her approach should be suspected, and means be taken to prevent any communication with the Roman general, she sailed from Syria in a frail skiff, attended but by a single friend, Apollodorus, a Sicilian Greek. Cæsar himself had not dared to venture out

to sea, on account of the prevalence of the fierce Etesian winds; but nothing daunted her buoyant soul. It was a high stake in peril—her crown and kingdom —everything to her. Each moment was pregnant with danger, and the dark waters of the Mediterranean frowned gloomily upon her; yet she knew not what it was to fear, for wind and wave seemed but to throb in unison with the wild, fierce passions that sustained her.

Arrived off the harbor of Alexandria, she found that it would be impossible to effect a landing in safety, and to avoid the spies and elude the vigilance of Photinus and Achillas, except by stratagem. Her woman's wit and cunning now served her well. Having procured some cloths and other fabrics, such as were brought for sale by foreign merchants, she spread them out, and laid herself at full length upon them. Following her directions, her faithful attendant Apollodorus wound them about her person, and then tied the bundle with a thong in the same manner as packages of goods were secured.

Thus hidden from all stranger eyes, she was conveyed in the dusk of evening to the quarters of the Roman commander; her companion sustaining, for the nonce, the character of a merchant, and bearing the load of beauty on his shoulders as if it were but common merchandize. In answer to all inquiries, he said he bore a present for Cæsar. That was true, though not in the sense in which he was understood; but the reply was sufficient, and he pursued his way unmolested, through crowds of citizens and soldiers.

and past all the lines of guards, till he reached the presence of the illustrious Roman, and deposited the fair burden at his feet.

Then he unloosed the package, and instead of Tyrian purples, of scarfs from Sidon glistening with their splendid saffron dyes, or shawls of Babylon enriched with stripes of gold or sprinkled with woven flowers, there sprang forth, like Venus from the waves of Ocean, a woman robed in beauty such as poet never dreamed, nor sculptor's art could fashion. The matchless queen of Egypt stood before him; her disordered apparel but half concealing the matured charms of twenty summers; her unbound tresses floating to her feet; her short-sleeved tunic leaving the white arms uncovered which outshone the armillæ of pearls that clasped them; her olive-brown cheek tinged with blushes, and her dark eyes beaming with anxiety and hope.

She came,—she saw, and conquered. Though always addicted to sensual indulgences, Cæsar had now passed his fiftieth year, and the hot blood of youth no longer warmed his veins. Yet passion was not wholly dead within him. He was unprepared for so much loveliness, and it filled him with surprise. Her charming conversation, her sparkling vivacity and wit, increased the fascinating influence whose spell was on him, and he yielded, without an effort of resistance, to its power. His Roman wife was forgotten; and in the arms of Cleopatra, he promised that her will, in Egypt, should be second to his own.

It was nothing strange that the attachment should

be reciprocated by the Egyptian queen,—not strange that, escaping from an incestuous connection, she should indulge an unlawful passion,—not strange that flying from the imbecile husband provided for her she should find a refuge "in a hero's love." There was much in the character of the Roman statesman and warrior, that was calculated to inspire her regard. His person was not displeasing to her; and his renown, his soldierly skill and daring, his intelligence, and his manly independence, all combined to attract her to him. She loved him, no doubt, sincerely; and manifested her affection by an intimacy, which, though outraging decency and virtue, was but in keeping with the customs and manners of the time. She could not be his wife, and therefore became his mistress.

On the day following this strange interview, Cæsar sent for young Ptolemy, and advised him to become reconciled with Cleopatra, to take her as his wife, and share with her the regal power. The suspicions of the young monarch were at once aroused, and when he learned, as he soon did, that his sister was at that moment in the apartments of Cæsar, his anger rose beyond control. Rushing from the palace into the open street, he tore the kingly diadem from off his head, and trampled it beneath his feet. To the people who crowded round him, he said that he had been betrayed, and called upon them to avenge him. For his dishonor, if he knew it then, he cared but little, as he had before sought to compass the death of Cleopatra; but that she was under the protection, and enjoyed the confidence of Cæsar, seemed ominous of ill.

His story excited the sympathy of the populace, and placing himself at their head, he returned to the palace for the purpose of attacking Cæsar. But his ungovernable rage only led him into further difficulty. He was seized by the Roman soldiers, and forced to acquiesce in the arrangement which Cæsar had indicated. An assembly of the Egyptian people was held, by order of the Roman commander, at which he announced his decision, as guardian and arbiter, that Ptolemy and Cleopatra should reign together jointly, in Egypt, according to the will of their father; and that Ptolemy, their younger brother, and Arsinoë, the younger sister, should exercise joint rule in Cyprus, then a Roman possession, but formerly one of the dependencies of Egypt, and now restored by Cæsar.

In this decree, both Ptolemy and Cleopatra, who were present when it was pronounced, concurred without hesitation; and their example was followed by all the principal dignitaries in the kingdom. But the peace thus concluded was a hollow one. The decision of Cæsar was fatal to the ambitious designs of Pothinus, and at his instigation, Achillas refused to give his assent, and marched with the Egyptian army upon Alexandria. Ptolemy, too, only waited for an opportunity to manifest his disinclination to abide by an arrangement which had been forced upon him. While in the capital, he was but the mere prisoner of Cæsar, and he desired to be released from the unwelcome surveillance. Professing the sincerest attachment to the Roman general, he deceived him so far, that he was permitted to go to the Egyptian camp, in order, as he

said, to prevail upon his friends to submit to the decree. Once there, he threw off all disguise, and prepared for hostilities.

The Alexandrean war now succeeded. Various fortune attended the movements and operations of the rival parties. At one time the little Roman army seemed doomed to be overwhelmed by the superior force of the Egyptians. But the good genius of Cæsar did not desert him. He manfully supported the cause of Cleopatra which he had espoused, and by repeated exposures of his own person to danger and peril, for her sake, awakened in her bosom still more powerful feelings of affection and regard. At length, being seconded by the Roman troops from Syria and Cilicia, Cæsar prosecuted the war with his accustomed vigor, and it finally ended in the complete overthrow and death of Ptolemy, and the general recognition of the authority of Cleopatra.

During the series of contests that took place in the vicinity of Alexandrea, a large portion of the city was destroyed by fire, including its chiefest ornament, the noble library founded by the Ptolemies. At one time all seemed lost. But through the gathering gloom, the star of Cæsar shone with a lustre as of old. Midst the ashes and ruins of the capital, his banners floated proudly in triumph or in defiance. From street to street the enemy were driven by his victorious arms, until the beleaguered city was relieved. Indifferent to peril, he shared every risk; and each day the heart of Cleopatra warmed toward him, as she beheld him fearlessly encountering danger for her sake. Before, she

had but loved him,—now, gratitude turned her love into devotion.

The war being ended, Cleopatra was proclaimed anew the queen of Egypt; and in order to gratify the disaffected partisans of Ptolemy, and to allay the prejudices of the people, Cæsar decreed that she should marry her younger brother, and that he should be associated with her in the government. This marriage, however, was one of mere form, as the younger Ptolemy was then but eleven years of age; and Cleopatra continued to share the counsels and the bed of Cæsar.

Having thus put down all opposition, and restored peace and tranquillity to the kingdom, Cæsar and Cleopatra made a royal progress through the valley of the Nile, accompanied by his Roman guards, by a large retinue of friends, and by troops of servants and attendants. Slowly and leisurely they ascended "the great river," whose banks were yellow with the ripening harvest, in barges with poops of burnished gold—the oars, inlaid with silver, keeping time with the measured tones of sweetest music, and the carved prows cleaving the waters softly, like mermaids in their merry sports.

Reclining beneath silken awnings spangled with stars and flowers, upon carpets that yielded to the slightest pressure, and in whose woof the velvet foliage of the amaranth was blended with Eastern roses, and the azure flowers of the sacred lotus, the Egyptian queen and her noble lover passed the day in slumber, lulled by the mellow strains of barbiton and pipe, and fanned by the scented gales of "Araby the Blest." At

the fall of even, the tents were pitched upon the shore, and, summoned as it were by magic, long files of slaves came forth, bearing the vessels of gold and silver for the feast. The board was spread with fish and sesamum, with soup of alica, with olives, cakes and sweetmeats, and the luscious fruits of Yemen. Wines made from the palm and grape, cooled in the vases of Coptos, or sparkled in the golden craters wrought by Argive artists with exquisite skill; and lamps of perfumed oil, and censers filled with burning incense, scattered their rich odors through the groves of date-palms and acacias. The night was spent in merriment and feasting, and when the morrow came, it but renewed the scenes of yesterday.

In revelry like this, in love's soft dalliance, the winged hours flew swiftly by. Though his presence was no longer needed, Cæsar still lingered at the Alexandrean court. Cleopatra became the mother of a son, named, after his father, Cæsarion. Thus was there another tie between them, and it was difficult to separate. At last, the revolt of Pharnaces obliged him to break loose from the sweet thraldom which had detained him, and hastening forthwith to Syria, he defeated the rebel prince, and drove him out of the kingdom of Pontus.

Meanwhile, his enemies at home, not without cause, had brought discredit on his name: and even his warmest and most faithful friends did not withhold their censures, for that he had not resisted the blandishments of the Egyptian Circe. Leaving a sufficient number of his troops with Cleopatra, to enable her to

suppress any outbreak that might occur, he now returned to Rome, taking with him her sister, the young Arsinoë, who had fallen into his hands as a prisoner on the defeat of Ptolemy, to grace the triumph decreed him by the Roman Senate.

From this time, and until after the death of Cæsar, the reign of Cleopatra was not disturbed by foreign war or internal commotions. Her power was firmly established, and no one disputed her authority. During the minority of her brother, she administered the government alone, with a skill and ability not unworthy of the race from which she sprung. Though too much devoted to pleasure and gayety, she was not without ambition. She conciliated the favor of her subjects by her attention to their interests, by the encouragement of commerce and the arts, and the restoration of the capital to its former splendor. Under the powerful protection of the first man in Rome, none dared to molest her,—kings and princes courted her alliance, and stood in awe of her name. It was, perhaps, a frail tenure—the will of Cæsar—by which she held the sceptre; but it was, also, the sole alternative of absolute submission to the Roman rule. Egypt was already doomed. Nature had made her the granary of the world, and she was far too valuable a prize to be either overlooked or forgotten.

It had been the original intention of Cæsar to bring Cleopatra to Rome, and there to marry her. For that purpose, he had solicited a friend to propose a law to the people, allowing a Roman citizen to marry as many wives as he thought fit. His friend acceded to the re-

quest, but nothing had been done when he returned to Rome. Opposition to his project being anticipated, no further steps were taken, though he continued as deeply enamored with her as ever, and many tender messages were wont to pass between them. Had he lived, and attained the imperial power, it is not improbable that she would have become his wife; and certainly, in one respect—as the two most conspicuous personages in the world—they would have been fitly mated. She the bride of Cæsar—Cæsar Emperor of Rome,—what might have been the fate of both! what the destiny of "the Niobe of nations!"

Events now followed each other in rapid succession. Cleopatra did not soon forget her love for Cæsar. She visited him at Rome, became an inmate of his palace, and usurped the place which his wife should have occupied. But her hopes of an alliance with him, in which he probably shared, were suddenly frustrated by his assassination. The Roman people did not regard her with favor, and she returned forthwith to Egypt. Disappointed in the darling object of her heart, she resolved to reign alone, and was not disposed to share her throne with a husband forced upon her acceptance. When her younger brother, therefore, having reached the age of fourteen years, claimed his share of the regal power, she removed him by poison, and was thenceforth sole mistress of the realm.

Her court, like that of her father, was distinguished alike for its refinement and its voluptuousness. She was the patron, both of learning and of love. The fame of her wit and beauty was noised abroad, and

Alexandrea became the favorite resort of travellers. To all she gave a cordial welcome, whether philosophers and men of letters, or gay gallants in quest of pleasure.

It would seem that Cleopatra hesitated, at first, whether to ally herself with the Triumvirate, or with the party of Brutus and Cassius. Her sympathies were unquestionably with the friends of Cæsar; but while it remained in doubt which was the stronger faction, the safety of her kingdom and herself appeared to require that she should not give offence to either. Her hesitation, however, was not of long continuance. Foreseeing the ultimate triumph of the powerful party headed by Antony, Lepidus, and Octavius Cæsar, she refused her aid to Cassius, which he had earnestly solicited, and shortly after sailed with a numerous fleet to join the forces of the Triumvirate. In consequence of a violent storm, in which many of her ships were destroyed or disabled, she was obliged to return to Egypt, where she remained till the question was decided by the utter discomfiture and overthrow of the republican faction in the battle of Philippi.

After the defeat of Brutus and Cassius, and the firm establishment in Greece of the authority of his colleagues and himself, Marc Antony crossed over into Asia, to secure and strengthen their interests in that quarter of the world. The prestige of his name was all-powerful. His progress was one continued triumph, —not such as best became a conqueror, but dishonored by the most shameful debauchery and excess. Kings bent before him, in humble obeisance, and laid their

hoarded treasures at his feet. Queens, rejoicing in youth and beauty, sought his presence eagerly, and yielded every favor that he asked. Never was the gross sensualism of his character more glaringly exhibited. The wealth of Crœsus filled his coffers, but it was needed to furnish new pleasures for his jaded appetite. Sycophants and flatterers shared his gold, and partook with him in every vice and folly. Dancers and buffoons were his companions and attendants —the creatures of his bounty, and the ministers to his passions.

Rumors of the sports and revelry, the rioting and feasting, in which he delighted, went before him Cities sent forth their entire population to greet his coming. His followers called him Bacchus—a name that pleased him,—and men and boys disguised as Pans and Satyrs, and women dressed as Bacchanals in loose Asiatic robes, with vine-wreaths about their heads and fawn-skins on their shoulders, ran before him, swinging their thyrsi crowned with acanthus-leaves and the foliage and berries of the ivy, beating their drums and cymbals, and shouting *Io Bacche! Io Bacche!*

This was Antony,—brave but effeminate; talented and eloquent, but coarse by nature; generous in disposition, but often cruel and unforgiving; sometimes abandoned, as it seemed, to the very lowest vices, and then, breaking loose from his degradation, exhibiting his character radiant with its old light. This was the Antony, who, History tells us, was ruined by the arts of Cleopatra,—as if he were an unwilling victim, and she

were wrong, judged by the standard of her time, in adopting the only means that could save her country from impending ruin.

Antony had cast a longing eye on Egypt, and he wanted but a pretext, whether reasonable or unreasonable, to occupy it with his troops, abolish its government and laws, and seat a Roman governor on the throne of Cleopatra. He had been informed that the governor of Phœnicia, then an Egyptian province, had aided Cassius, and he now summoned her before him, to answer for the conduct of her subordinate. His lieutenant, Dellius, was charged with his commands to her, to meet him at Tarsus, the capital of Cilicia.

To disobey this summons was to incur the displeasure of Antony, with Lepidus and Octavius, joint ruler of the world, and to arm the whole power of Rome against her feeble kingdom. She determined, therefore, to comply; but that it might seem like condescension, rather that enforced submission, she did not hasten the preparations for her journey. From Dellius she learned the weak points of Antony: she knew his character, and felt assured he would prove an easy conquest. He was fond of money, not so much for its own sake, as for the pleasures and amusements it could purchase;—so from her affluence, she provided herself with the richest presents, and an ample store of gold and silver. He was vain, and relished display and pomp;—so she caused a barge to be built, whose magnificence had never yet been equalled; and its accompaniments, and her own habits and ornaments, were suited to her dignity and wealth, and in keeping with

the show and splendor with which she intended to dazzle the eyes of all beholders, and to charm and captivate the Roman general.

But, more than all, he was the

"courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of *No* woman heard speak,"—

and so she brought herself.—And Cleopatra was not now the young and inexperienced girl who gave her love to Cæsar. She was in her twenty-sixth year, and every charm was perfected, every grace was finished. With both mind and person fully developed, winning in her address, fascinating in conversation, possessing a vivacity in whose presence melancholy was changed to mirthfulness, and skilled "in every art of wantonness" and coquetry, she was peerless and irresistible. None knew it better than herself,—none felt it more than Antony.

Though she received many pressing letters from Antony and his friends, urging her to expedite her movements, she affected to treat them with disdain, and lingered long at every place she visited upon the way. No thought of haste appeared to animate her: but she travelled slowly, as if intent on pleasure, or delighting to provoke the impatience of those who waited for her arrival. At last her fleet was moored within the entrance of "the silver Cydnus,"—and then, in the splendid galley brought across the sea, followed by a long line of smaller barges, she ascended the river to Tarsus.

It was a glorious pageant!—The richest carvings

adorned her barge, which fairly blazed with gold and splendor. Its sails of brightest purple, swelled gracefully with the soft south wind that strained its silken cordage. Its oars, both blade and handle tipped and bound with silver, moved in harmony with the voluptuous music of the flute, the pipe, and cithern. Above it floated the mystic ensign of the Egyptian monarchs; and from the burning censers on its prow, clouds of odorous perfume were wafted to the shore. Upon its deck was raised a lofty canopy of cloth of gold, beneath which, on a cushioned couch, with ivory and tortoise-shell inlaid, reclined the dark-eyed queen of Egypt. She was robed like Venus in a purple mantle, glittering with diamonds, and its border ornamented with threads of gold and silver intertwined. Roses and myrtles were wreathed about her brows; her ears were pierced with rings of orichalcum; a necklace of precious stones encircled her swan-like throat; the golden cestus clasped her waist, and golden sandals incased her tiny feet. Beautiful boys, disguised as Cupids, stood beside her, and fanned her with their wings. Damsels, among the fairest at her court, whose houried beauty could not be surpassed, were habited as Nereïds and Graces, in loose, transparent robes, and waited to do her bidding, or managed the helm and sails with great dexterity and skill.

> "The tackling silk, the streamers waved with gold.
> The gentle winds were lodged in purple sails.
> Her nymphs, like Nereids, round her couch were placed,
> Where she, another sea-born Venus, lay.
> She lay and lean'd her cheek upon her hand,

And cast a look so languishingly sweet,
As if, secure of all beholders' hearts,
Neglecting she could take them. Boys, like Cupids,
Stood fanning with their painted wings the winds
That played about her face; but if she smiled,
A darting glory seemed to blaze abroad,
That man's desiring eyes were never wearied,
But hung upon the object! To soft flutes
The silver oars kept time; and while they played,
The hearing gave new pleasures to the sight,
And both to thought! 'Twas heaven or somewhat more.
For she so charmed all hearts, that gazing crowds
Stood panting on the shore, and wanted breath
To give their welcome voice."*

The shore was lined with people, who watched the barge laden with so much beauty, with straining eyes. As it moved along, the cry was raised, that Venus had come to feast with Bacchus. From mouth to mouth it passed, until it reached the market-place in Tarsus. All hastened forth to witness her approach,—all save Antony, who, deserted by suitors and attendants, remained alone on the tribunal where he was seated. Immediately upon her landing, he sent an officer to her with his greeting, coupled with the request that she would come and sup with him.

"Go, tell your master," was her reply, "that it is more fitting he should come and sup with me!"

This assumption of social superiority put an end at once to all the dignity which Antony purposed to assume. He accepted the invitation of Cleopatra; and thus, at the very outset, exhibited a deference toward her by which she did not fail to profit.

* Dryden's "All for Love,"—act iii.

For luxurious magnificence, and costly and profuse evtravagance, the entertainment provided by Cleopatra had never yet been equalled. Her tents and pavilions, hung with cloth of gold, or silken tapestry from the looms of Tyre and Sidon, were pitched beside the sparkling waters of the Cydnus, in a noble grove of spreading plane-trees and stately laurels. Lamps of bronze and gold, suspended by gilt chains or supported by lofty candelabra, arranged in squares and circles, and raised or depressed at pleasure, shed their perfumed light around. Blazing censers, filled with choicest spices, loaded the air with fragrance. There were long rows of marble tables and silver tripods, covered with tureens, and urns, and vases, of gold and silver, fashioned with elegance and taste. Large silver lances, or chargers, splendidly embossed, contained the juicy meats, the fish, the hares, and pheasants. The bread and fruited cake were brought in silver baskets. Bronze dishes, with ornaments inlaid, were filled with eggs and roes of fishes, with oysters from the Hellespont, with fresh and pickled olives, with frumenty and radishes, with dried dates and raisins, mulberries newly gathered, and almonds and confections. Banqueting cups of most exquisite workmanship, were wreathed with garlands and poured brimming full with the rich juice of Chios, or the produce of the Egyptian soil—not the mild wines of Thebaïs and Coptos, but the light fragrant Marcoticum, and the oily and aromatic Tænioticum.

Upon the ornamented seats and couches reclined the guests, with chaplets of violets and roses, myrtle, ivy,

and philyra, bound about their temples. Their ears were charmed with the soft strains of music, and buffoons amused them with their droll tricks and pleasantries. Attending servants cooled them with fans of peacock feathers, while they listened to the mythological love-stories which the pantomimes related, or watched the dancing girls, who, clad in the gossamer robes of Coa, with golden bangles upon their feet, and emerald brooches upon their arms and shoulders, moved with airy steps before them,—

> "The sparkling eyes and flashing ornaments,
> The white arms and the raven hair, the braids
> And bracelets, swan-like bosoms, the thin robes
> Floating like light."

High above them all was Cleopatra, and Antony reclining near her. Upon her head the diadem of Egypt, with the asp, the emblem of divinity, upon it, flashed with rarest gems. Her tunic glittered with all the colors of the East, and was overspread with rich embroidery. A Babylonian shawl of finest tissue was thrown around her shoulders, and at her side there gleamed a Persian dagger whose hilt was pearls and diamonds. Cushions of crimson damask rose invitingly about her swelling limbs. Her full lips parted but to utter honeyed words. The glow of satisfaction was on her cheek, and in her eye the light of triumph.

Joy and merriment everywhere prevailed. The guests pledged each other in wine-cups brimming full. Honey and spices were brought and mingled in the wine, and with the fragrant compound they drank the

health of Cleopatra. The Roman guards without the tents, were also served with sumptuous fare, and instead of posca, filled their rhytons with the barley wine of Egypt.

Antony was in raptures with everything he saw and heard. His expectations were far exceeded,—his wildest imaginings had not dwelt upon such splendor and magnificence. The following day he returned the compliment, but his entertainment was so mean compared with hers, that he was obliged to acknowledge himself outdone. He had boasted that Cleopatra should pay him tribute or resign her kingdom; but now he yielded all to her, and even caused her sister Arsinoë, who had taken refuge in Diana's temple at Miletus, to be put to death, at her request, that there should be no rival to contest her throne. She encouraged all his follies, humored every caprice, and laughed at every whim. His coarseness she returned with interest, and with infinite wit and grace. He sought her love with warmest protestations; but "she yielded with coy submission."

"Nay! swear that you love me," she said,—"swear by the holy Osiris!"

"I swear!" he said.

Thenceforth she called herself the wife of Antony, though no rite nor ceremony had sanctioned their illicit love.

Day after day was given to feasting—each entertainment surpassing in elegance that which preceded it. Antony was astonished at the wealth so lavishly displayed by Cleopatra. She only sneered at what she

called his parsimony. At a banquet given by her, he expressed his wonder at the great number of golden cups, enriched with jewels, and beautifully wrought, that adorned the tables. She said they were but trifles, and gave them to him. The next day she provided a still more costly entertainment; Antony, as was his custom, brought with him all his officers of rank; and when the feast was ended, she bestowed on each guest the vessels of gold and silver he had used. At another of her banquets, she wore in her ear-rings two pearls of immense value; and having made a wager with Antony that she could spend more than ten thousand sestertia upon a single entertainment, the value of the different dishes was estimated, but falling short of that sum, she declared that she could lay out so much upon herself, and calling for a cup of vinegar, dissolved in it one of the pearls, and then drank off the costly draught. She was about to do the same with the other pearl, but the umpire stopped her, and decided the wager in her favor.

Forgetful alike of public duties and private ties and obligations, Antony lingered away the time at Tarsus in revelry and dalliance. Affairs in Syria demanded his attention, in consequence of the warlike demonstrations of Parthia, yet they were neglected. At Rome his individual interests were suffering by reason of his continued absence, but his spirited and ambitious wife, Fulvia, in vain besought him to hasten his return. A spell was thrown around him which he had not the desire, if he possessed the power, to break. The tighter his chains were drawn, the closer he hugged

them—the more he loved the beautiful tyrant whose willing slave he was.

From Tarsus Antony and Cleopatra proceeded to Tyre, at which place she was to embark for Alexandrea. Here he designed to separate from her, in order to lead the Roman army against the Parthian forces then preparing to enter Syria. But this was not her intention. She had lost Cæsar, as she thought, mainly through her own neglect to render her influence over him secure. It was her ambition now, to become the acknowledged wife of Antony. His prospects were as fair, if not prematurely blighted, as those of the younger Cæsar, whose superior he was in age, in experience, and, perhaps, in popularity. As his wife, then, she would not only remain the queen of Egypt, but she might be Empress of Rome and of the world. To suffer him to leave her, therefore, till the fulfilment of those hopes, which, once buried in the grave of Cæsar, had now revived again, would be to ruin them forever.

Her arts and blandishments proved irresistible. Home, country, duty and ambition—all were forgotten by Antony. Instead of leading his soldiers to new victories, and planting the Roman eagles in triumph on the banks of the Euphrates, he accompanied Cleopatra to Alexandrea. In the Egyptian capital the scenes at Tarsus were renewed. He gave himself up to all the wild, fierce passions of his nature, and revelled in debauchery and excess. She did not once make the attempt to restrain him, but gave encouragement to every folly, and rejoiced whenever she was

able to provide some new pleasure for his entertainment. This was the secret of her power, and she did not hesitate to use it.

She was with him day and night. They gamed, and feasted, and drank together. They fished and hunted in each other's company, and she attended him when he reviewed his troops. Disguised as slaves, they rambled through the city in the dusk of evening, making themselves merry with the faults and frailties of the inhabitants, jesting rudely with those they met, and playing tricks upon them, and often becoming involved in serious brawls and difficulties. They called their mode of life "inimitable:" and it was so—for it was characterized by unrestrained indulgence and extravagance unbounded.

But while she thus encouraged and ministered to his vices, she neglected no opportunity to impress him, and those who were about them, with the notion that she possessed superior tact and sagacity. She treated his opinions with levity, and exacted a large share of deference for her own. Even their amusements furnished occasions for triumph over him, which she failed not to improve. One day when they were fishing, he was deeply chagrined at his ill-success, and ordered one of the fishermen to dive under the water secretly, and fasten some of the larger fishes that had been taken upon his hook, so that the raillery of the queen might not be provoked. She discovered the trick at once, but affected not to perceive it; and on the following day invited a still more numerous company to witness similar sport. But she privately instructed an

experienced diver in her service, to procure a salted fish from the market, and when a favorable opportunity offered, to attach it to Antony's hook. This was done, and he drew up the fish amid the laughter and merriment of the whole party.—"Go, general!" she exclaimed, "leave fishing to us, petty princes of Pharos and Canopus; your game is cities, kingdoms, and provinces!"

At length Antony was aroused from his folly and inaction, by the intelligence that the Parthian army had been repeatedly victorious in Syria, and that his presence was absolutely necessary to prevent fresh disasters. The news from Rome, too, was far from pleasing to him; his wife and brother, more watchful of his interests than himself, had raised an army to check the ambitious designs of Octavius; but they had been overpowered, and were forced to flee from Italy. He proceeded to Phœnicia, however, but the letters of Fulvia finally induced him to turn his course toward Rome. She died at Sicyon, on her way to meet him: and he was afterward reconciled to young Cæsar, and married his sister Octavia. Her gentle virtues did not fail to win upon his better nature; but the marriage had been based upon political considerations solely and he soon began to tire of the restraints it imposed. Memory often dwelt upon the fascinating charms of the fair Egyptian, and he longed to return to her again, but durst not hazard a rupture with his brother-in-law and co-triumvir.

Years passed by. The world had been divided between the triumvirs, and Antony had received for his

portion the countries lying east of the Ionian sea. Important matters of state, and the active duties of his life, diverted his mind from Cleopatra, yet she was not forgotten. The condition of affairs in Syria once more demanded his attention, and leaving Octavia behind him at Rome, he re-visited the scenes around which clustered so many pleasant but guilty recollections. There Cleopatra joined him again, upon his earnest solicitation, though she did not attempt to conceal her anger because he had deserted her, and married Octavia. She was still ambitious, and still claimed the name and station of his wife: she loved him also, it may be, and was jealous of her Roman rival. To appease her, therefore, he gave her the provinces of Phœnicia, the Lower Syria, the isle of Cyprus, and a great part of Cilicia, with the balm-producing portion of Judea, and a large and fertile tract of Arabia. Upon the twin children, Alexander and Cleopatra, which she had borne him, he bestowed the surnames of the Sun and Moon.

After spending several months with him, Cleopatra returned to Egypt, and he proceeded against the Parthians with a powerful and well-appointed army. But the unwise delay was fatal to the expedition, which was wholly unsuccessful; and when he returned to Phœnicia, it was with the mere remnant of the proud array he had led across the sandy plains of Syria. The timely arrival of Cleopatra at Sidon, where he awaited her, with supplies of clothing and provisions, alone saved his army from utter destruction.

Henceforth the wiles of the charming queen were

far more powerful with Antony than all other influences combined. Now that he was restored to her, she resolved not to lose sight of him again. Separated from him she was but the sovereign of a petty kingdom; with him—a ruler of the world—she was not only the companion of his pleasures, but she governed and controlled him. Accordingly, all her arts were employed to retain him near her,—and they were not employed in vain.

Octavia came as far as Athens to meet her lord and husband, but he sent her back to Rome with bitter words. This was Cleopatra's triumph, but she rued it bitterly in the hour of her humiliation. She saved Egypt from the Roman's grasp, but sacrificed herself. Antony became her veriest slave; for her sake he heaped indignities upon his lawful wife, and added to them the last and foulest one of all, repudiation. She conquered, but unmanned him.

The pride and daring of the soldier were not, indeed, altogether subdued in the effeminacy of the lover, and the weakness of the debauchee. After spending another winter at the Egyptian capitol, wearied and sated with pleasure, he took the field again the following spring. Armenia was conquered, and its captive monarch dragged through Alexandrea, where he celebrated his triumph, at his chariot wheels, laden with chains of gold, and thus presented to the lovely siren who was the victor's victor. Again the banquet and the feast filled up the time; and sport, and revelry, and dalliance, made Antony the wreck of what he was. But his return to Rome was thus prevented, and it

was that she ardently desired. Her charms were fading now; in a few years their influence would be no longer felt; and it would seem, that she hoped to retain her power, by ministering to his coarser passions and desires.

Once more he prepared to lead his soldiers against the Parthians. Cleopatra had promised to accompany him to the Euphrates, and she had pictured to herself bright scenes of future glory and conquest. But before they set out upon the expedition, the ceremony of the coronation of herself and children was performed. In the palace court, a throne of solid gold, with steps of silver was ordered to be placed. Seated upon this, and clad in a robe of gorgeous purple embroidered with gold and fastened with diamonds, was Antony himself, with a golden sceptre in his hand, at his side a Persian scimitar, and on his head the diadem of the Persian kings. On his right hand was Cleopatra, in the robes of Isis made of costly asbeston,—the lotus twined about the diadem upon her head, and in her hand, the rattling sistrum. Beneath them sat Cæsarion, the son of Julius Cæsar, and Alexander and Ptolemy, the sons of Antony and Cleopatra.

At Antony's command, the heralds proclaimed Cleopatra, queen of Egypt, Cyprus, Libya, and Lower Syria, and named her son Cæsarion as her colleague. The other princes were then proclaimed "kings of kings;" and the kingdoms and provinces of the East were divided between them. Thus ended the pageant, —and it was all but empty show.

Cleopatra accompanied Antony in his expedition,

for they were now inseparable. They proceeded as far as the Araxes, but alarming news from Rome recalled them. They then directed their course to Greece; at Ephesus, at Samos, and at Athens, spending weeks and months in revelry and feasting, which, profitably employed, would have made them masters of Rome, and thus realized the glorious dreams of her proud ambition. Never was woman so self-deceived. She anticipated an easy victory over the stripling Cæsar, when Antony declared war against him. Her jealous pride rose high with the thought that Octavia would be humbled,—that Antony would be the world's great master, and she its mistress.

The delusion was not a strange one; and from it she never woke, till from her galley's deck at Actium, she saw that all was lost. Had Antony pushed on to Rome, he could scarcely have failed of victory. It was not his wish that Cleopatra should remain with him, but fearing, with very good reason, that a reconciliation would take place between Octavius and Antony if she returned to Egypt, she bribed one of the counsellors of the latter, in whom he placed great confidence, to advise that she should continue at his side.

Antony lingered away most precious time, and when at last he ventured to risk an engagement, he listened to the advice of Cleopatra, instead of following his own better judgment, and offered battle at sea. The hostile fleets encountered each other before the promontory of Actium. Foreseeing certain defeat, on account of the imbecility and want of skill displayed by Antony, Cleopatra determined to secure her own personal

safety, and left the scene of the engagement with her fifty galleys. Antony might still have made a noble stand, but his courageous spirit seemed to have forsaken him. He gave up everything without a struggle worthy of his name and character, and followed the flying Cleopatra. Having been received into her galley, they hastened with all speed to Alexandrea,—not to make a noble stand in defence of what was left to them, but to forget their folly in the wildest excesses, or in the intervals of dissipation, to load each other with reproaches.

It is as two jealous lovers, not bound together by the sacred tendrils of an honest affection, but united by an unholy passion, that Antony and Cleopatra are from this time to be regarded. They loved and hated one another by turns,—they doubted and deceived each other. One day she spent in feasting with him as in former days, and on the next refused to see him. She feared, as had been the case before so often, that Antony would make his peace with Cæsar; and so, she resolved to provide for her own security, by secretly dispatching friendly messages to the conqueror.

Upon the arrival of Octavius with his army before the walls of Alexandrea, the warrior heart of Antony aroused itself once more. He made a gallant sally, and drove back the advancing legions. But the advantage he achieved was but temporary, and on the following day the fleet of Cleopatra was surrendered by her command to Cæsar. Antony sought the queen forthwith to charge her with her treachery. But she had now immured herself, with all her most valuable treas-

ures, in a lofty tomb which she had caused to be erected beside the temple of Isis. In reply to the inquiries of Antony, from whose ungovernable rage the worst consequences were feared in case they saw each other then, it was told him that she had killed herself. His love for her at once returned, and shutting himself up in his apartment, he fell upon his sword. At this moment, an officer came to inform him that Cleopatra was still alive; and at his request he was carried to the tomb, and there he died folded in her arms—those arms whose fascinating embrace had brought him to this strait.

By stratagem the officers of Octavius obtained admission into the tomb; whereupon she attempted to stab herself with a dagger, but her design was frustrated by their interference. Octavius himself now came to see her. She appeared before him clothed in a simple under tunic, thinking, perhaps, the charms displayed so freely might move him, but he did not deign to notice them. "The deadly sorrow charactered in her face" had robbed her of her former beauty. She then urged him with tears, to spare her children and herself, and leave them undisturbed in Egypt. He promised fairly, but she doubted him; and she determined to die by her own hand, rather than be led in triumph, like the humblest slave, before the car of the Roman conqueror. This degradation she had always feared; her high soul revolted at the prospect which she saw before her; and sooner than be young Cæsar's captive, she resolved to perish nobly,—

"although unqueened,
Yet like a queen."

With the effect of different poisons she had made herself perfectly familiar; and either by this means, or, as was commonly believed, by the bite of an asp secretly introduced into the tomb, her life was ended.

Such was the fate of Cleopatra. Faults and vices she exhibited, which, revolting as they were, need not be excused in her, for they were characteristic of her age. Though her virtues were mental only, they deserve to be remembered. It should not be forgotten also, that History—all-partial to the Roman as it is—has scarcely done her justice. She loved Cæsar, and to her it seemed not guilty. She was ambitious, too, not only desiring to save her throne and kingdom, but to reign in Rome. In her intercourse with Antony, she was prompted not by sensual motives only, but chiefly by policy and ambition. She was, indeed, mistaken as to the effect of the means and arts which she employed to win him to her. Judged by the times in which she lived, this was her error!

ISABELLA OF CASTILE.



Isabella of Castile.

'She had all the royal makings of a queen."—SHAKSPEARE.

ISABELLA of Spain—The Catholic, as she was called—stands before the world, as a model of queenly and womanly excellence. In her, the energy of manhood, the wisdom of the statesman, the devout rectitude of a saint, and the tenderness and grace of woman, were more perfectly combined than in any female sovereign whose name adorns the page of history. Far as the east is from the west, and distant as their several periods, is the character of this renowned Castillian from that of the passionate and cunning Cleopatra. The beautiful conscientiousness of the former, her firm adherence to conviction, her delicacy and mercy and sweet humility, are a proof of the moral superiority resulting from the prevalence of Truth, however perverted or obscure it be, in the place of utter delusion whatever of classic attraction it may have. Oblivion has veiled her faults, if any belonged to her intrinsic being; she is left perfect to the eye of posterity, except it be in her almost inevitable failure to assert at all times, her own manifest and better instincts, over those

influences of her life and time which go far to excuse the few blamable acts that may be charged upon her.

And such a picture of character, fair as her own lovely countenance, is framed in the most picturesque era of modern history. The scenery and romantic associations of Spain, the conquest of the splendid Moorish kingdom of Grenada, the gorgeous evening of the day of chivalry and the morning of great discoveries, heralded by Columbus, were the fit setting for the jewel of queens, or rather an appropriate scene for the display of her noble qualities. The disappointments she endured in the latter part of her life, the cruelties of which she was the unwitting or unwilling abettor, the bigotry that took advantage of her piety, and the despotism established by her husband, the artful Ferdinand, are the clouds that darken the narrative of a reign, else bright and beautiful.

Spain was originally divided into four kingdoms: Castile, Arragon, Navarre, and the Moorish possessions, the latter comprising the most luxuriant districts and the most important strongholds upon the coast. Castile and Arragon were nearly alike, both governments being monarchial, yet in spirit republican. The king had little power, separate from the assembly or parliament, consisting of the grandees, nobles of the second class, representatives of towns and cities, and deputies of the clergy. This was evident in the oath of allegiance taken in this form: "We, who are each of us as good as you, and altogether more powerful than you, promise obedience to your government, if you maintain our rights and liberties: but not otherwise!"

Many of the nobles were, in fact, petty kings, owning vast and populous territories, which yielded them richer revenues and larger armies than the monarch himself could command. The continual jealousies and feuds existing among them, kept the kingdom in constant turmoil, and thus originated the confusion, revolts and successive tragedies, that darkened the chronicles of Castile and Arragon, previous to the accession of Ferdinand and Isabella.

While John II. occupied the Castillian throne, his subjects laid aside for a time the ferocious and warlike spirit that had previously marked the national character, and imitated the refined taste of their sovereign, whose love of letters and utter disinclination for business, induced him to neglect even the most important affairs of the kingdom, leaving all in the hands of favorites, and often signing documents at their option, without taking the trouble to examine the contents. The nobles finally became disgusted with their poetizing king and jealous of the arrogant favorites who, raised from an humble origin, assumed the dignity and magnificence of royalty, and presumed to direct the affairs of the kingdom. A revolt ensued, and Henry, the young son of the king, was placed at the head of the disaffected party. This storm was quelled at the accession of a new queen, a woman of strong and resolute character, who obtained such ascendency over the ease-loving monarch as to cause the downfall and final execution of the principal and most obnoxious favorite, Alvaro de Luna.

John's regret for this step, induced a melancholy

that aggravated the disease which terminated his life soon after. He left, by his first wife, one child, Henry, whom he appointed his successor, and guardian of the two young children by his second wife—Alfonso, then an infant, and Isabella, afterwards Queen of Castile, who was born April 22d, 1451, at Madrigal. She was but four years old at the time of her father's death, and was soon after removed, with her mother, to the little town of Aravelo.

Henry IV. was welcomed to the throne amidst unfeigned expressions of joy from a people wearied with the long, inglorious reign of his father. They hoped for a vigorous government, and the prosecution of the war against the Moors, which for years had been in contemplation. It required but a short time, however, to unfold the worthless character of the new king, who, without a corresponding taste for intellectual pursuits, inherited all his father's aversion to business. At once indolent, profligate and imbecile, he gathered about him courtiers who, like himself, sought only frivolous or debasing amusements, till, without shame, they indulged in open vice, boldly boasting of their exploits.

The low state of morals was not improved after the arrival of Joanna of Portugal, whom Henry espoused, having repudiated his first wife, Blanche of Arragon, after a union of twelve years. The new queen was accompanied by a brilliant suite, and her arrival was signalized by the festivities and pageant due to royalty in those days of chivalry. Being young, beautiful and vivacious, she fascinated the Castillians, and by her wit and raillery, overcame the punctilious etiquette

observed at court. Her freedom of manner soon gave rise to gross suspicions.

Beltran de la Cueva, one of the handsomest and most accomplished cavaliers of his time, was designated her favorite, and notwithstanding her undisguised preference, the king, so far from resenting it, continued to heap favors upon the man, who previously had gained such ascendency over him as to guide the affairs of the kingdom, to suit his own views and interests.

To this polluted, licentious court, Isabella, in her sixteenth year, and her brother Alfonso, were brought, after the birth of the ill-fated Princess Joanna. This was a matter of policy, as the king required the oath of allegiance to the infant Joanna as his successor, without regarding her supposed illegitimacy; and fearing the dissatisfied nobles would form a separate faction in favor of Isabella, he required her presence at the royal palace.

All her early life had been spent in seclusion with her mother, who faithfully instructed her in those lessons of virtue and piety, which shone out so vividly in after years. Her education received a finish seldom attained in that age; her tastes were refined and elevated; her nature gentle and placid; and with these womanly qualities she united a maturity of judgment, energy, and firmness, that fully fitted her for the commanding position she was soon to take.

Her beauty, gentleness, and grace ensured her a warm welcome at court, but the satellites that invariably hasten to flutter about a new star and bask in its rays, were soon overawed in her presence. The blame-

less purity of her conduct; her sincere, unostentatious piety, and natural dignity of demeanor, repelled familiarity, while it won the truest affection and homage of those who surrounded her. She was one whose influence roused all the pure, noble, and true aspirations of the soul, and as such she stood alone in the royal family, and far above the contamination of its giddy train of followers.

Being nearly related to the crown, her hand was sought from childhood by numerous applicants. While too young to have a voice in the decision, she was solicited for the same Ferdinand to whom she was destined to be finally united, and afterwards promised to his brother Carlos, whose tragical end defeated the purpose. In her thirteenth year, Henry affianced her to Alfonso, King of Portugal; but after an interview with that monarch, neither entreaties nor threats could gain her consent to a union every way disagreeable to her. Knowing her refusal would avail her little, she replied with a discretion, rare at so early an age, that "the infantas of Castile could not be disposed of without the consent of the nobles of the realm." The chagrined monarch was obliged to withdraw his suit, and Isabella still continued free.

Though Henry had not succeeded in disposing of her, he felt secure in having her under his surveillance, and in order to divert his discontented subjects, he announced a crusade against the Moors; he assumed the device of Grenada, a pomegranate branch, in token of his intention to enroll it among his own provinces; and he assembled the chivalry of the nation, and with a

splendid army, set out for the Moorish dominions. This grand expedition ended only in an empty display beneath the walls of Grenada, which were lined with jeering enemies, but with whom the timid king would not venture a battle, flying even from the petty scenes of action carried on along the borders, unless detained personally by the indignant knights, who burned to retaliate the insults of the infidels. But, from all their expostulations and reproaches, the cowardly king took shelter in the reply, that "he prized the life of one of his soldiers more than those of a thousand Musselmen."

Repeated attempts like these, disgusted the gallant Castillians and brought complaints from the southern provinces, which were laid waste in these continual affrays, and complained that "the war was carried on against them instead of the infidels." Another cause of disquietude arose from the abuses of government, which occasioned almost a state of bankruptcy. The nobles, unable to obtain redress, converted their castles into fortresses, and with their retainers went out upon the highways, and robbing travellers and seizing upon their persons, sold them to the Moors, who retained them in slavery, except when redeemed by heavy ransoms. These occurrences received no check from the imbecile monarch. Such grievances, together with the jealousy of the nobility, in consequence of obscure persons being elevated above the old aristocracy of the kingdom, and some concessions made to Arragon which were thought to compromise the honor of the nation,—occasioned a general revolt.

One of the prominent leaders of the insurgents was the Marquis of Villena, the most powerful noble in Castile, possessing a large and populous territory. He was a man of polished address and unfailing shrewdness, but turbulent, restless, and continually involving the nation in trouble. The other noted partisan was the Archbishop of Toledo, a stern warrior and churchman.

A confederacy was organized, which, among other things, demanded Alfonso to be recognized as Henry's successor, instead of Joanna. Too indolent to adopt severe measures to crush the rebellion in its beginning, he refused the advice of his adherents, and yielded all that was demanded of him. He soon after retracted all his agreements, which so incensed and disgusted the confederates that they determined to defy his authority and elect a king for themselves.

An immense concourse assembled in an open plain near the city of Avila, where a scaffold was erected, and a crowned effigy of Henry IV. was placed upon a mock throne, arrayed in royal drapery, with a sword, sceptre and other insignia of royalty decorating it. A list of grievances was then read, after which the Marquis of Villena, and other leaders, despoiled the statue of its kingly trappings, and threw it to the ground, where it was rolled and trampled in the dust by the excited multitude. Alfonso, then but eleven years of age, was seated in the chair of state, proclaimed king, and received the homage of the multitude, amidst a loud flourish of trumpets.

The news of this bold usurpation threw the whole

kingdom into a frightful state of excitement, since every man was obliged to choose his party. Old feuds were revived, families divided one against another, and all the horrors of a civil war threatened to devastate the land. Henry was obliged to summon his forces, which were strong enough to have maintained his right to the throne; but they had no sooner assembled than he disbanded them, and commenced negotiations with the cunning marquis. A cessation of hostilities during six months, was agreed upon, in order to make some amicable arrangement; but Henry's adherents were overwhelmed with indignation that he should have forsaken his own cause. Had a humane spirit dictated his course, he might have been honored, but the weakness and cowardice plainly evinced in all his movements, made him despicable in the eyes of his subjects, and the jest of his enemies, in an age when the laws of chivalry demanded redress for the slightest affront.

The two parties maintained their separate sovereigns with their respective courts, each enacting laws, as if the other was not in existence. It was plainly seen that peace could not be long preserved while they were thus playing at cross purposes; but the ready Marquis of Villena devised a scheme which should conciliate all parties and secure his own aggrandizement.

He proposed the marriage of his brother, Don Pedro de Pacheco, grand-master of Calatrava, a prominent member of the new party, with Isabella. To this the feeble king assented, though the project was strongly opposed by Isabella, who considered it not only degrading to her rank, but bore a personal dislike to

Pachēco. He was many years her senior, of dissolute habits, was a fierce and noisy leader of faction, and in every respect unfitted to appreciate Isabella's lofty character.

Her opposition availed her nothing, however, and not knowing whither to turn for escape from the hateful marriage, she shut herself in her own apartments, praying and fasting for a day and night. When weeping under the tyranny her heartless brother imposed, and bewailing her fate to a faithful, courageous friend, Beatriz de Bobadilla, the latter exclaimed, "God will not permit it, neither will I," and drawing forth a gleaming dagger she wore concealed upon her person, passionately vowed to strike Don Pedro to the heart, if he dared to drag her to the altar.

Magnificent preparations went on for the celebration of the nuptials. The master of Calatrava had obtained a dispensation from the pope, releasing him from the vows of celibacy, and exultingly devised the most extravagant display for an occasion which was to bestow upon his fortunate self the hand of a beautiful and distinguished princess, nearly related to the crown. Already he saw himself a king. Elated with the prospect, and quite insensible to the unwillingness of the bride-elect, he set out from his residence with an imposing and showy retinue, for Madrid, where the ceremony was to be performed.

On his way thither, however, he was seized with a fatal illness, and died with frightful imprecations on his lips, because his life had not been spared till the goal of his ambition had been reached. His death was by

some attributed to poison, though no one cast the slightest imputation on Isabella, whose well-known purity and uprightness placed her above suspicion.

Don Pedro's death dissipated all the fine schemes for the reconciliation of the parties, and it was soon determined to decide the contest by a battle. The two armies met at Olmedo. The royal adherents greatly outnumbered the confederates, but the latter made up in enthusiasm and spirit what they lacked in numbers. Alfonso's army was led by the Archbishop of Toledo, conspicuously arrayed in a scarlet mantle, embroidered with a white cross, beneath which he wore a complete suit of armor. The prince, also clad in mail, rode at his side. Before the battle commenced, the archbishop sent a message to Beltran de la Cueva, advising him not to appear in the field, as a score of knights had vowed his death. He returned a defiant answer, minutely describing the dress he was to wear on the occasion, which cost him many a sharp struggle during the day.

Henry took great care to avoid a dangerous proximity to the scene of blood and death, and upon the first announcement of the enemy's victory, which proved to be a false alarm, he fled in dismay with forty attendants, to a near village for safety, leaving his friends to fight as best they might. The battle ceased only when darkness separated the combatants, nothing being gained on either side. The insurgents, however, occupied the city of Segovia, where Isabella repaired after the battle, and during the succeeding months of anarchy and bloodshed, remained under Alfonso's protection.

The struggle finally ceased at the death of Alfonso, who, after a short and sudden illness, expired the 5th of July, 1468, at a little village near Avila, the scene of his proclaimed sovereignty two years before. His loss was deeply deplored, as he gave promise of unusual talent, and possessed a nobleness of sentiment that might have made him a just and great king. His death was ascribed by many to poison, and by others to the plague, which united its unsparing scythe to the chariot of war that wheeled right and left, over fair Castile.

Isabella immediately retired to a monastery, at Avila, but the alarmed confederacy looked to her as its head, and unanimously delegated the Archbishop of Toledo to offer her the crown of Castile and Leon, promising her their support. Notwithstanding the primate's eloquent entreaties, she firmly refused the honor, replying magnanimously that, "while her brother Henry lived, none other had a right to the crown; that the country had been divided long enough under the rule of two contending monarchs; and that the death of Alfonso might perhaps be interpreted into an indication from Heaven of its disapprobation of their cause."

The inhabitants of Seville and other cities, proclaimed her their queen, and continued to send deputies to gain her consent to adopt their cause; but her immovable decision obliged the confederates to open negotiations with the ruling sovereign, which ended in a treaty, many of the articles whereof were degrading to him as a man and as a king. He declared Joanna illegitimate, and accepted Isabella as his heir and successor.

An interview took place between Henry and Isabella at Toros de Guisando, each accompanied by a brilliant suite, when the king affectionately embraced his sister and publicly announced her as successor to the throne; this was followed by an oath of allegiance from the assembled grandees, who, in token of their faithfulness, knelt and kissed the hand of the princess. Isabella took up her residence at Ocana, where she enjoyed comparative quiet in the peace and prosperity once more restored to the distracted kingdom. Suitors appeared with redoubled assiduity, now that her succession to the crown was established. Among them was a brother of Edward IV. of England, and the Duke of Guienne, brother of the French king and heir-apparent to the throne. Isabella's choice hesitated between the latter and Ferdinand of Arragon, though her decision was influenced by a personal preference as well as by the interests of the kingdom. France was distant from Castile, and the customs, language and manners of the people widely differed, while Arragon was closely allied to Castile in every respect. Aside from this, Ferdinand greatly exceeded the duke in personal appearance and accomplishments, which enlisted Isabella's favor.

In this decision she was fiercely opposed by a party who had retired in disgust at Henry's repudiation of Joanna, and headed by the malicious Marquis of Villena, formed a new faction in favor of the discarded heir. In Isabella's marriage with Ferdinand, the marquis saw his own downfall, and, with the hope of frustrating her intentions, regained his power over her guardian, the king, and induced him to suggest to Al-

fonso of Portugal the renewal of his former addresses more publicly.

The King of Portugal gladly acceded, and sent a pompous and magnificent embassy to Isabella at Ocana. She peremptorily declined the honor, which so incensed Henry, that, urged on by the cunning marquis, he threatened her with imprisonment in the royal fortress at Madrid, if she did not see fit to acquiesce in the choice he had made for her. Such menaces did not intimidate her, as the inhabitants of Ocana were devotedly attached to her and approved of the Arragonese match, making known their approbation by singing ballads in the streets, that derided Alfonso and compared his age and defects to Ferdinand's youth, beauty and chivalry. She also had the promised support of the Archbishop of Toledo, who was warmly attached to her interests, offering to come in person, at the head of a sufficient force to protect her, if violent measures were resorted to.

Notwithstanding a provision in the treaty which required her to consult Henry as to her marriage, she determined no longer to regard his wishes, since he had violated almost every article himself. Without farther hesitation, she took the opportunity of his absence in the southern provinces to quell an insurrection, to send an envoy to Arragon, accepting Ferdinand's suit. While awaiting the result she repaired to Madrigal, remaining with her mother for greater security. This proved a disadvantage, as she found there the Bishop of Burgos, a nephew of the Marquis of Villena, who acted as a spy upon all her movements, cor-

rupted her servants, ferreted out her designs, and faithfully reported the particulars to Henry and the marquis. They became alarmed at her daring step, and at once made preparations to put their threat in execution.

By an order from the king, the Archbishop of Seville was directed to proceed to Madrigal with a sufficient force to secure Isabella; and the inhabitants were warned not to attempt her defence. They entreated her to fly, and succeeded in informing the Archbishop of Toledo of her danger. He promptly placed himself at the head of a body of horse, proceeded to Madrigal with such speed as to arrive before her enemies, and gallantly carried her off in the very face of the Bishop of Burgos and his guard. She was thus escorted to the city of Valladolid, where the inhabitants greeted her with hearty enthusiasm. Soon after her arrival a despatch was sent to Ferdinand to expedite matters during the king's absence.

John of Arragon had received the favorable answer to his son's suit with the greatest satisfaction, as it had long been his favorite scheme to consolidate the provinces of Spain under one head. The marriage articles had been signed, the most pleasing of which to the Castillians was that Ferdinand should reside in Castile, and the "essential rights of sovereignty over that kingdom should be relinquished to his consort."

But the arrival of the princess' messengers with the information of the necessity of hasty measures, embarrassed the King of Arragon, whose treasury was exhausted by a war with the Catalans, leaving him without means to provide Ferdinand with a suitable escort

or to support the expense attending a royal marriage. After much deliberation it was decided that the prince should go, in the disguise of a servant to a pretended company of merchants, while, to divert the attention of the Castillians, a showy embassy should proceed by another route. This stratagem succeeded. The distance to be traversed was short, but the country was patrolled by troops to intercept them, and the frontiers were guarded by strong fortified castles. They travelled at night, Ferdinand performing all the offices of a servant, till they reached the friendly castle of the Count of Treviño, from which a well-armed escort accompanied them to Dueñas in Leon. Here he was welcomed by a throng of nobles, and the joyful intelligence of his safe arrival sent to Isabella. The following evening he went secretly to Valladolid, accompanied by a few persons; he was warmly received by the Archbishop of Toledo, who conducted him to the princess, at the palace of John Vivero, where she with her little court resided.

"Ferdinand was at this time in his eighteenth year. His complexion was fair, though somewhat bronzed by constant exposure to the sun; his eyes quick and cheerful; his forehead ample and approaching to baldness. His muscular and well-proportioned frame was invigorated by the toils of war, and by the chivalrous exercises in which he delighted. He was one of the best horsemen in his court, and excelled in field sports of every kind. His voice was somewhat sharp, but he possessed a fluent eloquence; and when he had a point to carry, his address was courteous and insinuating."

"Isabella was a year older than he. She was well formed, of the middle size, with great dignity and gracefulness of deportment; a mingled gravity and sweetness of demeanor; confiding and affectionate. Her complexion was fair; her hair auburn, inclining to redness; her eyes of a clear blue, with a benign expression; and there was a singular modesty in her countenance, gracing as it did a wonderful firmness of purpose and earnestness of spirit."

The interview lasted two hours, full of interest and mutual admiration, sealing the marriage contract with a love that rarely unites royal hearts, denied the free choice that blesses lower rank. Arrangements were made for the celebration of the nuptials, but both parties were so poor as to be obliged to borrow money to defray the expenses of the occasion. The ceremony took place on the morning of October 19th, 1469, at the palace, and in presence of a large assemblage of noblemen and dignitaries. A week of festive rejoicings followed, and, at its expiration, the newly-married pair publicly attended mass at one of the churches, as was the custom.

Their first step had been to inform the king of their union and loyal submission. He coldly received their tardy seeking of his approbation, and replied that he "should consult his ministers." The Marquis of Villena, who had now attained the dignity of grand master of St. James, chagrined at the failure of his schemes, quickly concocted new ones that put all Castile in ferment. He counselled Henry to again institute Joanna his successor, which advice was the more readily ac-

cepted since an embassy had just arrived from the King of France, proposing the Duke of Guienne, Isabella's disappointed suitor, for his daughter's hand. An interview took place between the Castillian monarch and the French ambassadors, during which a proclamation was read, condemning Isabella's violation of the treaty by her unapproved marriage, and reinstating Joanna in her former rights. The nobles took the oath of allegiance, and the young princess was formally affianced to the Duke of Guienne.

Ferdinand and his consort, now almost forsaken by the same ones who a short time before had warmly espoused their cause, remained quietly at Dueñas, surrounded by an unostentatious court, and so poor they could scarcely support the expenses of their frugal table. Henry's court, on the contrary, exhibited a frivolous and corrupt abandonment; himself the spectacle of a king completely under the guidance of rapacious and profligate councillors; and his dominion the scene of continued warfare and crime, carried on with impunity under the very eyes of Castile's incapable monarch.

At this crisis, and when Ferdinand's presence was most needed to inspire the remaining adherents with courage, he was summoned to the assistance of his father, who, at war with France, was perilously besieged in the city of Perpignan. With Isabella's approbation, Ferdinand led a body of horse furnished by the Archbishop of Toledo, into Arragon, where he received reinforcements from the nobility of that kingdom. With this army he suddenly appeared before

the surprised enemy, who abandoned the siege in dismay. John, with the remnant of his troops, went out to meet his son and deliverer, whom he embraced with affecting gratitude, in the presence of the two armies.

During this absence several events favored Isabella's fortune. The Archbishop of Seville, a powerful man in position and character, observing the marked contrast between the courts of the king and princess, and won by the superior decorum of the latter, justly concluded, Castile would attain a greater degree of prosperity under her firm administration, than it could ever reach in the reign of her weak-minded rival, who, like her father, was entirely controlled by those around him. Influenced by such considerations, the archbishop revolutionized his interest and fortune in Isabella's favor.

Another important accession to her party, was one of the king's officers, Andres de Cabrera, who controlled the royal coffers. Partly influenced by hatred towards the grand-master of St. James, and more by the urgent importunities of his wife, Beatriz de Bobadilla, Isabella's early friend, he opened a secret correspondence with the princess, advising her to have an interview with her brother. To assure her of his friendly motives, he sent his wife, who performed the journey in the disguise of a peasant, and, thus unsuspected, reached Dueñas, gained access to the apartments of her royal friend, and induced her to attempt a reconciliation with the king. With this certainty of protection from Cabrera and his friends, Isabella willingly set out for Saragossa, where Henry

usually resided. An interview took place that resulted in a good understanding; and, to give public proof of it, the king led her palfrey through the streets of the city. Grand fêtes were given to express the universal joy at the event. While these rejoicings were in progress, Ferdinand returned to Castile and hastened to Saragossa, where he was warmly welcomed by his sovereign.

This happy reconciliation did not suit the designs of the plotting favorite, who took the first occasion to crush these germs of peace. After a splendid entertainment given by Cabrera, Henry was taken violently ill. Ever ready to listen to his crafty minister's suggestions, he attributed to poison the result of his own excesses, and immediately issued secret orders for Isabella's arrest. The vigilance of her friends saved her, and she returned to Dueñas in disgust.

Ferdinand was again called to his father's succor. In the meantime events thickened towards the consummation of his consort's power. The death of the Duke of Guienne, in France, dampened the hopes of the opposing party for Joanna, more especially since the alliance had been declined by several princes, owing to her alleged illegitimacy. Shortly after, Henry was deprived of his supporter and adviser, by the death of the grand-master of St. James; this was an occasion of more joy than grief to the Castilians, who were now delivered from the cause of nearly all the evils that for years had banished peace from the kingdom. To the monarch it was an irreparable loss, occasioning an anxiety and melancholy that hastened the progress of a

disease which for some time had threatened his life. Undecided in matters of moment, to the last, he died December 11th, 1474, unlamented, without a will, and without naming his successor.

The following morning, Isabella, who was at Segovia, desired the inhabitants of that city to proclaim her sovereignty, resting her claims to the crown upon the fact that the cortes had never revoked the act which appointed her Henry's successor, although twice summoned by him to give allegiance to Joanna. An assemblage of the chief grandees, nobles and dignitaries, in robes of office, gathered at the castle, and, receiving Isabella under a canopy of rich brocade, conducted her to the public square; two of the chief citizens led the Spanish jennet she rode, preceded by an officer on horseback who upheld a naked sword, the symbol of sovereignty. A platform had been erected and a throne placed upon it, which Isabella occupied with graceful dignity, while a herald proclaimed, "Castile, Castile for the King Don Ferdinand and his consort Doña Isabella, queen proprietor of these kingdoms!"

The royal standard was then unfurled, and the peal of bells and sound of cannon announced the recognizance of the new queen. The procession then moved to the principal cathedral, where, after the solemn chanting of the Te Deum, Isabella devoutly prostrated herself before the altar and invoked the protection and guidance of the Almighty. Immediately after the coronation, deputies from various cities tendered their allegiance and raised the new standard upon their walls.

Ferdinand was still absent, but on his return he ex-

hibited great dissatisfaction with the investment of supreme authority in his consort. With unyielding firmness and winning gentleness, she maintained her right, convincing, and at the same time, with womanly tact, soothing her offended husband, by mild, just reasoning; assuring him their interests were indivisible; that the division of power was but nominal; and that the interest of their only child, a daughter, demanded it, as she could not inherit the crown if females were excluded from the succession;—this was one of his grounds of contention, since he himself was a distant heir of the Castilian crown.

It was satisfactorily decided, however, "that all appointments were to be made in the name of both, with the advice and consent of the queen. The commanders of fortified places were to render homage to her alone. Justice was to be administered by both conjointly when residing in the same place, and independently when separate. Proclamations and letters patent were to be subscribed with the signatures of both; their images were to be stamped on the public coin, and the united arms of Castile and Arragon emblazoned on a common seal."

The succession was not yet peacefully established. Joanna's party still contended for the crown. Among her prominent supporters was the young Marquis of Villena, who inherited his father's titles and estates, but not his crafty, intriguing character. The Archbishop of Toledo, offended with the proclaimed queen because he was not solely consulted by her, and jealous of the rising importance of Cardinal Mendoza, sudden-

ly withdrew from court. He shortly after openly espoused the cause of the unfortunate princess whom he had so long and successfully opposed. He would not be conciliated by any advances from Ferdinand and Isabella, who, as far as possible, without compromising their dignity, sought to regain his friendship.

Propositions were now made by the rebellious party to Alfonso V. of Portugal, to espouse Joanna and assist in asserting her claims. To this he readily agreed. He assembled an army which comprised the flower of the Portuguese nobility, eager to engage in an expedition that promised them glory in the chivalrous defence of an injured princess. Advancing into Castile, they were met by the Duke of Arevalo and the Marquis of Villena, who presented the king to his future bride. They were publicly affianced and proclaimed King and Queen of Castile. A week of festivities followed, after which the army quietly awaited reinforcements from the Castilians. During this delay, Ferdinand and Isabella, who, on the first arrival of the invaders, possessed but a scanty army, put forth indefatigable exertions to strengthen their forces. Isabella frequently sat up the whole night dictating despatches; she visited in person, on horseback, the several cities that had delayed allegiance, thus succeeding in rallying an army of forty-two thousand men, well equipped. On one of her journeys, she sent a message to the archbishop, notifying him of an intended visit in hope of reconciliation, to which he imprudently replied, that "if the queen entered by one door he would go out at the other."

As soon as such preparations as could be rapidly

made, were completed, the army set out for the city of Toro, of which Alfonso had taken possession. Unable to engage the Portuguese in battle, Ferdinand laid siege to the city; but owing to a want of proper battering artillery, and the cutting off of supplies by the enemy, who occupied the neighboring fortresses, he was obliged to withdraw his forces. An inglorious and confused retreat followed. The army was disbanded; scattering to their homes or strengthening the garrisons of friendly cities. The Archbishop of Toledo exulted at this ominous opening of the war on the part of the king, and no longer hesitated to join the enemy with all the forces under his command, haughtily boasting that "he had raised Isabella from the distaff, and would soon send her back to it again."

Tidings from Portugal of an invasion, caused the detachment of so large a portion of Alfonso's army as to cripple his operations, obliging him to remain in Toro without any aggressive movements. The king and queen in the meantime gathered a new army and proceeded to besiege Zamora. That being an important post to the enemy, Alfonso abandoned Toro, and with reinforcements from Portugal, headed by his son Prince John, went to its relief. A battle ensued, in which the Portuguese were completely routed and would have been nearly all put to the sword but for the friendly darkness that enabled many in extremity to give the Castilian war-cry of "St. James and St. Lazarus," and thus escape their confused pursuers. Many of the troops were massacred in attempting to fly to the frontiers of their own country. This cruelty was rebuked by Fer-

dinand, who not only ordered their safe conduct, but provided many of them with clothing, who were brought prisoners in a state of destitution and suffering. He permitted them to return safely to their homes.

Isabella, upon hearing of this decisive victory, commanded the people to go in procession to the church of St. Paul, humbly walking barefoot herself to the cathedral, where thanksgiving was offered to God for the success he had vouchsafed them.

Complete submission followed, except from the Marquis of Villena and the imperious archbishop, who maintained their rebellious manœuvres till the demolition of their castles and the desertion of their retainers, obliged them to yield. Alfonso retreated into Portugal with Joanna, but mortified with his defeat, applied to the King of France to assist him in securing the crown of Castile for the Princess Joanna; he remained nearly a year in France for that purpose. Louis promised assistance when Alfonso's title was secured by a dispensation from the pope for his marriage with Joanna. To his entire chagrin, he found that Louis was already negotiating with his rivals, and, overwhelmed with mortification at having been duped before all the world, he retired to an obscure village in Normandy, and wrote Prince John of his wish to resign his crown and enter a monastery. His retreat was discovered, and at last persuaded by the urgent entreaties of his followers, he returned to Portugal, arriving just after his son's coronation. This caused him additional chagrin. John, however, immediately resigned his premature dignity, on his father's reappearance.

A treaty was soon after confirmed with Castile which obliged Alfonso to resign all claims to the hand of Joanna, and imposed upon her the necessity of taking the veil, or wedding Don Juan the infant son of Ferdinand and Isabella, when he should arrive at a suitable age. Wearied and disgusted with worldly ambition, forsaken by her relatives, successively affianced to princes, who one after another rejected her at every reverse of fortune, and at last offered a consort still in the cradle, with the alternative of becoming a nun, she chose the latter, as at least a means of releasing her from a position which made her the foot-ball of opposing parties.

Alfonso was so much disappointed at the loss of his bride, that he determined to put his former threat of entering a monastery in execution. The one he fixed upon was situated in a lonely spot on the shores of the Atlantic, but the realization of this quixotic fancy was prevented by his death, shortly after Joanna took the veil.

The same year, 1479, chronicled the death of John of Arragon, thus bequeathing an independent crown to Ferdinand. This event strengthened the security of Castile, and cemented the various provinces into a whole that was soon to stand foremost among nations.

When tranquillity was at last restored to a people who for years had suffered the disasters of war, one would suppose they would willingly have been cradled in the arms of peace and prosperity; but the restless, turbulent spirit of the times, required a channel for its resistless flood, that would otherwise undermine the

foundations of a throne slowly gaining steadiness and solidity after its long rocking.

The ambition of the chivalry of Spain was enthusiastically directed towards the prosecution of the war against the Moors, while the zealous clergy were absorbed in the new project of establishing the Inquisition in these dominions, rapidly becoming powerful. The Jews, who were a numerous, wealthy and important class, had incurred the hatred of the Castilians, both on account of their heretical belief, and because of the almost irretrievable indebtedness of a large share of the nobility to these money-lenders. Since the avowed purpose of the Inquisition was the conversion or condemnation of this unfortunate people, both the Castilians and Arragonese submitted to its otherwise detested establishment, hoping thus to escape their extensive liabilities; not foreseeing that its unlimited power might finally initiate the whole nation in its mysterious horrors. The clergy were eager for the work, and the pope willingly sanctioned measures which, by the confiscation of the estates of the accused, would pour immense wealth into his coffers.

Isabella, whose tenderness of heart revolted at the barbarous design, withheld her consent till, blinded by the united representations of advisers, in whom she reposed confidence, and actuated by a bigotry which owed its place in her otherwise perfect character to the early teachings of her confessor Thomas de Torquemada, a proud, intolerant man of unrelenting cruelty, she at length permitted the appointment of two Dominician friars in September, 1480, who were ordered to repair

to Seville and commence operations immediately. This appointment was not made, however, till after Isabella had induced them to employ milder means, that failed of course, in the hands of fiery, overbearing monks.

An edict was issued, ordering the arrest of all persons suspected of heresy, some of the proofs of which were, "wearing cleaner linen on the Jewish sabbath than on other days of the week; having no fire in the house the preceding evening; giving Hebrew names to children, a whimsical, cruel provision, since, by an enactment of Henry II., they were prohibited the use of christian names, under severe penalties." The cells of the convent of St. Paul, where the dreadful tribunal commenced its murderous deeds, were quickly filled; and the number of arrests multiplied so rapidly that they were obliged to remove its operations to the fortress of Triana in the suburbs of Seville. Removed from the immediate supervision of the citizens, the infatuated, brutal monks carried on the revolting work, instituting mock trials which gave the accused no opportunity of defence, but confronted him with witnesses concealed beneath black cowls and judges enveloped in dark robes; the scene was rendered more gloomy and depressing by the dimly-lighted chambers where the sittings were held. The victim, with no hope of escape, however innocent, was often condemned through the machinations of some deadly but disguised enemy, hurried away and subjected to most excruciating tortures, in dungeons too deep for their cries of agony to reach any sympathizing ear.

In the meantime Isabella, who devoutly believed

this to be a pious work, was occupied in preparations for the Moorish war, in accordance with the promise she made on ascending the throne, and with the same bigoted zeal that actuated her in the forced conversion of her own subjects. Ferdinand engaged in the project with commendable activity, under the cloak of his "most catholic majesty," but with the secret gratification of adding to his dominions a wealthy and beautiful region, acknowledged as the Eden of Spain. Its position too, embracing the most important fortifications along the coast, caught the covetous eye of the king, and probably had an influence upon Isabella, though her prominent idea was the conversion of the infidels.

The Moorish kingdom, which had formerly extended over a large portion of Spain, had been reduced, by successive conquerors, to a narrow district of seventy miles in breadth, lying between the mountains and sea, and stretching along the coast one hundred and eighty miles. The inhabitants were still subject to their enemies, being obliged to pay an annual tribute which had ceased during the reign of Henry II. and his successors. In this interval they had become prosperous, amassed great wealth, beautified their possessions with every known luxury, and cultivated the arts and sciences to a surprising degree. Ingenious and inventive, they originated much that has been universally adopted by mankind. To them we owe the first manufacture of paper, and from them came the equally world-appropriated invention of gunpowder. Astronomy, philosophy, and mathematics, made rapid strides

under their direction, though perverted to the uses of astrology, magic, and the untiring search after the elixir of life and the philosopher's stone. Literature and poetry were successfully cultivated, but overburdened with legends and fairy tales that have since been inwoven in the poetry of all nations.

The renowned city of Grenada was situated nearly in the centre of the kingdom, upon two hills and an intervening valley, one of the hills being crowned by the fortress of Alcazaba, the other by the palace of Alhambra, magnificent and fanciful in its architecture, adorned within by richly-tinted walls, musical fountains, perfumed gardens, and gay with gorgeously-dressed attendants,—now a pile of ruins whose history seems but the magical creation of an Arabian romance. Noble palaces and lofty houses, abounding in Oriental colonnades and graceful porticoes, crowded the city. It was famous for its gallant warriors, who proudly boasted an army of twenty thousand men within its walls. Around the city extended the Vega or plain of Grenada, luxurious with vineyards, abundant in citron and orange groves that perpetually blossomed, and watered by the Xenil that flowed in a thousand diverted channels through these enchanting gardens. Upon one side of the plain extended a long range of mountains whose snowy peaks rose like sentinels along the frontiers, while the dark Mediterranean dashed against the rocky battlements with which nature had provided its extreme southern boundary.

Populous cities, towns and impregnable fortresses were numerous in this fertile kingdom, which was re

garded by the Moors with a passionate devotion, revealed in the romantic ballads and legends that immortalized its beauty and glory. The king, Muley Aben Hassen, was an old man, yet one who retained the fiery spirit of his youth, and the natural vigor of his mind. He still held the reins of government with a firm, unyielding hand, but was an undisputed tyrant in his domestic relations.

To this haughty monarch Ferdinand and Isabella sent an embassy as soon as their purpose was decided, demanding the payment of long arrears of tribute due to Castile. He received the embassy in the halls of the Alhambra, and proudly defied the demand. "Tell your sovereigns," said he, "that the kings of Grenada who used to pay tribute to the Castilian crown are dead. Our mint, at present, coins nothing but blades of scimiters and heads of lances!" The indignant ambassadors returned to Castile, while Aben Hassen, fully aware of the vast preparations making against him, determined to open hostilities himself. The fortress and town of Zahara, negligently guarded because of its impregnable situation upon craggy heights, was fixed upon for the first onset. An inconsiderable number of valiant Moors scaled the almost inaccessible walls of precipitous rock, and, under cover of a raging tempest and the darkness of night, surprised the slumbering inhabitants, massacring such as resisted, and carrying the rest into slavery.

The news of this capture, roused the wrath and revenge of all Spain, as though it had not intended to commit a like aggression. Ponce de Leon, the Marquis

of Cadiz, noted for his personal prowess, was selected to conduct an army of five thousand foot and horse into the enemy's country, though, with some especial design, his soldiers were kept in ignorance, they expecting some sally along the frontiers. They performed a fatiguing and perilous march over the mountains that separated them from the kingdom of Grenada, the way being rendered more dangerous by moving only at night in order to conceal their approach. This feat accomplished, the marquis announced to his astonished soldiers that they were within half a league of the fortress of Alhama, in the very heart of the Moorish dominions. This fortress and town, of the same name, were, like Zahara, situated on a rocky eminence, washed at its base by a deep river on one side, and screened on the other side from any powerful attack by the mountains. Its apparant security of position lulled the vigilance of the sentinels, and enabled a detachment of the Spanish army to scale the walls unseen, put the garrison to the sword, and throw open the gates to the remaining troops. The town was captured after a brave resistance from the Moors, who fought desperately this first battle for their beautiful land, their homes, and those endeared ones who were threatened with death or hopeless slavery.

The news of this daring exploit almost within sight of Grenada, struck terror into the hearts of the people, who deplored the evil the tyrant king was bringing upon them. The astrologers shook their heads, and said the stars denoted the downfall of the empire, while the poets mournfully sang, "Woe is Alhama," and

women and children rushed through the streets, tearing their hair, and wildly calling upon their king to stay the destruction which threatened to overwhelm them.

But Aben Hassen, roused by this defiance of the Castilians thrown in his very teeth, and deaf to the lamentations and reproaches of his subjects, made hasty preparations to retake his captured city. A large army, fierce for vengeance, assembled under the walls of Alhama, and laid siege to the city. The conquerors held unflinchingly what they had so perilously grasped, unintimidated by the fast exhausting means found in the city, or the long-protracted, fierce attacks of the Moors, rapidly thinning their numbers. In this extremity the marquis succeeded in conveying intelligence to his wife, who, alarmed for the safety of her husband, quickly dispatched a message to the most powerful neighboring chief, the Duke of Sidonia, to fly to his relief. This nobleman was a deadly enemy of the marquis, but with a chivalrous honor, obeyed the confiding frankness of the demand, and, with his speedily gathered retainers, amounting to fifty-five thousand, set out for the Moorish dominions.

The tidings of the victory and ensuing danger of the Spanish army at Alhama, reached Ferdinand and Isabella at Medina del Campo. After a public procession and thanksgiving in the cathedrals, Ferdinand dispatched orders to the duke, who had already begun his march, to await his presence; but he, unwilling to lose a moment, disobeyed the command, and pushed on to the rescue of his countrymen.

The first announcement of their approach to Alhama,

was the sudden retreat of the Moors into Grenada, a movement the besieged could not comprehend till, presently, they saw lances glittering and banners floating among the defiles of the mountains. With shouts of joy they went forth to meet the brilliant array, the marquis and duke embracing cordially, in presence of both armies, forever burying the animosity that had stained their family escutcheons with the blood of many generations. They triumphantly entered the city together.

In accordance with Isabella's directions, the cross was reared where the crescent had hung for centuries; the mosques were converted into cathedrals; and the belongings and decorations of Catholic worship displaced the sacred utensils of Moorish rites. An exquisitely embroidered cloth, the work of the queen's own hands, was laid upon the newly-erected altar in the principal mosque of Alhama, thus consecrating to religion what had been gained by rapacious bloodshed.

A stronghold being now secured in the very midst of the kingdom of Grenada, Isabella determined to prosecute the war more vigorously than ever. With her sanction Ferdinand summoned an army, which, it was found, lacked sufficient supplies of ordnance and ammunition, in consequence of want of means, to incur further expense. Not listening to the advice of more experienced men, and burning with a desire for military renown, he persisted in entering upon a campaign with this ill-equipped army. The soldiers caught the dispirited bearing of the leaders, and, full of evil foreboodings, dejectedly followed the royal standard, carried

before them to the cathedral of Cordova to receive a blessing, and thence on their long march and toil over the rugged mountains.

Loxa, a thriving city on the banks of the Xenil, so completely surrounded by inaccessible rocks as to be designated "a flower among thorns," was the first point of attack. The army, fatigued with their rough march, and with no ardor in the enterprise, poorly withstood the wily assaults of the Moors, who, practising the Arabian and Indian tactics, concealed themselves in crevices or behind rocks, and suddenly sprang upon their astonished foes, darted fatal showers of poisoned arrows among their ranks, then fell upon them with never-failing scimeters and deadly knives. A complete rout ensued, and the remnant of Ferdinand's army returned to Cordova in a disconsolate plight. Isabella was mortified at such a signal defeat; she fully resolved to adopt measures proportioned to the importance of the undertaking, and not thus allow the fame of Castilian arms to be tarnished.

The court removed to Madrid at the beginning of the year 1483—a year remarkable for the death of the Archbishop of Toledo, who, after his disgrace, retired to his own palace, where he pursued the study of alchemy with such infatuation as exhausted even his princely revenues. This year was also notable for the appointment of Thomas de Torquemada inquisitor-general of Castile and Arragon, investing him with full powers to conduct the operations of the Holy Office—powers which he exercised with the utmost vigor and cruelty, enforcing every imaginable torture with

horrible precision. Isabella permitted its continuance, notwithstanding the serious drain it produced upon the working-classes as well as the nobility. No one was above a suspicion that, without warning, he might be snatched away from the fire-side, from the busy loom, or the plying hammer, with a suddenness and impenetrable secrecy that seemed the work of imps of Satan, carrying their victims to subterranean halls and placing them before malicious, cowled tribunals, which consigned them to a frightful, secret death, in the depths of the fortresses and castles occupied by the inquisitors.

Had Isabella been left to her own judgment, she would have used milder means to "root out heresy" from her kingdom, but, actuated by her early teachers who impressed her with the duty of thorough action, and influenced by her confessor Talavera, she countenanced the proceedings of the Inquisition. Talavera, though not possessing the cruelty of Torquemada, was equally austere and haughty. Upon his first attendance upon the queen as confessor, he remained seated while she knelt before him. "It is usual for both parties to kneel," said she. "No," replied he, "this is God's tribunal; I act here as his minister, and it is fitting that I should keep my seat while your Highness kneels before me." "This is the confessor I wanted," said she afterwards in commenting upon it. What wonder that with such spiritual guides, in whom she reposed the greatest confidence, her doubts should be overruled.

Her resolution to execute the war of Grenada on a

larger scale, was soon made manifest; in opposition to the wishes of Ferdinand and the chief leaders, she used energetic measures to raise a new army. Ashamed to be outdone by a woman, the old spirit of chivalry was roused again, and they now eagerly offered their services to the courageous queen. The treasury being exhausted by the various objects that drew largely upon it, the pope was applied to, who permitted funds to be raised out of the ecclesiastical revenue, and also issued a "bull of crusade," which granted indulgences to all who should take up arms against the infidel.

Magnificent preparations were made with expectations of a certain success that seemed to be warranted by the scenes of civil faction which Grenada presented. The Sultana Ayxa was jealous of a beautiful Greek slave, of whom the old king was undisguisedly fond, and fearing lest the succession of her own son Boabdil should be superseded by other heirs, she represented her wrongs to the people already rebellious under the tyrannical government.

These intrigues were discovered, for which Aben Hassen caused her to be imprisoned in the highest tower of the Alhambra. With the aid of her attendants she effected the escape of herself and son by tying scarfs and shawls together, upon which doubtful support they descended to the ground unharmed, and were welcomed by a large share of the quickly-assembled inhabitants. A contest soon commenced which stained the halls of the Alhambra with blood, and drove from it the tyrant king, who took shelter in

Malaga, a city that remained loyal to him, leaving Boabdil to occupy the throne.

While the kingdom of Grenada was thus weakened by domestic feuds and unable to rally unitedly, the Castilians decided to strike a blow at Malaga. The gallant army passed out of the gates of Antequera, exultant and eager for the victory of which they were confident. The following day they arrived at the tortuous defiles of the Axarquia, dragging heavy artillery and baggage through the rocky windings with great difficulty. During the slow ascent, the inhabitants of the villages among the mountains had time to escape with their effects and spread the alarm through the lower country.

Aben Hassen made immediate preparations, and, with a strong force, sallied from the city of Malaga to meet the enemy, while entangled in the passes. The Castilians were under several leaders, neither of whom had the supreme command; not finding the booty they anticipated they began to separate in various detachments, that of the grand-master of St. James alone proceeding in military order. Upon that division the first attack of the Moors fell, and as soon as the sound of the alarm was given, the Marquis of Cadiz hastened to his relief. The spirit and agility of the Moors gave them success; the Castilians were scattered, and laden with spoils gathered in the various forages for which they had separated, and, unable to manage the cavalry amid the defiles, were driven back after a desperate struggle. In order to facilitate their escape, they were obliged to leave the artillery, baggage, and dearly-earn-

el booty to their pursuers. Their retreat was further embarrassed by missiles showered upon them from the heights above by the numerous peasantry and villagers. Heavy rocks and stones rolled down upon their close ranks, making fearful inroads on the already diminished numbers, causing confusion, alarm, and a struggle for life that lessened the chances of escape, and often sent them rolling into deep chasms, clutching each other with a death-grasp.

The Marquis of Cadiz succeeded in extricating his detatchment and escaped to Andalusia, but the rest were not so fortunate. Some lost their way, wandering back into Grenada; others died from exhaustion and terror; many were taken prisoners, and those who still kept together mistook the route and came to a stand in a deep, dark glen, hemmed in by insurmountable rocks. Darkness was fast enveloping them, increasing their danger and magnifying the horrors of their situation. Watch-fires were kindled by the enemy along the ridges of the mountains, and the fierce Moors flitted hither and thither in the red light, like a multitude of evil spirits securing the captivity of their victims. Well-aimed arrows were darted among the unresisting soldiery, who, thinking now only of personal safety, desperately sought to retrace their steps. After struggling through almost impenetrable thickets, scaling frightful precipices and leaping dark chasms, a moiety of that brilliant army reached their own frontiers, almost dead with fatigue and terror. They left three of their most illustrious commanders, and two brothers of the Marquis of Cadiz, slain among

the defiles, to be mutilated by the revengeful Moors, or to be prey for the eagle's eyrie; and one was taken a prisoner, with no hope of ransom.

After these disasters, the war would have ceased for a time, but for a rash expedition undertaken by Boabdil, the young King of Grenada, who was jealous of the renown which his father's knights had gained, and determined to perform some exploit himself which should secure the loyalty of his adherents. Accordingly he summoned a large army which embraced the flower of Moslem chivalry; disregarding the ill-omened accident of breaking his lance against an arch as he passed through the gateway of the city at the head of his army, he persisted in executing his purpose, perhaps the more desperately, from the repeated and mysterious warnings he received from the astrologers, and because of an old prophecy which foretold that he would be the last king of Grenada.

The Castilians having been informed of his design of investing Lucena on the Spanish frontiers, provided that city with a strong garrison. The Count de Cabra raised a small army, and came in sight of Lucena just as the Moors were marching towards it on the opposite side. The approach of the Spanish army was partially concealed by the rolling hills among which they passed, affording the Moors only an occasional glimpse of troops thus multiplied infinitely to their alarmed vision; the echoes of the loud clarions and trumpets that filled their ears, impressed them with the approach of an immense army. At the same time troops poured forth from the gates of the city. Imagining themselves

already overpowered, a portion of the Moors fled, leaving the brunt of the battle to the cavalry, who soon obliged the rest to give way and retreat towards the Xenil, closely followed by their pursuers. The panic and struggle for life were so great that numbers were precipitated into the waters, grappling one another, till they sank in a common grave. The proudest blood of Grenada flowed from the banks and mingled with the rolling river that day—a day immortalized in the mournful lamentations and ballads of a race who fought to perpetuate a nation that was doomed to be struck out from the kingdoms of the earth.

Boabdil was often seen in the thickest of the mêlée, conspicuous from being mounted upon a richly-caparisoned, white steed, and wearing golden armor, and a magnificent turban blazing with jewels. His royal guard fell one after another around him. Unable to sustain himself longer, or to hope for escape across the river, he dismounted and concealed himself in a thicket. A Castilian soldier discovered his retreat, and would have dispatched him after calling assistance, had not the king revealed his rank. This was the crowning feature of the day. He was triumphantly led to the Spanish camp and conducted to Count Cabra, who received him with all the honor and respect due to the royal captive. He was then escorted to the count's castle, and entertained with munificent hospitality, the most punctilious care being taken to make the golden-plumaged bird forget that he was caged.

Isabella received the tidings with tears as well as joy, and sent him a message full of kindness and cour-

tesy; all her generous womanly sympathies were awakened for the unfortunate prince. When a council convened to determine what was to be done with their captive, they talked of delivering him to the vengeance of his father for a heavy ransom, but Isabella indignantly rejected the proposal, deciding that he should be liberated and sent back to his country, on condition of allegiance to the Castilian sovereigns; the promise of supplies to their troops, and permission to pass unmolested through that portion of the country under his sway; together with the payment of a large sum of money annually; and the delivery of his son, and several children of the nobility, as hostages. He was released, and after a cordial interview with the king and queen, was conducted by a brilliant escort to his own dominions.

In the loftiest towers of the Alhambra, his mother and beautiful young wife Morayma had watched daily for the coming of Boabdil; straining their eyes in vain beyond the vine-covered Vega, to catch a glimpse of the triumphant return of the gaily-equipped cavaliers, who had gone forth with buoyant hopes to win glory. While still gazing far among the blue mountains for a sight of the Moslem banners, heralding the approach of the victors, their keen eyes perceived a little band of horsemen skimming swiftly across the plain. With beating hearts they returned to the state chamber to await tidings that were soon conveyed to them, more loudly than words could have done, in the blood stained, dusty habiliments that remained to the exhausted cavaliers, who rushed with evil news to the presence

of the queen-regent. The announcement of the capture of Boabdil, overwhelmed his wife and mother with grief, and filled the city with lamentations. Old men and women wandered through the streets, tearing their hair and throwing ashes upon their heads. The wise were struck dumb with the unheard-of calamity; and even the children united in the wailing cry that rose yet more mournfully than the sad cadence that prophesied the recoil of the first blow, beginning with the words—

"Ay de mi Alhama!"

The high-spirited Sultana Ayxa, unwilling to indulge a useless grief, made an effort for Boabdil's liberty, offering an immense ransom and terms which, for the most part, were those the conquerors granted. But the glory of Grenada had departed, for, no sooner had the degraded king returned to his dominions, than Aben Hassen renewed his former animosity through Abdallah El Zagel, a vigorous and fiery warrior, who was appointed to succeed the old monarch now blind and infirm. The new opposing king carried on a determined warfare with the fated Boabdil's party, till the palace of the Alhambra and the streets of Grenada were streaming with the blood of the bravest Moors, who should have reserved their strength for the common defence of the kingdom.

Ferdinand and Isabella continued to take advantage of these destructive feuds, pushing their conquests from town to town, capturing the most important posts and strongest fortresses along the frontiers. No memorable

campaign occurred however till 1485,—a year distinguished for the siege and capture of Ronda. Isabella, with all her household, accompanied the army, animating the soldiers with fresh courage, and prompting the gallant knights and cavaliers to valiant deeds, to deserve the smiles and commendation of their beautiful queen, for whom it was glory to peril their lives. Her presence softened the horrors and sufferings of war, as she always advised the most lenient and magnanimous conduct toward the vanquished, and held back the murderous sword that almost universally follows in the track of victory. She frequently reviewed the troops on horseback, wearing light armor, and addressed the soldiers with a perfect grace and strength, united with unassumed modesty, that won the admiration of the whole army. Any one of those thousands would probably have laid down his life in the defence of a queen, regarded, by all her subjects, with the passionate devotion of a lover, as well as with the awe which, not only royalty, but the purity and beauty of her character inspired.

To her the honor is due of first establishing the inestimable services of a hospital in the army; she paid, from her own revenues, the skillful military surgeons and the expenses of six spacious tents, provided with beds and everything necessary for the comfort of the sick and wounded; it was denominated the "Queen's Hospital." She was always accompanied by the Infanta Isabella, whom she loved with more than ordinary tenderness. The sweetest and most confidential intercourse existed between them, endearing them to

each other with such strength of affection as nearly proved fatal when a final separation became necessary.

The campaign of 1486 opened under brilliant auspices. Vast preparations were made, and once more the valiant warriors of Spain, emboldened by the presence of Ferdinand, filed out from the gates of Cordova amidst floating banners, the flourish of trumpets, the music of clarions, and buoyed by the hopes of victory, whereof they were more rationally certain from being thoroughly supplied with every provision necessary to a well-equipped army.

While they proceeded to the siege of Loxa, Isabella remained at Cordova, assuming the sole administration of government, and attending to civil and military business with surprising precision and skill. The derangement of internal affairs, increased during the prolonged absence of the sovereigns, added to the thousand separate demands upon her time, caused many an applicant to be unavoidably unheard. Among the throng who eagerly sought her presence, was one who, in lowly garb, passed unnoticed through the streets of Cordova, abstracted and absorbed in the great dreams that daily pictured the glorious panorama of the Western World, and living a life of noble aspirations and intense longing to grasp the reality beyond the ocean that his keen vision had already spanned—a life of hopes and aims exalting him far above the motley, scornful multitude, which, to his unmindful sight,

"Passed dimly forth and back, as seen in dreams."

Impatient with the cold and reiterated refusals of an

audience, Columbus succeeded in laying his gigantic plans before Talavera, the queen's confessor, through whom he hoped to reach Isabella's ear. He had previously applied to John II. of Portugal, who rejected the chimerical ideas with disdain; now he had a worse obstacle to encounter in the learned prelate's unconquerable aversion to any departure from the long-established theories. Too much occupied to bestow thought upon Columbus' scheme, Isabella refused him admission, with an indefinite promise of giving attention to the subject at some future day. Columbus, impatient at the delay, could only plunge into the scenes of warfare that now seemed to engulph every other interest.

After the capture of Loxa, Ferdinand requested Isabella's presence in the army, to which she promptly responded. With the Princess Isabella, the ladies of her court, and a numerous and brilliant train of attendants, she set out for the camp. The Marquis of Cadiz, with a detachment of nobles and cavaliers met her on the frontiers, and conducted her to the encampment in the vicinity of Moclin. "The queen rode a chestnut mule, seated on a saddle-chair, embossed with gold and silver. The housings were of a crimson color, and the bridle was of satin, curiously wrought with letters of gold. The infanta wore a skirt of fine velvet over others of brocade, a scarlet mantilla of the Moorish fashion, and a black hat trimmed with gold embroidery. The king rode forward, at the head of his nobles, to receive her. He was dressed in a crimson doublet, with breeches of yellow satin. Over his shoul-

ders was thrown a mantle of rich brocade, and a sou pravest of the same materials concealed his cuirass. By his side, close girt, he wore a Moorish scimiter, and beneath his bonnet his hair was confined by a cap of the finest stuff. He was mounted on a noble war-horse of a bright chestnut color." As they approached each other, they bowed thrice, uncovering their heads, and saluted one another affectionately, though with the stately ceremonies which accompanied every movement of their majesties.

The presence of Isabella and her court in the camp, spread universal joy, gave new life to the soldiery, and added to the brilliancy of the scene. Royal pavilions were reared in the midst of the encampment, embellished with all the luxuries pertaining to a court, and gay with the presence of the beautiful and distinguished. There were the heroic Marchioness of Cadiz, and the Marchioness of Moya, better known as Beatriz de Bobadilla, together with the dignified presence of the grand cardinal Mendoza, a man reverenced for his learning and reliable qualities. The gallant Earl of Rivers, of England, with his brave followers; Gonsalvo de Cordova, the notable captain of the royal guards, and his famous brother Don Alonzo; the Marquis of Cadiz, styled "the Mirror of Andalusian Chivalry;" the Count de Cabra, the capturer of Boabdil, and a host of renowned knights, with their numberless followers, made up as famed and gorgeous an array as ever entered the battle-field.

And among this throng of haughty, powerful nobles, who burned to gain laurels to lay at the feet of the

worshipped queen, moved Columbus, still unnoticed, still overshadowed by the bold and great, whose emblazoned names in future years would pale before the radiance of the genius now despised by their prejudices. The din of war drowned his pleadings, and the poor but noble Genoese could only raise his arm beside the common soldier to strike a common foe.

Moclin was captured; its dungeons thrown open, from whence poured forth christian captives, whose fate had long been a mystery to their mourning relatives; its mosques were converted into cathedrals, colleges founded for the instruction of the Moors in the catholic faith, and arrangements made for the government of the conquered cities. Isabella universally exerted herself to alleviate the horrors of war, showing such leniency and kindness towards her Moslem subjects, as secured a devotion almost equal to that of her own nation; and when severe or cruel measures were applied, it was because her remonstrances were overruled by Ferdinand and the Spanish leaders.

At the close of the campaign, the sovereigns returned to Spain, making Salamanca their place of royal residence. Here Columbus succeeded, through the influence of the Marquis of Cadiz and Cardinal Mendoza, both men of enlightened minds, in obtaining the appointment of a council to decide his claims. Talavera was designated to select the most learned and scientific men in the kingdom, for this purpose; many of them were equally pugnacious to innovations upon established theories, and caused discussions which were likely to foil the long-protracted hopes of Columbus,

by their interminable length, if not in their decision. The spring of 1487 came, and the council, without having effected anything, was broken up by the preparations demanded for a new campaign.

Ferdinand placed himself at the head of an army of twelve thousand horse and forty thousand foot, and once more advanced towards the dominions of the Moors. A toilsome march over the mountains, a rapid descent among the defiles, and the army swept like a cloud of devouring locusts over the fair fields, vineyards and gardens of Grenada, leaving a scene of desolation behind it, and at length settling in a broad valley, at the extremity of which lay the city of Malaga, second in importance only to Grenada. The approach to it, however, was rendered perilous by two well-guarded eminences, commanding the valley both on the sea-coast and the opposite side, where the wild sierra receded into mountainous heights that overshadowed the city. After a desperate defence by the Moors, the Marquis of Cadiz took possession of the position considered most dangerous from its exposure to attacks of bands concealed in the neighboring thickets; the other most important point was secured by La Vega.

The following morning, the remainder of the army swept through the pass and defiled into a wide plain which surrounded the city upon three sides; the fourth was washed by the waves of the ocean. A Spanish fleet rode in the harbor, effectually cutting off supplies in that quarter. Thus the doomed city was completely encircled by a foe daily tightening its coils, till the victim was crushed in the fearful embrace. Malaga was

bravely defended by a noble Moor, named Hamet El Zegri, renowned since the siege of Ronda, and appointed to this responsible post by El Zagel, who still disputed the crown with Boabdil. But for this weak prince, Malaga might have been rescued by the Moors, inasmuch as a valiant band of troops set out from Granada to their assistance, but were intercepted by Boabdil and engaged in a bloody affray, which disabled them. After several weeks spent in the unsuccessful bombardment of the city, the Christians, wearied with its determined resistance, became discontented. A rumor had reached the besieged that the Spaniards were about to break up their camp; this gave them fresh courage to prolong the struggle. To undeceive them, Ferdinand immediately sent for Isabella to join the army, knowing her presence would dispel the dissatisfaction among the troops, and would assure the infidels of their intentions to persevere.

Isabella's arrival was greeted with every manifestation of joy; the plain of Malaga presented a scene like that of Moclin; it was brilliant with gorgeously attired horsemen, and glancing weapons, gay with pavilions, from which floated the royal standard, and the interior of which was richly hung with silken draperies, and otherwise luxuriously fitted for the presence of beautiful women of noble birth, the wives or sisters of those in the camp. The army was purified from the vices which usually accompany war. Gambling was prohibited under severe penalties, blasphemy punished and prostitutes banished—a state of things due to Isabella's pious and virtuous regulations.

Immediately after her arrival, she showed the humanity and mildness of her character, by requesting the cessation of hostile operations, and caused terms of capitulation to be offered the inhabitants of Malaga; they would gladly have accepted these but for the fierce chieftain El Zegri, who returned only a defiant answer. The siege was, therefore, prosecuted with redoubled vigor.

An event occurred shortly after the queen's arrival, which occasioned great alarm for her safety. A wild Moor named Agerbi, allowed himself to be taken prisoner, and, promising to reveal important information to the Spanish sovereigns, was conducted to the royal tent. The king being asleep, the queen refused to confer with the prisoner till he should awaken and be present at the audience. The Moor was, therefore, led to an adjoining pavilion, where the Marchioness of Moya and Don Alvaro were playing a game of chess. Their magnificent apparel and distinguished bearing deceived Agerbi, who, thinking himself in the presence of royalty, suddenly drew forth a dagger from the folds of his Moorish mantle and plunged it into the side of the unsuspecting Don Alvaro, then turned, quick as lightning, upon the marchioness, who escaped injury by the weapon becoming entangled in the heavy embroidery of her robes, in its descent. The attendants fell upon the assassin, dispatching him with numberless blows. The noise of the affray soon spread the alarm, and, in revenge for the daring attempt, his body was thrown from an engine into the besieged city. Spanish historians denominate him a fanatic·

his own countrymen might have immortalized him as a hero who, in the face of certain death, made one last effort to arrest the departing glory of the kings of Grenada, by sending into the captivity of death the crowned instigators of their downfall.

The vigilance of sentinels was redoubled, and an additional guard placed in the royal quarters. Though Isabella was disturbed and alarmed at her danger she still enforced her wishes to spare the destruction of Malaga and its inhabitants. Capitulation was again offered, but rejected with disdain, notwithstanding the famine which had reduced the besieged to the necessity of eating the flesh of horses, cats, dogs, and boiled leaves; to this distress a pestilence was added, arising from the use of such unwholesome food. Reduced to the uttermost extremity, their numbers rapidly diminishing, and their places of defence giving way under the increasing fire and battering engines of the Spaniards, El Zegri at length sent an embassy to Ferdinand, accepting the offered terms; to which the king replied that it was too late, as they must now abide by such terms as their conquerors chose to offer. After remonstrances, threats, and defiance on the part of the Moorish general, he was at length obliged to surrender Malaga unconditionally, having bravely maintained its defence for three months.

Ferdinand and Isabella entered the city at the head of a triumphant procession, and went in state to the cathedral of St. Mary, where mass was performed, and thanks given to the God of armies for enabling them to establish the catholic faith in the land of the infidels.

The Te Deum was solemnly chanted, followed by all the usual demonstrations of victory. In the meantime the inhabitants of Malaga awaited the decision of their fate with the additional terror of suspense.

The dungeons were opened and the christian captives, who had been chained there for years, were led before Isabella, in the presence of the assembled multitude. Sons, brothers, husbands, long mourned as dead, were recognized among the dejected, cadaverous beings, with cries of joy at the reunion, and tears at the sight of their suffering. Isabella wept with them, had them carefully provided for, and enabled them to return to their families.

Strange inconsistency that could release captives in a foreign land with tears, while, in her own dominions, thousands innocently suffered a more horrible captivity in the dungeons of the Inquisition! And strange infatuation that should lead her, immediately after the release of Spanish prisoners, for whom her tears had flowed, to enslave a host of the most beautiful Moorish maidens, for herself and friends, tearing them from homes and loved ones no less dear because the crescent was an emblem of their faith, though this was sufficient to make them unfeeling in the eyes of the Spaniards.

The terrified inhabitants were ordered to appear in the spacious court-yard of the Alcazaba, to hear their doom pronounced. Wasted by famine and exhausted with fearful watching, they clung in despairing silence to one another, pale and trembling; they were anxious as to their impending fate, yet hoping for the generous

treatment shown towards other conquered cities. Here and there a sullen Moor stood apart with folded arms and rebellious spirit, haughtily awaiting the sentence he knew full well would be no light one from the exasperated conquerors. Breathlessly the multitude listened till the dreaded decree of hopeless slavery was passed upon them; then sent up a long, mournful cry that might have touched a heart of stone. "Oh Malaga! renowned and beautiful, what shall become of thy old men and thy matrons, thy sons and thy maidens, when they shall feel the galling yoke of bondage," cried they, in tones of agonized grief. Daughters clung to mothers, children in vain supplicated the protection of their fathers; the family ties were broken; some were destined to the burning coast of Africa, some to be distributed in the beautiful plains of Italy, while the noblest and fairest were selected to embellish the palaces of Spain, in subjection to those whom they hated as infidels as well as oppressors.

Ferdinand would have put them all to the sword but for the remonstrances of his more humane consort, though their policy had always been marked by a magnanimity that won them a world-wide fame in those days of savage warfare. The rapacious Ferdinand, fearing that the inhabitants would conceal their wealth, secured it by offering freedom to them at a ransom so enormous, that despite all the gold, precious stones, and merchandise the duped victims could lay at his feet, it availed them nothing.

These traits that gradually became more prominent in his character, repulsed the upright purity and ten-

derness of Isabella's more refined, exalted nature, and chilled the love that had at first united their interests and aims. But whatever Isabella's disappointment was upon a clearer perception of the soul that years made more transparent to her insight, she never compromised the dignity of either by revealing it to those who surrounded them.

The year succeeding the capture of Malaga, was more remarkable for its reverses than successes. After a short campaign, Ferdinand withdrew his forces. Isabella's residence during the ensuing winter was at Valladolid and Saragossa, where she was entirely engrossed in domestic affairs and the education of her children. The Princess Isabella was her constant companion and confidant, relieving her mother's sorrows by her gentle, sweet sympathy. Her eldest and promising son Don Juan, often diverted her from oppressive troubles; but all her motherly anxieties were awakened for her second daughter Joanna, who, having always been subject to fits, was threatened with idiocy or insanity. The infant Catherine, destined to a sad fate, and known as Catherine of Arragon, was at this time affianced to Prince Arthur, son of Henry VII. of England, an event which sealed a long, unbroken peace between the two nations.

The brilliant campaign of 1489 decided the fate of Grenada. An army was raised of fifteen thousand horse and eighty thousand foot, embracing the most distinguished leaders and hardy knights of Spain, together with troops furnished by allies. Ferdinand led his legions once more over the mountainous barriers,

determined to summon all their strength for a final victory that should terminate this long, disastrous war.

The siege of Baza was determined upon, as it was the capital of El Zagel's dominions, and the most important post to be obtained. A long and fierce resistance, however, dampened the ardor of the Spaniards, and, after suffering several reverses in skirmishes and attacks upon the town, and dreading the severity of the fast-approaching winter, they were so entirely disheartened as to unitedly desire the king to return to Castile, and await the following spring for the furtherance of designs that would detain and expose them to certain death by the hardships of the cold season, and the cutting off of supplies by the breaking up of the roads over the mountains. Even the most heroic leaders advised Ferdinand to abandon the siege, and scarcely one in the whole army opposed it but the sagacious commander of Leon.

Uncertain what course to take, and unwilling to disband his army without a single conquest, Ferdinand sent an embassy to Isabella who resided at Jaen, a place nearest the scene of action and most convenient for communication. Her reply, full of hope, courage and energy, promising the faithful discharge of her engagement to furnish supplies to the army without intermission, at whatever cost or labor, reassured the dispirited army. With fresh vigor they made preparations for the approaching winter, and the astounded Moors of Baza suddenly beheld a city of houses and streets rise as if by magic, where only light tents had sheltered the

besiegers. Walls of mud, thatched with timber, constituted the houses of the nobility; palisades joined at the top, and intertwined with boughs, protected the common soldiers. Shortly after the completion of these huts, a severe storm swept them all to the earth; torrents rolled down from the mountains, swelling the streams to an impassable depth and rapidity; the mountain roads were blocked up by fallen rocks and trees, and deep fissures were cut by the descending floods.

Alarm was depicted on every countenance, now that supplies and intercourse with their own country were completely cut off. Two or three days of painful suspense ensued, when a messenger arrived from Isabella, exhorting them to hold their position, for the roads should be quickly repaired. With incredible alacrity and skillful management, she succeeded in the reconstruction of the roads; her workmen made new ones, bridged the swollen rivers, and established a line of fourteen thousand mules, which constantly conveyed supplies of every description to the army. The immense expense incurred, she defrayed by pawning the crown jewels, plate, and personal ornaments; by large sums borrowed of wealthy individuals who, for their reimbursement, trusted to the word of the queen—a sufficient guarantee for any risk, so faithful was she in performing her promises; and by the treasures of the convents and monasteries, thrown open to her. Thus to the indefatigable efforts of this high-spirited, admirable woman, who wonderfully united feminine qualities with masculine wisdom, energy and skill, was

owing the brilliant and decisive conquests that succeeded.

Baza was still defended with determined valor and strength, drawn from the dependence of the fate of Grenada upon the loss or retention of this royal stronghold. The Spaniards again lost patience with the prolonged defence, looked to the queen for new inspiration, and believing her presence would hasten the termination of the siege, entreated her to join them.

Accompanied by the Princess Isabella, the Marchioness of Moya, and other ladies of her court, she arrived at the camp in November, the sixth month of the siege. When the Moors beheld her gay cavalcade streaming from among the mountains, knowing what a talisman of success lay in her presence, they beat their breasts in dismay and despair, exclaiming "Now is the fate of Baza decided!"

"From the moment of her appearance," says the historian, "a change came over the scene. No more of the cruel skirmishes, which before had occurred every day; no report of artillery or clashing of arms or any of the rude sounds of war were to be heard, but all seemed disposed to reconciliation and peace." Baza almost immediately surrendered, and the triumphant Christians entered the city amid the firing of artillery, waving of banners and the ringing of bells—hateful sights and sounds to the vanquished. The alcayde, who had bravely sustained the defence, was loaded with civilities and presents. Overcome by the same kindness and sweet sympathy which gave Isabella such power over her own subjects, he knelt before her in

admiration, and offered his services in her cause thenceforth. She replied graciously and created him one of her knights.

The monarch El Zagel, then in a neighboring fortress, knowing how fruitless resistance would be, resigned himself to a fate he could no longer avert. "What Allah wills he brings to pass in his own way. Had he not decreed the fall of Grenada this good sword might have saved it; but his will be done!" exclaimed the fallen king, with the solemn gravity and unchanging features characteristic of the Moors.

Ferdinand appointed him king of Andaraz, subject to the crown of Castile. This shadow of royalty could not divert him from his melancholy downfall. In a short time, he resigned the despised crown, and left the scenes that continually reminded him of the departed glory of Grenada. He took refuge among the Africans, who seized upon the riches he carried with him, and left him to end his days in extreme poverty and obscurity.

Boabdil was now called upon to yield up his capital, and acknowledge the supreme sovereignty of Castile and Arragon. The inhabitants of Grenada refused the demand, and sent a message of defiance to the conquerors. Unwilling to open another siege so late in the season, they returned to the city of Seville, to recruit, perfectly at ease in the knowledge that Grenada was theirs except in name.

In the following spring, the nuptials of the Princess Isabella and young Alfonso of Portugal, were celebrated in a succession of balls, fêtes and tournaments,

which were gladly welcomed after the toils and hardships of war. But the queen mingled in these rejoicings with a heavy heart, dreading separation from a daughter who had enlisted her strongest affections, and who regarded her own departure with equal and foreboding sadness.

Columbus again appeared at court, in the interval of peace, to present his claims. He was referred to the council of Salamanca, which, after a three years' consideration of the matter, had decided that "the scheme proposed was vain and impossible; and that it did not become such great princes to engage in an enterprise of the kind, on such weak grounds as had been advanced." This was the decision of Spain's most learned and scientific men; yet there was a minority in the council, of more enlightened views, who would fain have encouraged the great discoverer, and so far prevailed on the sovereigns as to induce them to hold out promises of future and more explicit attention to the subject, when the war of Grenada had ceased.

In April, 1491, the king assembled an army of fifty thousand, to strike a final blow that would set his seal upon the entire kingdom of Grenada. Accompanied by Don Juan, now created a knight, and the commanders who had gained numberless honors during the long wars, the unfailing Marquis of Cadiz, the valiant Count Cabra, Don Alonzo de Aguilar, and his brother Gonsalvo de Cordova, of brilliant renown in the after Italian campaigns. With such supporters, King Ferdinand once more encamped upon the banks of Xenil, facing the royal city of the Moslems, the last of all the

strongholds of the kingdom that remained free and independent. The Vega stretched away from its frowning battlements, covered with a wild, entangled growth of vines, groves and gardens, whose beauty had been desolated in the long struggle, but had sprung up again in untrained luxuriance, in a soil enriched with the blood poured freely upon it. The river had gradually withdrawn from its artificial channels, rolling through the plain as musically as if a crimson tide never mingled with the pure waters, ever fed by

> "the rills
> That like ribands of silver unwound from the hills."

The grand solid mountains rising beyond, alone remained unshaken and unchanged, a chain of unavailing bulwarks towards which the eyes of every Moslem had often turned, watching in dread and hatred the coming of the myriads yearly poured forth from those rugged defiles.

This last defiant approach to the very walls of their beloved and last remaining city, filled the Moorish knights with uncontrollable vengeance and indignation. Thousands of the bravest and choicest of Moslem chivalry were shut within its walls, determined to sacrifice their heart's blood, before they would yield their royal palaces, or see christian monarchs seated upon their throne. Undaunted by the encircling foe, and caring less for the horrors of a famine than submission to a foreign yoke, they daily sent forth the best warriors to challenge the Spanish knights to combat upon the Vega, which became the strange scene of

innumerable single-handed battles and daring exploits, that seem more the picturings of romance than the terrible reality of war, prompted on one side by bigotry and on the other by a desperate defence of home, liberty and kingdom.

The Spanish army met with a disaster which proved in the end the speedier termination of the siege. Isabella, who was present in the camp, occupied a magnificent pavilion, belonging to the Marquis of Cadiz, which, with his usual gallantry, he had resigned to her use. One night, when all were wrapped in secure slumber, the cry of fire proceeding from the royal quarters, roused the whole camp to arms, supposing the enemy were upon them. The flames, which had caught in the hangings of the queen's tent, from a carelessly placed taper, spread with rapidity, and were not extinguished till after the loss of a large quantity of plate, jewels and brocade, and the costly decorations of the pavilions occupied by the nobility. Isabella herself narrowly escaped injury. As a memorial of her gratitude to God for the preservation, and in token of her determination never to abandon the Vega till Grenada had surrendered, she caused a city of substantial houses to be erected in the place where the encampment stood. Immediately the soldiers became artisans, and instead of

"the shock, the shout, the groan of war,"

the din of industry went up to the ears of the amazed Moors, who beheld in the rising city a token of inflexible determination that it was useless and fatal to com-

bat. In less than three months, La Santa Fé was completed, and was, long after, the boast of the Spaniards, for its freedom from the pollution of heresy.

Boabdil would have yielded at once, but dared not oppose the undiminished courage of the inhabitants, who were still resolved to die in defence of their last possessions, although fully aware of the impossibility of retaining their position eventually. Secret negotiations were carried on, however, with the king's vizier, sometimes within the sacred precincts of the Alhambra, and sometimes at midnight in the little village of Churriana, which ended in Boabdil's betrayal of Grenada into the hands of the Christians.

In the meantime, Columbus had retired from the Spanish court in disgust, and proposed to visit the King of France, who had written him in an encouraging tone. While on his way he was detained at the convent of La Rabida, by his friend the guardian, Juan Perez, formerly confessor to the queen. Comprehending the greatness of Columbus' designs, and anxious that his sovereigns should lose neither the golden opportunity of extending their dominions to an incalculable extent, nor the glory of perfecting the gigantic schemes, in defiance of the world's brand of fanaticism, he offered to seek an interview with Isabella, and make one more effort in behalf of one with whom a continent had been unknowingly rejected.

The good monk arrived at Santa Fé, and having obtained an audience, eloquently expostulated with Isabella. She became warmly interested in his representations, and urged by two eminent men and the in-

telligent Marchioness of Moya, consented to receive Columbus, sending him substantial evidence of her favor in the presentation of a well-filled purse, a mule, and habiliments necessary to his appearance at court. Overjoyed at the near prospect of the consummation of his hopes, he hastened to Santa Fé, arriving in time to witness the surrender of Grenada.

Elated with success, the sovereigns and court were ready to listen approvingly to new plans. Columbus appeared before them, adding the power of his inspired presence, lofty demeanor, and the eloquence of his beaming, benignant face to persuasions, in which he pictured in glowing description the realms he should add to their dominions, and the converts that should be made among the heathen, who peopled these imaginary regions in barbarous magnificence. Warriors and courtiers, knights and fair women, graced the interview, some listening with admiration and enthusiasm, others scoffing at the eloquent pleader, for presuming to reveal his wild dreams in presence of the majestic pair, more imposingly royal than ever, now that they were thrice crowned.

Isabella listened approvingly. The thought of converting the benighted heathen in the supposed continent, was a strong motive of acceptance; but the cautious Ferdinand had no idea of complying with terms in which Columbus demanded "for himself and heirs, the title and authority of Admiral and Viceroy over all lands discovered by him with one tenth of the profits" —terms which Talavera, already appointed Archbishop of Grenada, haughtily assured the king, "savored of

the highest degree of arrogance, and would be unbecoming in their highnesses to grant to a needy foreign adventurer."

Although Columbus saw the means of accomplishing his great schemes, almost within his grasp, he proudly spurned every offer which did not secure to him the titles and emoluments due to his achievements. Refusing farther conference, he indignantly left the court, and mounting his mule, turned his back upon the scene of conquest that to him seemed child's play, in comparison with the magnificent world, to whose shores he would have winged even a single vessel, had such a prize been within his reach, in defiance of the superstition which kept the people aloof from his project, and in scorn at the fool-hardiness of the learned. While he angrily hastened across the Vega towards the mountain roads, his friends were eagerly expostulating with the queen, assuring her that he would well deserve the reward he asked, if he succeeded, and, if he failed, nothing would be required. Yielding at last to her own generous impulses, she determined not to regard Ferdinand's opposition, or the advice of over-cautious councillors. "I will assume the undertaking for my own crown of Castile," said she, "and am ready to pawn my jewels to defray the expenses of it, if the funds of the treasury shall be found inadequate!"

A messenger was quickly dispatched for Columbus, who was overtaken a few leagues on his route. Assured that the orders came from the queen herself, he gladly returned to Santa Fé, where he met a gracious reception, and at last received from her own lips the

acceptance of his terms, definitely concluded April 17th, 1492. With accustomed promptness, Isabella immediately gave orders for the equipment of two vessels, the third being provided by Juan Perez of La Rabida, and the Pinzons, distinguished mariners of Palos. The fleet was manned with great difficulty, but at length preparations were completed, and, on the 30th of April, after partaking of the sacrament and confessing themselves, Columbus and his motley crew, spread their sails and floated away to unknown regions, from which they were never expected to return.

Grenada had surrendered, and, at the triumphant entrance of the Spanish monarchs, the unfortunate Boabdil met them, and would have dismounted to do them homage, but was hastily prevented and kindly embraced by Ferdinand, and received with cordial regard by Isabella, who delivered to him his son, detained at the Spanish court as a hostage during the last years of the war. Boabdil then delivered up the keys of the Alhambra. "They are thine, oh king, since Allah so decreed it; use thy success with clemency and moderation," said he mournfully, turning away and passing through one of the gates of Grenada, which he requested might immediately be walled up, that no other should pass after him. He began the tedious route to the Alpuxarras; arriving at the last eminence from which he could behold the royal city, he stopped and turned to look upon its rich palaces, and the beloved, sacred Alhambra, now desecrated with the blazing cross and waving banners of the conquerors, gazed upon the wide Vega with its fragrant

vines and orange groves, followed the windings of the Xenil, looked afar upon the minarets and towers that shot up from the cities clustered in the luxurious plain, and then at the blue heights of the rocky barriers he had thought a safeguard to his kingdom, rudely wrenched from his weak grasp. The scene and its associations were too much for the banished prince. He covered his face in his Moorish mantle, and burst into tears. "You do well to weep like a woman for what you could not defend like a man," exclaimed his haughty, unfeeling mother, adding the sting of reproach to his sorrow. "Alas! when were woes ever equal to mine!" returned the unhappy prince, pursuing his desolate journey to the barren regions assigned to him in lieu of his splendid possessions. The rock where he stood and mourned his fate, is still known by the poetical appellation of *El ultimo sospiro del moro*, "The last sigh of the Moor."

His final career was like that of his uncle El Zagel. Disgusted with his petty dominions, he sold them for an insignificant sum, and passed into Fez, where he fell in battle in the service of an African prince, "losing his life in another's cause, though he dared not die in his own."

The kingdom of Grenada was now wholly in possession of the Christians, after a struggle through seven hundred and forty-one years, during which the Arabian empire had lessened in every succeeding generation, and finally absorbed in the Spanish nation after an unceasing war of ten years. The event was commemorated by processions and demonstrations of tri-

umph, not only in Rome and many of the cities of the continent, but also in London, to say nothing of the joy manifested throughout Spain.

Immediately after the close of the war, the death of one of its most brilliant supporters caused general mourning. The Marquis of Cadiz, who had been present during every campaign, from the surprise of Zahara to the fall of Grenada, expired the 28th of August, 1492. The king and queen, with the court, wore deep mourning for the cavalier, who was esteemed, like the Cid, both by friend and foe.

But a far greater calamity fell upon Spain at the same time, and a louder lamentation went up from palace and hovel. After Ferdinand and Isabella had entered Grenada, they issued an edict for the expulsion of the Jews from their dominions. The Inquisitors represented the impossibility of their conversion, and recommended banishment as the only method of purging the land of such heinous offenders. To send from Spain a class of people comprising the most industrious and skilful of her artisans, and the wealthiest portion of her subjects, in many cases intermarried with the nobility, seemed to Isabella an impolitic measure, as well as inhuman in tearing from their homes those who claimed a long line of ancestry in renowned Spain, where their interests and affections were entirely centred. She would have rejected a proposition so repellant to her kindly, generous nature; but, while negotiating with a representative Jew, who came to offer thirty thousand ducats, towards defraying the expenses of the Moorish war, thinking thus to gain favor

for his people, Torquemada, the inquisitor-general, rushed into the apartment, and holding up a crucifix, exclaimed, "Judas Iscariot sold his master for thirty pieces of silver. Your highnesses would sell him anew for thirty thousand: here he is: take him; barter him away!" and, throwing the crucifix down before the astonished sovereigns, fled from their presence. Instead of resenting his unasked interference, they were overawed by his denunciations. Without farther hesitation, Isabella affixed her name to the decree, thus again silencing the promptings of her own better judgment, and in the name of a religion whose teachers had possessed themselves of her conscience, inflicted another scourge upon the subjects who adored her, and whose cries of suffering, if they reached her ear, could not swerve her from her stern sense of duty. She might have wept when she saw them streaming forth in little bands, after selling their property at immense sacrifice, not knowing where to turn from persecution, since all the world spurned them; she might have been touched with compassion for the sick and helpless, dragging over the painful route; or pitied the young maidens, educated in luxurious abodes, and sent forth homeless; or, when the exiles reached the frontiers, fainting with hunger and fatigue, or scattered through Portugal, Italy, Africa, and even Turkey, their numbers dwindled away in consequence of murders, exhaustion or the plague, which strewed their pathway with the dead and dying — If she could have witnessed all this torture, tears might have welled up abundantly from the depths of her sensitive heart, but

they would have flowed without prompting a revocation of the fiat, any more than the lamentations of the Moors would have stayed her determination to make theirs a christian land. Spain must be cleansed from heresy! was the continued teachings of the stern Torquemada, in her childhood; Spain must be cleansed from heresy! was his warning admonition in her girlhood; Spain must and shall be cleansed from heresy! he boldly demanded, when she ascended the throne. When we know with what unquestioning confidence the Catholics, to this day, commit their consciences to the keeping of confessors, we need not wonder at the religious errors that darkened Isabella's character, or why she should have yielded to the advice of grim and cruel monks, instead of regarding the dictates of her own truer soul.

In the following year, 1493, the court, then residing at Barcelona, were struck with unutterable surprise by the reception of letters from Columbus, announcing his return to Spain, and the success of his voyage. Every one was on tiptoe to see and do honor to the illustrious man who, a year before, they had brushed past with curling lip. Isabella was impatient for an interview, and commanded his attendance at court, whither he quickly repaired, accompanied by a few Indians he had brought with him, and bearing samples of the various produce of the islands he had discovered, together with strange animals, and birds of gaudy plumage. It was the proudest moment of his life, when, seated in the presence of the monarchs, who received him with unheard of distinction, and in the hearing of the same

learned scholars who formerly had looked upon him as a visionary, denouncing his theories as silly vagaries, he gave a glowing description of his discoveries in the exploration of an ocean never before traversed. He had torn aside the mystery that for ages had veiled the western horizon, and now that he held up a new world to their view, they clothed it with the golden tissue of their imagination, and exalted the bold voyager as extravagantly as they had before denounced him. Crowds followed him wherever he went, and he was everywhere received with the honors usually reserved for those of noble birth. The poor Genoese who, in his younger years, had sighed in vain for a sail to wing his material self where his spirit daily wandered, at last had realized his visions, and sat before kings, the greatest conqueror of the age. He had fought with poverty, contempt, ridicule, and the derision of the whole world; he had gone amidst the mingled jeers and pity of old, experienced navigators to combat waves, which he was assured would bear him to purgatory, to the outskirts of the earth, or to desolate regions where diabolic imps would forever enchain him with spells; he had fought the prejudices of his mutinous crew and commanded them into submission. He had waged one long battle from early youth to late manhood, in which he had gained a continent to lay at the feet of his sovereigns. Well might he bear his honors with noble dignity!

But no adulation or acknowledgments were so grateful to him as the testimonial of regard for his services given by Isabella. She caused a fleet of seventeen

vessels to be fitted out to promote his discoveries. At his departure, she provided, among other stipulations, for the interests of the heathen, forbidding their being seized as slaves. She enjoined on Columbus, "to treat them well and lovingly, and to chastise, in the most exemplary manner, all who should offer the natives the slightest molestation." These arrangements Isabella assumed herself, since her worthy prelates could not decide if it would be christian or not to enslave them; thus she evinced the justice of her character, when exercising her own judgment.

News reached her during his third voyage, in 1498, of the violation of these especial charges, added to other delinquencies, all of which were grossly misrepresented by his enemies. She showed her deep displeasure at this, by ordering all the Indians who had been shipped to Spain to be returned to their own land, and such as had been sent to any market, to be restored immediately. A person called Boabdil, was also sent with full powers to make arrests in Hispaniola of those who had disobeyed her commands; making the most of his commission, he ordered the admiral before him, and, putting fetters upon him, conveyed him to Spain. Columbus bore these sad reverses with the same lofty spirit in which he had received distinction; but he was quickly released on arriving in Spain, where every one was indignant at this outrage upon the man to whom so much was due. The court was residing at Grenada, when the king and queen, mortified and grieved at this excess of their orders, and willing to repair the indignity, sent a large sum of money

and rich habiliments to the discoverer, with a request to appear at court. Hastening to Grenada, he sought the presence of the benevolent queen. At the sight of him, and at the remembrance of the unkind requitals, from her own hand as it were, towards one who had rendered her such glorious services, she could not restrain her tears; reaching forth her hand, she offered consolatory words to heal his wounded spirit. Overcome with this unexpected reception, he threw himself at her feet and wept aloud.

Both the king and queen exempted him from the blame which had been attached to him by enemies, restored him to his honors, and, in 1502, sent him on a fourth voyage of discovery. Isabella was destined never to see his return home, as accumulated afflictions were rapidly undermining her constitution.

The Princess Isabella had, some time before, been deprived of her youthful husband, Alfonso of Portugal, after a union of but five months, his death being occasioned by a fall from his horse. She returned to her mother, depressed with grief from which nothing could divert her, and the melancholy indulgence of which preyed upon her naturally delicate constitution. While Isabella watched her daughter with anxious and foreboding care, she was called to the death-bed of the queen-dowager, her mother, to whom she had devoted herself with dutiful attention, notwithstanding the many cares that demanded her time.

A few years after the death of Alfonso, the Princess Isabella was prevailed upon to accept the suit of Emanuel, King of Portugal, who became a passionate admi-

rer of the sweet and gentle princess, during her residence at Lisbon. She would not give her acceptance till he promised to expel every Jew from his dominions—a stipulation that made him hesitate for a time; but he was too fond of her to allow such a barrier, and accordingly the despised and hated Jews, who had taken refuge there from Spain, were again sent forth in exile.

Ferdinand was too much occupied in affairs with the French and Italians, to give much heed to domestic arrangements. It was important, however, to his politic schemes, to secure the friendship of Austria and England, and accordingly family alliances were arranged, to cement the good feeling existing. In 1496, a marriage was concluded between Prince Juan, their only son, and Margarite of Austria, and between the infanta Joanna and Philip, Archduke of Austria, son and heir of the Emperor Maximilian; while the youngest, infanta Catherine, was affianced to Arthur, Prince of Wales, both too young to admit of an immediate marriage.

At the close of the summer, a gallant and beautiful armada was fitted out, ready to convey the young Princess Joanna to foreign shores. Isabella, whose affectionate heart clung tenaciously to her children, accompanied her daughter to the place of embarkation, deferring their separation to the last moment before the fleet sailed. After bidding farewell to her beloved child, she returned in her boat to the shore, but the tide had risen so rapidly that no dry footing could be found for her on the beach. The sailors were pre-

paring to drag the boat farther upon the strand, when Gonsalvo de Cardova, but lately returned from an Italian campaign, and covered with honors, being present, attired in a rich and elegant court dress, gallantly waded into the water, and, lifting the queen in his arms, bore her safely to the shore, amid shouts of applause from the delighted spectators.

After Joanna had embarked, the weather became tempestuous, and the long absence of the fleet without tidings, alarmed Isabella, already overburdened with anxieties. She consulted the most experienced navigators as to the safety of the fleet, suffering distressful fears, till the welcome news came of the safe arrival of the princess in Flanders, though not without the loss of several ships, and many of her attendants. Her marriage with Philip was celebrated with great pomp in the city of Lisle. The same fleet that bore her to the Austrian prince, was to convey Margarite to Spain. After the refitment of the vessels, she embarked, and arrived early in March 1497, having experienced a severe tempest. She was cordially received by the Spanish monarchs and Prince Juan, who eagerly hastened to meet her. The marriage was celebrated in April, with magnificence: the ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Toledo, in the presence of the nobility of Castile and Arragon. The event was followed by a continued round of splendid festivities, in which Margarite and her Flemish attendants participated, with an easy gaiety that caused surprise and remark among the stately and formal Spaniards.

Soon after this, Ferdinand and Isabella attended the

nuptials of their unusually loved daughter Isabella celebrated without parade in a little town on the frontiers. While thus happily engaged the king and queen received an alarming summons to Salamanca, where Prince Juan had become suddenly and dangerously ill; before their arrival, he failed so rapidly that no hopes were entertained for his recovery. He expired in October 1497, in the twentieth year of his age.

Thus, at a stroke, the Spanish sovereigns were deprived of an heir, whose character and education Isabella had carefully superintended, in order to prepare him for the important station he was expected to fill. His talents and admirable qualities endeared him to the nation, which hoped much under the administration of so wise, temperate, and benignant a prince. All Spain was in mourning, but the affliction fell upon none so heavily as the doting mother, who could find no consolation in the vain splendor of royalty. Her deep piety alone prepared her to meet adversity, as it had borne her through prosperity, without arrogance. She received the mournful tidings in the touching language of resignation, "The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be his name!"

The succession now devolved upon the Queen of Portugal, but before the formal recognition of her right had been instituted, death claimed her also. This occurrence, though not so great a national calamity as the loss of Prince Juan, was a fatal stroke to Isabella, from which she never fully recovered. The young infant that cost its mother's life, was happily a son, named Miguel, in honor of the saint's day on

which he was born. The delicate, helpless child, unconscious of its magnificent destiny, was borne in state through the kingdoms of its inheritance, to receive the allegiance of the grandees, and amidst solemn and pompous ceremonies was proclaimed successor to Ferdinand and Isabella, and to Emanuel of Portugal. Thus above the head of the little sleeper, almost hidden in the satins and costly lace of royal babyhood, were suspended a multiplicity of crowns that, when encircling the brow of the young prince, would make him King of Portugal, Castile, Arragon, Navarre, Grenada, Naples and Sicily. Too brilliant a destiny for a cradled infant, who, as if already pierced with the thorns that thickly line a golden crown, pined away and died, before it reached its second year.

These successive calamities were overpowering to the sensitive queen. Still, after her recovery from a severe illness, induced by her excessive grief, she continued to exert herself for the welfare of her subjects, and the furtherance of every project for the advancement of the nation and the interests of religion. On the death of Cardinal Mendoza, Archbishop of Seville, in 1495, she appointed Ximenes his successor, who, a short time previous, had been induced to accept the office of confessor to her majesty. Knowing nothing of his new dignities, he was called to the royal presence, to open dispatches from the pope. After humbly kissing the missive, he broke the seal, and was overwhelmed to find the contents addressed to himself, with the title of Archbishop of Toledo. Without waiting to examine it farther, and exclaiming "This

cannot be for me," he dropped it in consternation and fled from the apartment. Messengers were sent to command his return, but he was not to be found till a courier overtook him on his way to the monastery at Ocaña, whither he was travelling on foot in the blazing sun, at his best speed. He was with difficulty prevailed on to return, but no entreaties of the monarchs could induce him to accept so high an office, for which he declared himself totally unfitted, and which would deprive him of his unobtrusive, holy life in the cloisters. He had been the jest and the fear of the gay courtiers, when now and then his pale spectral face, and thin but muscular form, came among them, clothed in coarse garments, girdled with a rope, and all the more humble from its contrast with their own gay trappings. For six months, he steadily refused the appointment, till a command of obedience arrived from the pope, compelling him to occupy the chair of primacy. He still continued to appear on foot, in humble garb, till assured by Isabella that his excessive austerity and plainness would degrade the office in the eyes of the people, he assumed the state and magnificence that characterized his predecessors. But, beneath his silken robes, he kept his coarse Franciscan dress, abstained from the luxuries that daily loaded his table, and slept upon a hard mattress, so arranged as to be concealed in the downy couch that was apparently his resting-place.

Stern, inflexible, bigoted, nothing could deter him from executing plans once formed. He began a thorough reformation in the monasteries and convents, into which deplorable vices and abuses had crept. Isa-

bella countenanced his efforts, notwithstanding the general opposition to Ximenes' severity, often visiting the convents, taking with her a distaff or embroidery, setting an example of industry, and endeavoring to purify the frivolous character of the inmates by her pious instructions.

Ximenes disregarded the express provisions of the treaty between Grenada and Castile, and undertook the bold measure of converting the Moors. Taking up his residence for a short time in Grenada, he began by collecting all the volumes of Moslem literature that he could lay hands upon, reserving only a few medical works for his own shelves, and consigned the rest to the flames in a public square in the city. His daring infringement of the people's rights, and inquisitorial enforcement of a hated religion, occasioned a revolt which threatened his life; but he refused to fly for safety, boldly confronting the mob, and declaring his willingness to endure martyrdom. By the adroit interference of the Archbishop of Grenada, who was greatly beloved by the inhabitants, the disturbance was quelled, and, in the end, Ximenes triumphed.

Isabella was greatly incensed at his high-handed measures, and wrote him a severe letter, to which he replied by his presence, ascribing his conduct to a worthy zeal for the conversion of the infidels. He recommended that the sovereigns should condemn the delinquents for treason; and offer them pardon on condition of renouncing their faith. Isabella did not accept this advice, yet imprisoned the leaders of the revolt. Many, from fear, emigrated, and the panic led nearly all the

remaining inhabitants to accept the Catholic belief. All Christendom was astonished at this "miracle"—the more wonderful from the well-known hatred its subjects entertained for the religion they had assented to. Ximenes was henceforth venerated as a saint, his admirers asserting that he "had achieved greater triumphs than even Ferdinand and Isabella, since they had conquered only the soil, while he had gained the souls of Grenada."

In 1500, the birth of a son, the celebrated Charles V., to Philip and Joanna, gave universal joy, and as, on the death of the Queen of Portugal and her heirs, the succession would devolve on the young infant through Joanna, the Spanish monarchs requested the presence of the child's parents in Spain, that their right might be recognized. Philip did not comply with the invitation till the following year, being too much occupied in the pursuit of pleasure, to secure his interests. The tour was finally made, accompanied by brilliant fêtes and rejoicings throughout the nation. Arrived at Toledo, where the court then was, Philip so betrayed his aversion to business, and his dislike to the stateliness of Castilian ceremonies, as to alarm the sovereigns concerning his capability to occupy the Spanish throne. Isabella was more deeply grieved in noting his open neglect of her daughter, whom she again clasped in her arms after a long separation, listening with painful solicitude to a weeping account of his infidelity, and his repulsion of a heart that clung to him with tenacious affection, and was unappreciated by him because encased in so plain a setting.

As soon as Joanna was duly recognized heir to the Spanish crown, by the cortes of Castile and Arragon, Philip, impatient at the restraint upon his free habits, and despising the formalities of the court, intimated his intention to set out immediately for France. This was warmly opposed by Ferdinand and Isabella, who represented to him the importance of remaining long enough to become familiar with the usages and interests of their kingdom, and to secure the good-will of his future subjects; besides, Joanna's delicate health required repose, and the open war with France might expose him to an uncivil reception. He persisted in his determination, leaving Joanna, who was unable to accompany him, inconsolable. From the moment of the departure of her idolized husband, she fell into a deep melancholy, from which nothing could arouse her. The birth of a son, named Ferdinand in honor of the king, did not dispel her strange mood, but each day gave more decisive proof of mental derangement.

This was an additional grief to Isabella, whose health was rapidly failing under her accumulated sorrows and cares, aggravated by the exposures and fatigue to which she was subject in being frequently called to Joanna, who resided at Medina del Campo. She was summoned, on one occasion, when no one could prevail upon the unfortunate princess to return to her apartments, after mounting the battlements of the castle, in a fit of insanity. She consented to take shelter in a miserable kitchen, in the neighborhood, but, at daylight, returned to the castle walls, where she stood immovable as a statue, till Isabella arrived, and exerted

her authority in removing her. In a few months, she returned to Flanders, notwithstanding her mother's unwillingness to trust her to the journey during the inclement season, and while the country was agitated with warlike preparations to further the conquests of Gonsalvo de Cordova, in Italy.

Still inconsolable for the loss of her most cherished daughter, the amiable and beautiful Queen of Portugal: missing, with a mother's yearning tenderness, those who had been destined to a foreign land; and daily probed, to the utmost depths of her tried heart, with painful accounts of slander, and disgraceful scenes enacted by the unhappy Joanna, at the Flemish court; together with anxiety for the issue of the impending war, and letters from the New World, exciting her active sympathies for the welfare of the poor Indians—all this drew too heavily upon her already exhausted constitution, and prostrated her on a bed of sickness from which she was never to rise. Her life was slowly consumed by a fever, not lessened by her solicitude for Ferdinand, who was seriously ill at the same time. She still, with surprising energy, attended to business, receiving all who sought an interview as she had been accustomed to do when in health, but particularly attending to affairs relating to the welfare of her subjects when she should no longer be with them. Among her last words, were earnest injunctions to enforce kindness and justice towards the Indians, whose condition had greatly excited her interest and pity. The continued violation of her early commands, was concealed from her, and the suspicion of this induced her to make

them the subject of a codicil to her will, two days before her death.

Owing to the incapacity of Joanna to occupy the throne, she appointed Ferdinand regent of Castile until the majority of her grandson, Charles V., influenced in so doing by her declared confidence in Ferdinand's "wise and beneficent rule." She also touchingly expressed her affection for him in the words which bequeathed to him some of her personal property, "I beseech the king, my lord, that he will accept all my jewels, or such as he shall select, so that, seeing them, he may be reminded of the singular love I always bore him while living, and that I am now waiting for him in a better world; by which remembrance he may be encouraged to live more justly and holily in this." The same jewels, perhaps, not long after served to adorn a young, beautiful bride, the Princess Germain de Foix of France, whom the unfaithful and politic Ferdinand led to the altar, in the same Dueñas, where, in his youth, he had given his fresh vows to the devoted Isabella.

Having addressed a few words of consolation to the weeping friends about her, some of whom had been the companions of her youth, she received the sacrament, and soon after expired, November 26th, 1504, it being the fifty-fourth year of her age and the thirtieth of her reign. Her remains were conveyed to Grenada, as she had requested, but during the journey a severe and long-continued tempest made the roads nearly impassable, rendering the way desolate, and depressing with still deeper gloom, those who bore her beloved form to its plain tomb in the Alhambra.

"To that unfathomed, boundless sea,
The silent grave!
Thither all earthly pomp and boast
Roll, to be swallowed up and lost
In one dark wave."

The people vied with each other in extolling the triumphant glories of her reign, and the wisdom and purity of her character—one that scarcely deserves the charge of bigotry, since the two great errors of her administration were measures which she abhorred, and would never have allowed to be executed, had not her judgment been overruled by those upon whom she relied for spiritual guidance.

Uniting the noblest masculine qualities with the finest and most lovable characteristics of woman, she secured the love and devotion of a nation still proud of that incomparable queen, upon whom was justly bestowed then, as now, the simple but eloquent designation—"Isabella de la paz y bontad"—Isabella of peace and goodness!

JOAN OF ARC.



Joan of Arc.

"Monarch of France!
Send thou the tidings over all the realm,
Great tidings of deliverance and of joy;
The maid is come, the mission'd maid, whose hand
Shall in the consecrated walls of Rheims
Crown thee, anointed king!"—SOUTHEY'S JOAN OF ARC.

IN this age of intelligence and refinement, of the arts, of commerce, political science and Christianity, it is difficult to believe that so few years, comparatively, have elapsed, since superstition threw her dark pall over all that is now bright and attractive. The period is not very remote, when the most trivial events were presumed to be of an unearthly or supernatural character; when it was rare, indeed, that any man, however much in advance of his age in knowledge, had the boldness to attribute an unforeseen and extraordinary occurrence, though susceptible of the fullest explanation, to its proper and legitimate cause.

Among the polytheists of Greece and Rome, to doubt the interposition of these numerous divinities in the commonest concerns of life, was the worst grade of

treason to the state. They believed, as they were taught by the religion in which they placed their trust, and by its priests whom they reverenced, that every water-fall had its nymph, every grove its dryad,—that there was a deity to smile upon every folly, to encourage every unholy passion, or to strengthen every virtuous hope and noble aspiration. In the "dim, religious light" of a later era, popular credulity clung with less tenacity to the forms and ceremonies, than to the substance of superstition. Astrology was mistaken for astronomy; philosophy and magic were synonymous terms; palmistry and necromancy were ranked among the sciences; the belief in ghosts and witches was general; ancient wood and castle were peopled with spirits and hobgoblins; bright-eyed elves beset the path of the lonely wayfarer; and light-footed fairies danced the livelong night upon the green.

The French historian, speaking of this period, says: "Henceforward, *diablerie* had little to learn, but was soon erected into a science. Demonology brought forth witchcraft. It was not sufficient to be able to distinguish and classify legions of devils, to know their names, professions and dispositions; it was necessary to learn how to make them subservient to the uses of man. Hitherto, the object studied had been the means of driving them away; from this time, the means of making them appear, was the end desired. Witches, sorcerers, demonologists, started up beyond all number. Each clan in Scotland, each great family in France and Germany, almost each individual, had one of these tempters, who heard all the secret wishes one feared to

address to God, and the thoughts which shunned the ear. They were everywhere. Their flight of bats almost darkened God's own light and day. They had been sent to carry off in open day a man who had just received the communion, and who was watched by a circle of friends with lighted tapers."

Such was the character of the age—made up of credulity and superstition—prone to believe and trust in the strange and the marvellous—ready to grasp supernatural aid, when human efforts failed;—such was France when, at the death of her maniac king, Charles VI., a bloody struggle for the crown commenced between the various competitors and their adherents—a struggle prolonged from a want of skilful military leaders, and the superstitious belief of all parties, in omens preceding a conflict which depressed them with cowardly fear, or elated them with reckless courage, according to the import of the signs. Chance decided the victory.

The rival houses of Orleans and Burgundy were the instigators of the civil war that desolated France, enlisting the aid of foreigners who threatened to subjugate the nation to British power. Charles the dauphin, sixth son of the deceased monarch, and claimant of the crown, strengthened the Orleans party by marrying a daughter of Count Armagnac, "a Gascon nobleman of influence in his rude land, warlike, fierce and not unfitted to lead a party in those days of open strife." On the other hand the young Duke of Burgundy, in revenge for the murder of his father, in which Charles had participated, offered the crown of France to Henry V., of England, already upon their shores with a well-disci-

plined army, in answer to the call of the old duke. In accepting the tendered throne, he espoused Catherine, the daughter of Charles VI., but before his young head bore the weight of a double crown, he died, leaving an infant son, Henry VI., with the Duke of Bedford, at Paris, to rival the claims of the "little king of Bourges," as Charles was called in derision by his enemies.

And indeed this raillery was not amiss, for the dauphin was sorely straitened in his resources, being scarcely able to furnish his table. He was naturally amiable and weak in character, yet adversity lent him courage and prudence that served him in time of need, but relaxed into effeminate ease when his foes granted him tranquillity. His army was made up of the sturdy Scotch retainers of the Earl of Buchan, soldiers from Italy and Spain, the fierce, cruel Armagnacs, and such of the French as supported his claims, though he placed little dependence on the unskilled troops of his own nation. France was thus overrun with a foreign soldiery who made up for their lack of enthusiasm in the cause which they supported, by the hearty eagerness with which they pillaged the towns, cities and hamlets, that fell into their hands. There was scarce a river in France but had rolled a crimson tide through its channel, or borne the mangled corse of friend and foe to low, quiet valleys, terrifying the simple inhabitants and warning them that strife and bloodshed were near. Neither age nor sex were spared the inhuman butchery. Scarce an humble cottage but had wrongs to revenge, and not a palace or castle had escaped the mournful loss of some of the noblest blood of France,

as often spent in petty vengeance as on the field of battle.

The English, supported by the Burgundian party, succeeded in capturing every town north of the Seine, driving Charles and his adherents beyond the Loire. Had the English now unitedly pushed their conquests, France would have been completely subjugated. Their strength was destroyed, however, by private feuds and jealousies which finally obliged the Duke of Bedford to return to England, leaving Charles VII. in a comparative state of tranquillity. Orleans was the last stronghold left him, and in that city and the surrounding region his remaining followers stationed themselves. The king, so far from making defensive preparations and accumulating forces in the two years' interval of peace, spent the time in distant chateaux, luxuriating in ease and pleasure, utterly regardless of the petty intrigues and struggles for power that daily weakened his party.

But all these years of turmoil and war and superstition, were schooling a daring spirit to uphold the victorious banners of France—not a noble youth learning the tactics of war at the side of a chieftain father; not a young Tell gathering vigor in the strong mountain air, and practising eye and hand to unerring archery: nor a bold genius whose military talent was to place him at the head of the armies of France,—but a simple, gentle, peasant girl, instigated by imaginary saints and angels.

JOAN OF ARC or Jeanne d'Arc, "*La Pucelle d'Or-*

leans" according to the old chroniclers, was born in the department of Vosges, in northern France, in the year 1411 or 1412. Her family name is said to have been written *Darc*. She was the third daughter of an honnest and worthy husbandman, bearing the name of Jacques d'Arc, who, though a native of Montiereu-Der, at the time of her birth, dwelt in the pretty little village of Dom-Remy, which lies in one of the most beautiful valleys of the winding Meuse, between the towns of Neufchâteau and Vaucouleurs, and on the borders of Lorraine and Champagne. In this lovely and fruitful region she first saw the light. Her quiet and pleasant home, the rich pasture-lands that girt it as with a belt of emeralds, the neighboring groves of beech and chestnut, where fairy forms were seen to flit and fairy voices whispered; the balloon-shaped hills of the Vosges which stretched far away to the land of the vine and the olive, and the dark forests of oak and fir that crowned their summits, shaking and bowing their stately tops in the fragrant breezes from the purple vineyards and the smiling slopes of Burgundy,—these were all the world to her, through the quiet and peculiarly meditative years of her childhood. The sweet-toned bells in the chapel of our Lady of Bellemont lulled her infant slumbers with their musical chimes; and, as she grew older, her young mind expanded in an atmosphere of legends and myths, of saints and fairies, that gave a wild and boundless range to a naturally vivid imagination. Her mother, in whom a superstitious piety was strongly implanted, kept the little ones quiet while she plied the humming

distaff, by telling them tales of valiant knights and "faire ladyes" carried off by demons, or visited by angels and attended by a troop of fairies—all which the little listeners most devoutly believed. The young Joan never lost a word of the wonderful legends, storing them in her memory till her brain became peopled with imaginary beings, who accompanied all her lonely rambles; whose voices whispered to her in the stirring leaves of the forests; whose forms were wreathed in the mists of waterfalls, and whose tones were as audible to her sensitive ear, in the gushing music of winding streams, as they had been in the sweet tones of her mother's voice when united with the dreamy hum of the spinning-wheel.

She never danced and sung like the other maidens in the hamlet, nor joined in their merry sports, but preferred to steal away by herself and tell over beads, to kneel in a shaded aisle of the chapel, and breathe her baptismal vows, at the sacred shrine, or at the hour of vespers devoutly repeat the compline before a favorite picture of the virgin. But if she did not mingle with gay playmates at the sound of the viol, she could boast of a neat and nimble use of the needle, and could ply the distaff with speed equal to her mother's. Reading and writing were unsolved riddles to her, for these were accomplishments known only to the clergy, to those of gentle birth, or to such as depended on them for a livelihood; and there were many a peerless dame and gallant knight, who deemed these performances an unbecoming labor, and kept servants in the household to do such menial offices.

It is asserted by some, that Joan was a servant in a road-side inn, and tended the horses and the guests, in the capacity of an hostler, and that she rode them to the watering-places, thus acquiring great skill in horsemanship. These facts are not well authenticated, however, and they certainly are not in keeping with the gentleness, modesty, and delicacy of her character. It is related by others, that she tended her father's flocks and herds while they grazed on the mountain side, a not improbable occupation and a very common one in the valley of the Meuse. Here upon the slopes,

> "With gorse-flower glowing, as the sun illumed
> Their golden glory,"

she rested the livelong day, watching the grazing herds, and looking down upon the picturesque valley, bordered with a vast forest, its green meadows, luxuriant vineyards, the river with its wooded banks, and her own loved hamlet in the midst, invoking good spirits to guard it against the ravages of war, nor let the clash and din of weapons echo among the blue hills that shut in the peaceful valley. But the occasional traveller brought tidings of unjust and murderous deeds, and, as Joan's spirit began to break away from the enfoldings of childhood, her lonely day-watches were occupied with burning thoughts of her country's wrongs; she longed to pass beyond the hills where she was born, and mingle in the mortal strife. Her pale cheek crimsoned when she heard the story of helpless women falling beneath the battle-axe, and children driven forth to suffer the horrors of famine, that their

cries might intimidate the stout hearts of their fathers, and make them yield their strongholds.

And when, at last, a troop of fierce soldiers came with victorious shouts along the Meuse, to the very heart of the sacred valley, and Joan and the humble household had to flee for safety, then the martial spirit pervaded her being and was henceforth inseparable from the religious fervor that actuated her in freeing France from her enemies. The fugitives returned to the unobtrusive village and found the beloved chapel in ruins. This wanton destruction of her favorite and holy resort, awakened a new feeling of heroism in Joan which, with unfixed purpose, only awaited events which should direct her.

In the vicinity of Domremy was a large old tree, whose immense, thickly-foliaged branches overspread a wide green sward. It had stood through many generations, and legend upon legend hallowed its remembrances. To the young people it was known as "the tree of the Ladies," and "Beauty of May," and tradition said the fairies used to meet and converse with brave knights, who, in later times, had become so wicked, that the sprites refused to appear to any but the good and virtuous. At early dawn the maidens of Domremy traced the footprints of the fairies where they had danced all night beneath the great tree; and they hung garlands upon the branches, wishing they might get a glimpse of the forms that Joan assured them she had seen, and whose voices whispered mysterious things to her. Near by was also a fountain, called the "Fountain of the Fairies," and here the

young girl lingered for hours, till she saw the misty waters take shape and beheld the holy features of St. Margaret or St. Catherine, beaming kindly upon her, and heard them in a low, soft voice call her "the restorer of France," and felt them affectionately embracing her.

This she related to her parents and the village maidens, but it only excited their derision, since none of them were equally fortunate. She solemnly chided them for their unbelief, for she evidently had faith in these visions—the result of a morbid imagination, dwelling constantly upon one theme.

After the intelligence of the marvellous success of the English, and the retreat of Charles VII. beyond the Loire, had startled the quiet laborers in the valley, and become the theme at every cottage door or fireside, Joan's visions became more vivid, and in her daily visits to the fountain she discovered the mission which the angels had devolved upon her. St. Michael, "the archangel of battles and of judgments," appeared in the midst of a dazzling light, saying, "Jeanne, go to the succor of the King of France, and thou shalt restore his kingdom to him. St. Marguerite and St. Catherine will be thy aids." A host of angels in white, wearing crowns, and speaking in soft voices, followed the appearance of St. Michael; and when they had all disappeared the timid girl wept abundantly, wishing they had taken her with them.

Several years had passed in this way, confirming Joan's belief in these messages and commands from God, as she denominated them. She obeyed the

voices, which directed her to attend church faithfully and perform all her duties. She was known to all the villagers in her pious and charitable acts, and her youthful friend Haumette assured her companions that Joan was a good, simple girl, and always talked of God and the angels. She entered maidenhood, pure and beautiful, the impress of her unsullied thoughts stamped upon her pale calm face, full of childish innocence, yet adorning a mind of rare sense and shrewdness.

Both her mother and father reproved her firm belief in the mission that had been given her, and, with alarm, found her already practising military exercises, mounted upon a horse and tilting her lance against trees, as if in knightly combat. Her father declared that, rather than see his daughter among men-at-arms, he would drown her with his own hands. Hoping to divert her from her wild, unwomanly schemes, her parents used their authority to secure her marriage. A young man declared she had promised him her hand in childhood, and, to enforce his claims, cited her before the ecclesiastical Judge of Toul. This they thought would frighten her into acceptance, since, with her timidity and modesty that suffused her face with blushes at a word from a stranger, she could never summon courage to defend herself. To their surprise, she appeared in court, and declared the falsity of the charge.

A visit from an uncle at length secured an opportunity for her to execute her purpose. He was convinced of her divine mission, and promised to take her to Robert de Baudricourt, captain of Vaucouleurs, to whom St. Michael had directed her for aid. Bidding

farewell to her beloved home, her cherished mother, and dear companion Haumette, she journeyed with her uncle to Vaucouleurs, in her simple peasant's costume, a coarse red dress and little close white cap. They travelled nearly four leagues along the banks of the Meuse, and traversed the valley spread with verdant meadows, enamelled with flowers from which the town derived its name, and at the extremity of which it lay in the form of an amphitheatre. They arrived in the busy streets, where all was new, stirring life, to the young girl who had never before wandered beyond the hills that encircled her home. They sought the dwelling of an hospitable wheelwright, whose wife was captivated with the gentleness and beauty of the strangely commissioned maiden.

Joan's uncle had previously obtained an interview with Baudricourt, giving an account of her and asking the aid she desired, to which the blunt soldier replied, "Give her a good whipping and take her back to her father." Nothing daunted by this scorn of her pretensions, she succeeded in obtaining admittance to the castle, and soon stood in the presence of the hardy captain. Speaking in a firm tone, she told him "she came from her Lord, to succor the king, and that she would raise the siege of Orleans, and bring Charles to Rheims to be crowned." The captain, struck with her appearance and astonished at her words, believed her possessed with a devil, and sent immediately for the *curé*. Upon entering her presence, the frightened priest exhibited his stole or scarf, and commanded the evil spirits to depart, if they guided her. She simply smiled upon him,

and conversed with so much honesty and unaffected simplicity, that the curé himself was bewildered. The news that the prophecy concerning a Pucelle of the marches of Lorraine who was to save the realm, was about to be accomplished, and that the Maid had actually appeared, threw all Vaucouleurs in commotion. Crowds hastened to see her and hear her words, and all were equally vehement in their admiration, and confident of her saintly commission. Several of the nobility were won over to her cause, and promised to conduct her to the king, for she assured them that "no one in the world, nor kings, nor dukes, nor daughter of the King of Scotland, could recover France but herself, and that it was her Lord's will she should do it," urging them to hasten, for she must be at Orleans before Mid-Lent.

Baudricourt sent messengers to the king, to obtain his consent to an interview with Joan. Orleans being closely besieged, the inhabitants not able to defend it much longer, and Charles's crown being dependent on the preservation of this last stronghold, he was willing to grasp any aid, however supernatural, if it would but serve his purpose. Receiving his orders for her advance, she set out from Vaucouleurs, equipped in man's attire, mounted upon a fiery black charger, the gift of the admiring inhabitants, and armed with sword bestowed by Baudricourt. At her departure, a message of entreaty, threats and commands came from her parents, who were frantic with the thought of trusting their youngest and delicate daughter to all the horrors and exposures of war. But Joan, still firm in her

resolves, begged their forgiveness, and continued her journey with an escort of three knights.

The district that lay between Vaucouleurs and Chinon, where Charles held his court, was overrun with men-at-arms of both parties, making the journey extremely perilous; but Joan fearlessly traversed it, cheering her companions, who regretted the undertaking and began to fear that their charge was a witch or sorceress. She continued to face danger with the utmost tranquillity, and insisted upon sojourning at every little town to hear mass or to repeat her prayers in the churches. At Fierbois she remained a long time, kneeling before the altar in St. Catherine's cathedral, in spite of the entreaties of her impatient escort. After escaping an ambuscade that had been laid for her, they arrived safely at Chinon. Here in a strong castle, the ruins of which still ornamented the town, Charles and his courtiers were assembled. A rich suite of apartments was occupied by his queen, Mary of Anjou, and her ladies of honor, among whom was Agnes Sorrel, known by the appellation of "Fairest of the Fair," and "Lady of Beauty," and celebrated as much for her gaiety of temper, entertaining conversation and grace of manner, as for her beauty. The gentle, submissive queen had consented to live amicably with this beautiful woman, who shared the affections of the king and had a powerful influence over him. Seeing the hopeless condition of Orleans, he would have fled to the remote province of Dauphiny and abandoned his crown, but for the spirited Agnes and the prudent, sensible queen, both of whom warned

him that his followers would forsake him if he betrayed his despair of success by flight.

The news of the coming of Joan, excited hope, fear, and curiosity in the occupants of the castle. Uncertain whether to receive her, and fearing lest he should place himself in the power of an evil spirit, Charles called a council of warriors, priests, and bishops, to consider the dangers or advantages of accepting one who might be a sorceress, for their leader. As for trusting the events of war to a woman, such an objection was not raised, since it was a common occurrence for the fair sex to engage in battle, and in those very years, "the Bohemian women fought like men in the wars of the Hussites." The council, however, debated for two days the expediency of even admitting her to the king's presence, but it was finally decided that, if she could prove the "divinity of her mission" by selecting the king from among his courtiers, she should receive the equipment she desired, and accompany such forces as could be raised, to Orleans.

In the meantime, Joan was conducted to the queen's apartments, where the two friendly rivals received her with equal interest and curiosity. The rustic peasant girl exhibited no wonder as she entered the luxurious abode of the queen, where, in the soft shade of purple hangings, richly worked with golden fleur-de-lis, sat the attendants, industriously engaged with their embroidery frames, while the queen, with fur-bordered robes, occupied a slightly raised platform, covered with tapestry. Her face was expressive and gentle, with a shade of subdued sadness resting upon it, and in her

eyes beamed a soft winning radiance that reassured the timid girl, who modestly approached, though not overawed by the royal presence. She answered the questions relating to her childhood and the "voices," with the same simplicity and sweetness as when among her companions. The beautiful Agnes, whose vanity always found her a position and light that best displayed her faultless form, and a complexion clear as the coloring of Correggio, half reclined in a rich costume, her sandaled foot resting upon a velvet cushion With a keen, penetrating gaze she bent her full, dark eye upon Joan, so cross-questioning her as might easily have bewildered an intentional deceiver. The result of this interview was the unreserved approval of the two who most influenced the king, thus preparing him to place greater confidence in Joan's account when she appeared before him.

When the hour for presentation arrived, Joan was conducted to a magnificent hall, arched and ornamented with dark fret-work, upon which was thrown the brilliant and waving light of fifty torches. A crowd of nobles, and more than three hundred knights in emblazoned court dresses, added to the splendor of the scene. The king, in no way distinguished by his attire, mingled with the courtiers. To the surprise of the assemblage, upon Joan's entrance, they beheld, instead of a woman of masculine form and courageous front, only a slender, delicate girl, "a poor little shepherdess," who with a face pale and—

> "Chaste as the icicle
> That's curdled by the frost of purest snow,
> And hangs on Dian's temple"—

advanced with composed air, and with as modest a countenance as if she had been bred up in court all her life. Being led to a knight of distinguished bearing, she said he was not the king, and immediately selected the true Charles from among the brilliant throng, fell at his feet and, embracing his knees, exclaimed, "Gentle dauphin, the King of Heaven sends you word by me, that you shall be consecrated and crowned in the city of Rheims."

The king raised her, and, still unconvinced, led her aside, when she told him of a circumstance he had supposed known to himself alone, namely, that he had prayed in his oratory that God would restore his kingdom, or allow him to escape safely to Spain or Scotland. Charles paled at this revelation of his secret prayer, and no longer doubted that the Maid was the appointed rescuer of his crown. It did not occur to him, nor to those present, that she had been in the queen's apartments and might have heard of it there, as well as have seen or listened to some outline of his personal appearance, which enabled her to distinguish him. She was certainly a girl of good sense and shrewdness, but in her honesty and simplicity might have been but vaguely conscious of what occurred in the royal apartments, and mingled her impressions with the revelations of "the voices."

Still there were many who were not willing to rely upon the mysterious pretensions of the Maid, and it was resolved to refer the matter to the doctors of theology. They were equally puzzled for a decision, either because of their superstition, or because they were

careful not to take sides in a matter which divided the court, shirking the responsibility by referring the examination to the University of Poitiers. By a proclamation from the archbishop of Rheims, also president of the royal council, which held its sittings in Poitiers, a great number of doctors and professors of theology, including priests and monks, besides members of parliament, assembled at the capital of the department to determine the case of this little peasant girl.

Joan, always attired in the dress of a man, was conducted to Poitiers, but, without trepidation or concern for the result of the trial, looked with admiring eyes upon the varied scenery while journeying, sure to dismount at every little church to repeat an Ave Maria before its altar whether its spire upheld the cross in the midst of a town through which she passed, or whether humbly nestled in a hermit-like retreat among the hills and valleys that lay between Chinon and the parliamentary city. Poitiers was easily descried in the distance, for it crowned and girdled a hill at the junction of two rivers. A thick wall, flanked by strong towers, guarded the city, which boasted the remains of an old Roman castle and amphitheatre, besides its splendid cathedrals and imposing palaces. Joan approached the city that had so much interest for her, passed through the gates without fear, and guided through the narrow, crooked streets, was conducted to the house of an advocate of the parliament and left in the care of his wife.

The following day, the pompous prelates having assembled, the maid was conducted to the vast hall where they sat. Upon being questioned, she related

all that she had seen and heard in a sweet heart-touching voice, and with a simplicity and innocence that already won the grim judges before whom she meekly stood. After she asserted that she obeyed the directions of God and his angels, a Dominican friar said, "Joan, thou sayest that God wishes to deliver the people of France; if such be his will, he has no need of men-at-arms." To this she readily replied, "Ah, the men-at-arms will fight, and God will give the victory." A professor of theology in the university, demanded a sign from her by which they might believe in the holiness of her mission. To this she quickly retorted, "I have not come to Poitiers to work signs or miracles; my sign will be the raising of the siege of Orleans. Give me men-at-arms, few or many, and I will go."

With all their cross-questioning, they could find nothing to condemn in her, and therefore countenanced the granting of the forces she asked. The people of Poitiers went in crowds to see her, wept at her winning, childish purity, and declared "the maid was of God."

Messengers from Dunois, the celebrated bastard of Orleans, who with his forces was in the besieged city, urged hasty measures to be adopted. In reply to his impatient demands, Joan was fully equipped and provided with a suitable escort. She wore a complete suit of white armor, a small axe, and at her side a sword upon which was engraved the royal insignia of three fleur-de-lis. This sword she had demanded from the learned assembly, telling them they would find it be-

hind the altar of St. Catherine's cathedral at Fierbois. This information proving correct, the awed monks bore the miraculous sword to the girl, whom they seriously began to fear, forgetting she had prayed at St. Catherine's altar for hours, when she might have heard the whisperings of priests, or have spied the sword herself; yet undoubtedly she believed it had been placed there by her favorite saint.

She bore a white standard in her hand, embroidered with fleur-de-lis, and upon which was represented a shield and sword surmounted by a crown, and a beautifully painted image of the Saviour. Thus equipped and mounted upon her black charger, accompanied by one of her own brothers, a page, a *maître d'hôtel*, an old knight, his valets, and a confessor of the order of St. Augustine, she set out for Blois, where a large body of troops were rallying to follow her charmed standard.

The impatient army waited on the banks of the Loire, with a large convoy of provisions for the relief of the beleaguered city. Joan was received by them with enthusiastic shouts. Young, beautiful, modest, and courageous, with the attributes of a saint, the soldiers looked upon her with mingled admiration, worship and fear. She found herself surrounded by the cavaliers of Italy and Arragon, the valiant Scots, the Gascon nobles, the fierce "fire-eaters" of the galiant Count Dunois, and the cruel but brave Armagnacs—a band of ferocious brigands, with captains at their head, who had long been the terror of France. One of them, Gilles de Retz, was not only the robber hero of his own times, but as the original of "Blue Beard" has been immor-

talized as the "bugbear" of nursery tales, through every succeeding generation. With such a promiscuous and fearful host, the brave girl unfurled her sainted banner, and turned her face towards Orleans. It was spring-time; the hills were blossoming with the yellow furz, the meadows were carpeted with velvety green, the vast forests had put off their sombre dress and sported fresh fragrant leaves, "the deep arches of the wilderness halls" echoed the notes of the nightingale, the blue-bird winged from grove to perfumed vineyards, while

"The oriole, drifting like a flake of fire,"

whirled to the loftiest tree-tops and joined its sweet notes in the universal concert. The air, clear and invigorating in its freshness, inspired the army with buoyant hopes and a good-will that made them readily obedient to the commands of their gentle leader. She banished from the camp all profligacy, endeavoring to elevate the debased character of her followers. During the first day's journey, she caused an altar to be erected on the banks of the Loire in the open air; she also partook of the communion and required the same of the soldiers.

Hearing one of the robber captains, La Hire, swearing violently, she mildly rebuked him; fierce as he was, he received it with humility, promising in future to "swear only by his baton." Joan's purity, gentleness and religious zeal, gained her a strong power over those Armagnac brigands, who would have devotedly followed her wherever she chose to lead, even on a

crusade to the Holy Sepulchre. The remainder of the army were scarcely less infatuated; their enthusiasm increased daily as they saw her sharing their hardships, sleeping unpillowed upon the damp earth, encased in her protecting armor.

They marched rapidly along the southern banks of the Loire, where the heights were covered with orchards, vineyards, castles and villages. Passing Chambourd, and the clustered turrets and towers of an imposing castle that marked its boundaries, in the midst of a neighboring wood, they approached within a few leagues of Orleans. Joan was impatient to cross the river and enter the city on the northern side, where the English encampment lay. This the chiefs would not hear to, and their counsel was supported by the Count Dunois, who came from Orleans with an escort to meet them, and induced Joan to adopt a less perilous entrance by water.

Orleans stood at the extremity of an elevated plain, which terminates near the banks of the Loire. The broad rapid river, washing its southern walls, prevented the English from investing it completely. In the beginning of the siege, the French had burned the entire suburbs, which were extensive as a city, and contained a countless number of churches, convents and monasteries, that would have served as so many strongholds for the English, besides many finely-built houses —the resorts of the burghers of Orleans. The inhabitants had retired within the embattled walls that encircled the city, flanked by square towers at short intervals, and thickly planted with cannon which, by the

destruction of the suburbs, could play freely among advancing ranks of the besiegers.

The English were protected by fifty or more bastilles and forts, erected and strongly garrisoned by men-at-arms, whose commanders were selected from the flower of the English army. The commander-in-chief, Salisbury, and the distinguished Talbot, occupied the nearest bastille, while the one next the Loire was intrusted to Sir William Glasdale, as being a post of danger. Moving towers and battering engines added to the formidable and firm appearance of their position. The English soldiers were nearly as superstitious as their foes, and their army was partly composed of French troops of the Burgundian party. They were filled with dread and fear at the thought of fighting against a maid commissioned by heaven, or as some thought, a sorceress, or a saint who had the power of striking them to the earth by a word. Her fame had arrived before her, but her entrance into Orleans escaped the vigilance of the English, since it was covered by the darkness of a midnight tempest, as is asserted by some. Others record her arrival at "eight o'clock of the evening April 29th, when so great and so eager was the crowd, striving to touch her horse at least, that her progress through the streets was exceedingly slow: they gazed at her as if they were beholding an angel. She rode along, speaking kindly to the people, and, after offering up prayers in the church, repaired to the house of the Duke of Orleans' treasurer, an honorable man, whose wife and daughter gladly welcomed her." The succeeding day, she rode gaily round the walls of the

city, to reconnoitre the English bastilles, followed by a crowd who afterward repaired with her to the church of Saint-Croix to attend vespers, and with French readiness to laugh or shed tears, as occasion may direct, "when she wept at prayers they wept likewise." The citizens were bewitched by her presence, and made the most extravagant expressions of joy, feasted and smiled upon each other at the prospect of a near deliverance from their enemies. The army were raised above all fear, "drunk with religion and war," and furious with a fanaticism equal to their previous despair.

The first attack which she led was directed against one of the northern bastilles, strongly defended by men-at-arms. Talbot came to their assistance with a formidable detachment, but a fresh outpouring from the gates of Orleans and the approach of the Maid in her white armor and emblazoned surcoat, so filled them with fear that wherever her magic standard appeared, the soldiers threw down their arms and fled in consternation. The bastille was taken, razed to the ground, and its defenders either put to the sword or carried prisoners into Orleans. Joan at this first scene of carnage, wept to see so many perish unconfessed, and commanded the following day to be observed by fasting, prayer and confession.

The next morning, she addressed her troops, and assured the commanders that victory was certain; they sallied out in the early sun, the knights with glittering helmets and polished shields, and coats of mail over which were thrown elegantly embroidered surcoats of silk or satin, whereon were curiously beaten the arms

of their house in gold. The men-at-arms, bristling with murderous weapons, the scalers and the archers, filed out of the city, and, throwing themselves in boats, crossed the Loire and attacked the tournelles, erected on the opposite bank and defended by Glasdale. Joan, in the beginning of the onset, was wounded by an arrow and fell, but was rescued, borne away from the scene of conflict and laid upon the grass. Upon unloosing her armor and examining the wound, she found the arrow had pierced her through, and, terrified, wept with womanly weakness. This was but for a moment, for her "voices" came again; she rallied her strength and courage, dressed the wound with oil, and remained till night-fall in communion with her protecting saints, who appeared to her excited vision surrounded by a halo of light. Her standard was borne by a Basque soldier in the thickest of the affray, and never failed to disperse the enemy. While victory was still wavering between the two parties, the citizens of Orleans became impatient to decide the contest, rushed forth in a body, and assailed the French forces, who were urged on by shouts from the Maid, exclaiming, "Enter, all is yours." At a bound they gained the redoubt, and the English, terrified at the rush, and believing they saw the patron saint of the city or the Archangel Michael protecting the French, fled in dismay to a bastille connected with the redoubt by a small bridge. A cannon-ball shivered the bridge while they were crowded upon it, precipitating them into the river and placing them at the mercy of their foes. Glasdale, who had heaped epithets of shame upon the head of the Maid, was

drowned before her eyes. "Ah, how I pity thy soul," she exclaimed, as she saw him borne down in useless struggles by the weight of his armor, to rise no more.

These and other decisive defeats completely disheartened the English commanders, who saw their own troops paralyzed in the presence of the reputed sorceress, fall down in terror before her standard, and at the same time beheld the Orleanists possessed of a ferocious courage, and fanatical confidence of success that made them irresistible. Unwilling to risk another battle, Talbot and Suffolk ordered a retreat, leaving on the plain their artillery, the bastilles, the sick, wounded and such prisoners as they had taken. While they were marching away, Joan had an altar erected on the plain, and mass sung in the hearing of the retreating enemy, tingling their ears with the sound of triumph and thanksgiving, as they went out of sight.

There was no longer a doubt entertained of the divine mission of the peasant girl, henceforth called the "Maid of Orleans," and admitted to the councils of war. Messengers were now sent to Charles VII., still indolently whiling away his time in his castle at Chinon, to come speedily with whatever forces he could collect, and follow up their success before the English should be strengthened by detachments sent by the Duke of Bedford at Paris, under the command of Sir John Falstaff. As soon as the king arrived, the French were eager to see the accomplishment of the remainder of Joan's promises, and hastened to take possession of Sargeau and Beaugency, before these places could be relieved by the English.

The armies of Talbot and Sir John Falstaff had meanwhile effected a junction, and, being in a section overgrown with thickets and brambles, the Orleanists in pursuit of them could not discover their position. Joan now rode at the head of a rapidly increasing army; recruits poured in from all quarters, wrought to the highest pitch of enthusiasm at the reported miracles Joan had performed, and elated at the late successes. "The English are uniting," said she, "but, in God's name, advance boldly against them and assuredly they shall be conquered." "But where shall we find them?" asked some. "Ride boldly forward and you will be conducted to them," she replied. A band of sixty horsemen were sent in advance to reconnoitre; unable to discover the English, they started a stag which rushed into the enemy's ranks. A loud shout of surprise from them betrayed their position, while the French men-at-arms galloped up to the disordered army, gave them no time to rally, and rushed upon them. The soldiers, from fear of the Maid, had been deserting in great numbers, and now, as she rode fearlessly at the head of a force multiplied into a host in the bewildered vision of the enemy, the English leaders could do nothing with the dismayed troops. Sir John Falstaff, though he had won honors for his courageous conduct in other battles, seemed overwhelmed with fear and confusion, and catching the superstitious spirit that infatuated his troops, turned and fled from the battle-field without striking a blow, for which cowardice the enraged Duke of Bedford deprived him of the Order of the Garter. Talbot was unwilling again

to show his back to the royalists; he fought bravely, but was deserted by his followers and taken prisoner, while the rest were pursued and put to the sword.

At the sight of the awful carnage, the maiden leader wept; she obeyed the impulse of her tender sympathy; she dismounted and held the head of one who had been cut down before her, praying for his soul while she attempted to soothe his dying agonies.

After the signal victory of this battle of Patay, the French, eager to see the king crowned at Rheims, went triumphantly from town to town, carrying everything before them. "The indolent young monarch himself was hurried away by this popular tide which swelled and rolled northward. King, courtiers, politicians, enthusiasts, fools and wise, were off together, either voluntarily or compulsorily. At starting, they were twelve thousand; but the mass gathered bulk as it rolled along." Upon approaching Troyes, it was found so well garrisoned that the army, large as it was, despaired of forcing it without artillery. A council was assembled after taking their position under the walls, in which the leaders unanimously advised the abandonment of their march to Rheims, since it would be poor policy to leave such a stronghold in their rear, and impossible to besiege the city since they lacked both provision and artillery. One Armagnac captain disputed the retreat. While they were warmly debating, Joan herself knocked at the door and assured them they should be in Troyes in three days. "We would willingly wait six," said the chancellor, "were we certain you spoke sooth." "Six! you shall enter to-mor-

row," exclaimed the heroic girl, seizing her standard and calling upon the troops to follow her.

A portion of the ditch or fosse that surrounded the city, was quickly filled by her direction, and, while they prepared to cross and make the attack, the English offered to capitulate, reserving the privilege of marching away with their effects without molestation As they passed from the gates, Joan perceived a number of French prisoners manacled and driven before them. She refused to let them pass and the king was obliged to ransom them.

The way was now open for their progress to Rheims. Upon approaching that city, a deputation of the citizens went out to meet the king, presenting him the keys of the city and acknowledging him their sovereign. Joan led the way, with her white banner always unfurled and floating like a beckoning spirit before the impetuous and worshipping army who followed wherever it conducted them. Her face beamed the triumph and joy she felt. Passing through the massive gateway, they went with a conqueror's step along the thronged streets, and then to the cathedral to offer prayers and thanksgiving. This cathedral stood in a square, from which the six principal streets of Rheims diverged. It was here that, two days after, the promised coronation took place.

The holy oil of Clovis, secretly kept in the old church of St. Remy's, was brought with great ceremony by priests who were met at the entrance of the cathedral by the archbishop. He received it and, approaching the king, who bowed reverently before it, anointed and

consecrated him with all the state and pomp that the mysterious aid by which the event had been attained, could suggest. The dark massive walls, from which graceful arches sprang and fell, resting upon tall clustered columns; the curious and elaborate carvings everywhere visible; the vast interior crowded with ferocious soldiers, bearing their battle-axes and cross-bows; knights with plumed helmets, and gold-embroidered surcoats; the glittering mail of the men-at-arms; the fair and noble ladies of Rheims in their enormous and lofty head-dresses; the nobles, in rich coronation robes, grouped about their monarch, who stood prominent in the stateliest array of royalty; the pompous archbishop, and above all

> "The maid with helmed head,
> Like a war-goddess, fair and terrible,"

standing near the king, her sacred sword sheathed, and her banner dropping in folds upon her white armor—together formed a scene that filled the superstitious throng with a feeling of awe and wonder, and hushed them all to silence.

When the crown—a golden bauble, to gain which such rivers of blood had flowed—was placed upon the monarch's head, Joan burst into tears and prostrated herself at his feet, beseeching him, now that her promises were fulfilled, to permit her to return to her own valley, and with her sisters watch the flocks upon the hills, and be happy and peaceful again with her grieved parents. All who listened wept with her, but Charles, unwilling to lose one upon whom his battles depended,

would not consent to her departure till the English were driven from France. As a mark of his gratitude he ennobled her family, giving them the title of "du Lys," in allusion to the lilies on her banner, and presented her with a handsome estate.

The movements of the army were now like so many triumphal processions. City after city surrendered without resistance, till it arrived at St. Denys. Joan refused to proceed further, warned by her voices, or presentiments, that she could not advance with safety. Regardless of her advice, the commanders, elated with past success, pushed forward to Paris.

The Duke of Bedford was alarmed at the rapid progress of the Orleanists; he sent to the Duke of Burgundy for assistance, and afterwards to the powerful Cardinal Winchester, who hastily raised forces in England, and came to Paris with the young Henry VI. in order to crown him there. Thus strengthened, and in possession of the Seine both above and below the city, it was impossible for Charles VII. to besiege it with his army, ill-provided with the necessary provisions and equipments. In the very face of impossibilities, he advanced towards the strong and well-prepared city, depending on the mysterious power of the Maid and the enthusiasm of his followers.

They carried one of the outposts, and the brave and fearless Joan cleared the first fosse with a bound, firmly maintaining her seat, and in another spring was beyond the mound that separated it from the second, where but few dared to follow her. Her conspicuous dress, was a fair mark for the showers of arrows falling thickly

around her; regardless of her danger, she sounded the depth of the fosse with her lance, but, while urging the troops to follow, an arrow darted through the links of her armor, and pierced deeply, causing such a flow of blood as obliged her to seek shelter. The French were repulsed with severe losses. The headlong impetuosity that had served them before, would not calmly brook reverses, and they were ready to heap reproaches and harsh epithets upon the brave girl who had warned them not to make the rash attempt upon Paris. Disheartened and weak with pain and loss of blood, she could not be prevailed upon to return to the camp till after night-fall.

The French now abandoned the hope of securing Paris, and occupied the winter in laying siege to two towns, one of which was successfully carried by the exertions of Joan, the other abandoned in a panic. In the meantime, the Duke of Burgundy assembled a formidable army, and with the English troops, in the spring of 1430, laid siege to Compiegne, where the French were concentrated. The Maid threw herself into the city, and, on the second day, headed a sally against the besiegers. In the beginning of the struggle her party was successful, but the English rallied and drove back the assailants. Joan remaining in the rear, to cover the retreat of her followers, reached the bridge too late to enter the gates which suddenly closed; and, betrayed by the governor of the city, she was left among the crowd upon the bridge. Conspicuous by her dress, a purple surcoat brilliantly embroidered with gold, thrown over her armor, she was im-

mediately seized by a Picard archer and dragged from her horse. She surrendered to the bastard of Vendôme, a distinguished knight, who conducted her to the English camp and placed her under a secure guard.

The soldiers crowded about and gazed upon her, and the English nobles and Burgundians could not restrain their exclamations of surprise at finding the witch, the sorceress, the great object of terror, to be only a simple, delicate and fair young girl. They were more delighted at her capture than if they had taken a host of French prisoners, and assembling in showy array in the plain before Compiegne, sent up shouts of victory.

Joan was sold to John of Luxembourg, who sent her under a strong guard to the castle of Beaulieu in Picardy, where she was confined in the highest tower; but soon after, from political motives, he had her removed to his own castle of Beaurevoir. Here she could only gaze from the narrow windows of the loftiest tower, upon the meadows, the streams and the blue hills, beyond which she could in fancy see her peaceful home, her mourning parents, and her young and loved Haumette, with whom she would have given worlds to breathe the free air again. A close prisoner, and in despair for France, fearful too for her own fate, she passed the weary days in prayer and weeping. She was filled with forebodings of evil. She had endeavored to effect her escape from the castle of Beaulieu, and even now from the high towers of Beaurevoir, the intrepid girl attempted a descent. She fell and was taken up half dead by the ladies of Luxembourg, who bestowed the most tender care upon her. They were

won by her gentleness, and doubly attracted by sympathy for her grief that she could no longer aid France, and her tears and anxiety for the king for whom she suffered, but who made no effort for her deliverance. She knew that her present captor had sold her to the Duke of Burgundy, and suffered herself to be led away from her new-found friends, who in vain plead with tears, at the feet of John of Luxembourg, entreating him not to deliver her into the hands of the English, thirsting, as they did, for the blood of one who had cost them so dearly.

She was conveyed to Arras, and from thence to the donjon-keep of Crotoy, where she could look out upon the sea and watch the ships gliding to and fro, or driving along on the waves of a tempest. A clear day revealed the distant coast of England; it reminded her of the Duke of Orleans, who, like herself, a close prisoner, wore his life away in chains on a foreign shore; all her fire and spirit was roused, for it had been one of her treasured hopes to secure his release, when the French arms had triumphed.

Joan was consoled and strengthened by a priest who, likewise a captive, said mass daily in her presence. In this she heartily joined, her old enthusiasm returning and her courage revived by the voices which assured her that "she should be delivered when she had seen the king of the English."

Nearly a year had passed since her first imprisonment, when she was claimed by the bishop of the diocese in which she was taken, at the instigation of Cardinal Winchester, whose plan was to crown Henry VI.,

and at the same time disgrace the pretensions of Charles VII. by burning the girl who had secured his coronation, as a witch or sorceress. By order of the Vicar of the Inquisition, Joan was taken to Rouen in February 1431.

Released from her long confinement, she exulted in the pure fresh air of freedom, and rode cheerfully along with her keepers, though still manacled with chains. Approaching Rouen, the inhabitants thronged the entrance to catch a glimpse of the wonderful being who was represented, at one moment, a beautiful woman, an angel, and at the next, described as a demon who possessed a terrible power over her enemies. They hardly knew whether to shrink from her gaze or touch and kiss her garments; all were filled with amazement at beholding so fair and harmless a girl. The women of Rouen, in their tall muslin caps, red petticoats and clattering cabots, followed her through the streets, and with motherly protection would have shielded her from the denunciations about to descend upon her, could they have rescued her from the grim monks who closely guarded her. Joan felt her spirit depressed as they traced the narrow winding streets of Rouen, lined with peaked-roofed houses, decorated with curious carvings and innumerable balconies. Towers and spires with rich-cut ornaments loomed up along the narrow way which was crowded and confused with passing donkeys, laden with well-filled panniers and driven by quaintly dressed women and children, while men, in silken jackets and long-peaked shoes, added their sonorous cries to the Babel of voices.

Joan, weary and bewildered, was soon led before the impatient assemblage, eager for their victim. Bishops, monks, doctors of theology and of the canon law, enveloped in stately robes, sat ready to pronounce judgment upon a girl whom they were bribed to condemn by some means, if she were guilty or not. Alone in the midst of this subtle court, without the sympathy of a friend or the aid of a counsel, Joan sat with intrepid bearing, her spirit free though her limbs were chained.

Upon being required to swear to speak the truth, she consented, but refused to reveal anything connected with her visions. She was ordered to repeat the *Pater* and the *Ave*, her judges thinking she would not dare to, if possessed with an evil spirit. To their surprise she readily assented, if the presiding bishop would hear her confess. This touching and confiding demand overcame the bishop, who adjourned the sitting, and afterwards deputed one of his assessors to question the accused.

As it was found impossible to convict her on the ground of sorcery, she was charged with heresy, since she refused to acknowledge the authority of the church militant. She told them she held her belief in God alone. The long-continued trial, and her efforts to sustain herself, induced an illness, from which she had not recovered when she was again summoned to the hall of the castle where the court sat. Threats of torture were given to intimidate her, but she adhered firmly to her account of the voices, and would still acknowledge none but the one God. They insisted upon her discarding the man's dress she wore, but to this she would not

consent, it being her only protection, and the dress which her saints directed her to wear.

Led back to the tower, where her every movement was watched by keepers stationed near her, she became more severely ill. In this situation, her tormentors visited her, hoping to make her yield her belief while too weak to maintain courage in her assertions. "The angel Gabriel," said she, "has appeared to strengthen me." They were obliged to leave her, firm and unyielding as she had ever been.

In order to terrify her into submission, a scaffold was erected in the cemetery of St. Ouen, behind the church of the same name. Joan was placed upon it in the midst of *huissiers* and tortures, a preacher, and an executioner in his cart below her. Opposite, on another scaffolding, sat Cardinal Winchester and the bishops, with their assessors and scribes. The preacher, who was to exhort and urge her to submission, overdid the matter by exclaiming violently against Charles VII., calling him a heretic in accepting Joan for a leader. This roused the indignation of the brave girl who, in spite of threatened terrors, had the nobleness to defend the king who had deserted her. "On my faith, sir, I undertake to tell you and to swear on pain of my life, that he is the noblest Christian of all Christians, the sincerest lover of the faith of the Church, and not what you call him," exclaimed she boldly. "Silence her," cried out the bishop, who began to read the sentence of condemnation. "Abjure or be burnt," reached her ears. Those about and below her, entreated her to save herself by acknowledging the power of the pope.

"We pity you, Joan," urged the people who crowded about the scaffold. Overcome at last with fear and entreaties she consented to abjure, on condition she should be delivered from the power of the English and be placed in the hands of the church.

"What is to be done next?" respectfully asked Carchon, the bishop, turning to Cardinal Winchester. "Admit her to do penance," answered the wily Englishman, which penance was to pass the rest of her days in imprisonment, "on the bread of grief and the water of anguish." "Take her back whence you brought her," continued the bishop, while Joan, dumb with surprise and despair, could scarcely move. The poor girl had thought at least she was to be spared chains and the hateful dungeon. Even at this respite the English were so enraged that they pelted the bishop with stones, and the priests and doctors could escape only by promising they should soon have her again.

She was led away to her prison-house and chained to a beam; but this did not satisfy the English, who attributed the continued success of the French arms to her sorcery, exerted even within the walls of a prison. The guards were ordered to hang her armor within reach, hoping she would be tempted to resume the dress, and thus break the conditions she had signed. The result was what they wished, and, as soon as the news reached the cardinal, he gladly exclaimed, "She is caught!" The inquisitor and others were deputed to visit and question her. She bravely faced them and told them she had resumed that dress "because it was fitter for her as long as she was guarded by men."

"Put me in a seemly prison and I will be good and do whatever the church shall wish," said she.

The next day it was told her she must die. She wept pitifully, tearing her hair and mourning that she was to endure the frightful torture of being burned. After the first burst of grief, she confessed and asked to receive the sacrament, which was granted her, with the inconsistency of condemning her as a heretic and at the same time granting her all the ordinances of the church.

The following morning she was dressed in female attire, placed on a cart, accompanied by priests, and surrounded by a guard of eight hundred Englishmen, armed with sword and lance, who conveyed her to the old market-place. She wept as they went along, crying out, "O Rouen, Rouen! must I then die here?"

Three scaffolds were erected, one upon which a throne was placed for the Cardinal Winchester and the prelates, the other for the judges and preacher, and the third built high and filled underneath with fagots, was for the harmless victim. The ceremony began with a sermon preached by one of the doctors of the university of Paris. This was followed by exhortations from the bishops to recant all she had said concerning her angels, but though she was bitterly disappointed that none had come to rescue her, and her confidence in the voices thus sorely tried, because they failed to deliver her, still she affirmed the truth of her assertions and persisted in rejecting the pope and his minions. "Though you should tear off my limbs and pluck my soul from my body, I would say nothing

else," she cried. She knelt upon the platform, invoked God, the virgin, St. Michael, and St. Catherine, then turned to those who had accused her, forgave them their injuries, and besought their pardon, asking them to pray for her. She entreated the priests each to say a mass for her soul. Her manner, voice, and look were so full of grief, and her appeals so touching that, with contagious sympathy, every beholder wept—even the cruel cardinal. Vexed at betraying such weakness, the judges dried their eyes, and crushing the momentary feeling of kindness for the lovely and friendless girl, proceeded to read her condemnation in a stern voice.

The fagots were kindled, and as they crackled and burned beneath the platform, she cried out for a crucifix. An Englishman gave her one he had hastily carved out of a stick, but she entreated them to bring one from the neighboring church, which, after some hesitation, was obtained and held up before her. At last, overcome with terror, and suffocated with the smoke and flames that curled about her delicate form, she expired with prayers on her lips. The multitude wept at her sufferings, and silently dispersed, full of consternation at the deed. Even the executioner hastened to relieve his terror and remorse by confession.

Thus perished a fair and innocent girl who had committed no crime but that of seeking to rescue her nation from the grasp of a hated enemy. Pure, gentle, and heroic, imbued with the superstition of the times, gifted with a vivid, intense imagination that had become morbid through her early habits of lonely communion,

it was not wonderful that she should imagine she conversed with spirits, in an age when every one consulted unseen spirits and fairies to some extent; she was educated from the cradle in the belief of visions of saints and angels, assurances of which fell daily upon her ear in tales and legends from her mother's lips. The French believed and accepted her as a celestial deliverer, investing her with a supernatural power which she did not claim. On one occasion at Bourges, when the women prayed her to touch crosses and chaplets, she laughed merrily, and said, "Touch them yourselves, they will be just as good."

Her success, was simply that of a warrior who inspires his troops with his own courage and confidence of victory, and rushes to battle with an impetuosity that sometimes supplies a lack of skill. She took advantage of the superstition of those she led as well as those she opposed. She embodied their ideal of an angel in mortal form, by the purity of her beauty, manner, and words which was manifested even in her equipments, and thus they followed her with a unity and enthusiasm that gave strength to a party that previously owed its weakness to an indolent and despairing prince, and to the divisions and feuds among the leading nobility.

Through all the deference and honors paid her, she never lost the child-like sweetness and simplicity that were singularly united in her character with good sense, shrewdness, and woman's subtlety.

Charles VII., who owed his crown and kingdom to her heroic exertions, acknowledged the debt by causing

a monument to be erected to her memory in Paris so soon as his power was established. The inhabitants of Rouen testified their admiration of her and their disapprobation of the unjust sentence, by erecting a statue that still stands in the market-place of the old city.

The house in which she was born was afterwards repaired on the original plan by the king's orders, and still remains in Dom-Remy. "It stands near the church and is easily discovered by a Gothic door that supports three escutcheons adorned with the fleur-de-lys, and a statue, in which she is represented in full armor. It became national property during the reign of Louis XVIII., who granted the village twelve thousand francs to build a monument to the memory of Joan, eight thousand for the education of young girls in Dom-Remy and the neighboring hamlets, and another eight thousand as a support for a sister of charity to teach the school." A fine painting, the gift of the king, decorates the principal room of the house.

In the market-place, which is surrounded by poplar trees, and watered by a fountain, is placed a statue of the Maid. On the monument is the simple inscription

"*To the memory of Joan of Arc.*"

MARIA THERESA.



Maria Theresa.

We will not from the helm, to sit and weep;
But keep our course, though the rough wind say, No.
SHAK.

AUSTRIA is a name that suggests the ideas of despotism, cruelty and bigotry. In these respects, it is a land that has no rival, except Russia. Every humane and free heart must burn with indignation at the mere mention of those Empires. But Austria, however repulsive as a blood-thirsty power, has much attractive interest in its several provinces and noted places, and in portions of its history. Bohemia, Moravia and Hungary, have associations that are dear to art, to religion, and to liberty. Austerlitz is a word of potent influence, and Vienna is full of picturesque imagery, for it is the name of a capital than which there is none more gay, magnificent, and enriched with curiosities.

——"Not in any other town
With statelier progress to and fro
The double tides of chariots flow
By park and suburb, under brown

Of lustier leaves; nor more content,
Or pleasure, lives in any crowd,
When all is gay with lamps, and loud
With sport and song, in booth and tent,

Imperial halls, or open plain;
And wheels the circled dance, and breaks
The rocket molten into flakes
Of crimson or in emerald rain."

And as for the history of Austria, it would have enough charm, if it only bore the noble name of Maria Theresa. In her we behold, indeed, some of the worst peculiarities of her royal line, but softened by her womanly nature, and receiving from that nature many a balancing virtue. If her censorship of the press and espionage of private life, were worthy of her detestable successors, her great and successful enterprises, military, educational and industrial, and her reforms in church and state, were worthy of her beauty, talent and exalted character.

Vienna was her birthplace, and her birthday the 13th of May, 1717. As usual, the royal child received a baptismal name proportioned in length to her imperial ancestry, and superfluous as her fortune: it was Maria-Theresa-Valperga-Amelia-Christina — a grand name, "like a carriage of state with six horses." Nothing short of a family that, like Maria Theresa's—the House of Hapsburgh, had reigned four hundred years, and had absorbed so many states and races into its vast empire, should justify such a parade of praenomenes.

Her father, the Emperor Charles VI., was a man of dull perceptions and extraordinary gravity, very punc-

tilious in all matters of form, and of a benevolent disposition. He labored to improve the condition of his dominions, rebuilt roads, encouraged commerce, manufactures and art, revised the laws of Hungary, and established museums and libraries. He was fond of athletic sports, such as hunting and shooting at a mark, but his ruling passion was music. He composed an opera, and himself led the orchestra, while his daughters acted as ballet-dancers. The costume and scenery of one of these exhibitions cost him over a hundred and thirty thousand dollars. From Italy, he attracted to his court Metastasio, who composed some of his best operas at Vienna, and was Italian preceptor to the young princesses. But, in consequence of the imbecility of Charles and his advisers, his reign nearly ruined his empire; his best general, Prince Eugene, died, and his enemies made encroachments on every side. The English ambassador wrote home that "everything in this court is running into the last confusion and ruin, where there are as visible signs of folly and madness as ever were inflicted on a people whom Heaven is determined to destroy, no less by domestic divisions than by the more public calamities of repeated defeats, defencelessness, poverty, plague and famine." The loss of Belgrade, surrendered by a treaty to the Turks, and the menacing conduct of the French, preyed on his spirits, undermined his health, and inflamed his ailments of gout and indigestion. With reckless imprudence, he insisted on taking a hunting excursion, and eat immoderately of mushrooms stewed in oil. This prostrated him beyond recovery; he took an affection-

ate leave of his family, and died in 1740, when Maria Theresa was twenty-three years of age.

His wife was Elizabeth Christina, daughter of Louis Rhodolph, Duke of Brunswick. By her, he was the father of a son, who died in infancy, and three daughters, one of whom died in childhood; the others were Maria Theresa, the eldest, and Maria Amelia; they married brothers, Francis, Duke of Lorraine, and Prince Charles of Lorraine. The latter, Maria Amelia's husband, was distinguished in the wars of Theresa's accession to the throne. The mother, like the daughters, was famed for beauty, elegant manners and kind disposition.

The sisters, who bore the title of archduchesses, were very unlike in their style of person, mind and character. Equally fascinating, Maria Amelia had less intellect and confidence and brilliancy of feature. Maria Theresa was full of life and dignity. She seemed every way constituted for a queen. Her form was tall and well-proportioned, her face regular, her eyes a bright gray, her complexion clear, her voice musical, and her bearing at once majestic and graceful. In her youth, her temper was sufficiently gentle and yielding, her heart overflowing with tenderness; it was not until she assumed the sceptre, and found herself threatened on every side by hostile invasions, that the unrelenting determination of her character was drawn forth, and, indeed, a degree of resoluteness was demanded that hardly differed from the obstinacy peculiar to her family-blood.

She was educated, after the manner of the age, more

in feminine accomplishments than in the solid acquirements that would best fit her for a station of great authority. From her father, she inherited a passion for music, which was carefully developed under her distinguished instructors, among whom was Metastasio. He took much pride in her proficiency, especially in the Italian language, and could not praise too highly her talent and gentleness. Happily, the family pride so assiduously nourished by the House of Hapsburgh, induced in her a studious acquaintance with the history and condition of her expected empire, so that a foundation was laid for her able administration. At the same time, the seeds of her after bigotry, were sown and cultivated by the thousand Romanish observances, to which a great part of her time was set apart. It fostered, however, a strong religious inclination that might have made her a saint, in the annals of a more enlightened creed than that of Rome.

At the age of fourteen, she was required, as a matter of custom for the heir-apparent to the crown, to be present at the meetings of the royal council. She had no share, of course, in the debates, but, however long and tedious the sessions were, she always showed the liveliest interest in everything said, whether intelligible to her or not. The need of being well versed in affairs of state, was apparently anticipated by her shrewd apprehension. The only part she was permitted to take in the proceedings, was the offering of petitions, entrusted to her care. Her immature years and ready good-will made her frequently subject to such applications; and when her father rebuked her with the

words, "You seem to think a sovereign has nothing to do but to grant favors," she replied, with a precocious wisdom, "I see nothing else that can make a crown supportable." At so early a period of life, she saw that her father's miseries were not outweighed by the empty shows of imperial grandeur.

The young Francis, Duke of Lorraine, whose mother was a first cousin of the Emperor, had been brought up at the court of Vienna, as the destined husband of Maria Theresa. From infancy, they had associated together, and now, in youth, became more romantically devoted to each other. He had every quality to captivate her heart. Though not powerful or brilliant in mind, he was intelligent and kind; and he was brave, manly, accomplished and remarkably handsome.

When the archduchess had reached the age of eighteen, her father's government was so much endangered by the triumphs of foes and the indifference of pledged friends, that he was urged to break up the proposed union with Francis, and give his daughter to Don Carlos, of Spain, as a last resort to uphold his own power. The Spanish minister at his court, recommended that both daughters be married to princes of Spain. But Maria Theresa, already betrothed, remonstrated so warmly that the emperor knew not what to do. In the words of the English minister, "She is a princess of the highest spirit; her father's losses are her own. She reasons already; she enters into affairs; she admires his virtues, but condemns his mismanagement; and is of a temper so formed for rule and ambition as to look upon him as little more than her administrator.

Notwithstanding this lofty humor by day, she sighs and pines all night for her Duke of Lorraine. If she sleeps, it is only to dream of him; if she wakes, it is but to talk of him to the lady in waiting; so that there is no more probability of her forgetting the very individual government, and the very individual husband which she thinks herself born to, than of her forgiving the authors of losing either." The empress joined her own to the entreaties of her daughter; the German ministers interfered in behalf of the duke; and the emperor, driven to sleepless distraction, finally yielded to the wish of his family, and strengthened his power by a treaty with his old enemy France, giving the duchy of Bar and Francis' inheritance of Lorraine, in exchange for Tuscany.

Francis and Maria Theresa, thus saved from separation by her constancy and resolution, were married at Vienna in February, 1736. Two sweet children crowned this year's happiness. Blessed in these, and in their own youth, beauty, love and splendid position and prospects, nothing could exceed the brightness of their union. But the common lot of trouble was in store for them. The duke was appointed to the command of an army sent against the Turks, in the first year of his marriage. He was courageous, and often risked his life; but he was not a great and successful commander, and he was, moreover, fettered by the instructions of the court, and by the lack of needed means. Victorious at first, the army suffered sad reverses and was weakened by pestilence. Francis returned to Vienna to meet the complaints of the em-

peror, the cold welcome of the powerful, the unjust contempt of the people, but to be greeted also by the warm sympathy of his wife, whose fear for his exposures was now changed to indignation at his treatment.

Her father found it advisable to send her and the duke to Tuscany, ostensibly to visit their new estates, and he talked of changing the heirship of the crown to his youngest daughter, and betrothing her to the Elector of Bavaria. All this was probably done to appease the popular feeling. At Florence, the young wife was very discontented; the climate was disagreeable to her more northern associations; she saw little to admire in the people, or the city and scenery; she was in continual distress about the misguided state of affairs at home, whereby her vast inheritance was rapidly dwindling. And Charles himself did not long manage to dispense with his daughter's clearer mind and firmer character.

Four years passed since her nuptials, when she was called to the throne by the death of her father, whose end was hastened by his repeated misfortunes. She was twenty-three when she thus began to enjoy the various titles of Queen of Hungary and Bohemia, Archduchess of Austria, Sovereign of the Netherlands, Duchess of Milan, of Parma, and Placentia, and Grandduchess of Tuscany, all of which honors are summed up in the one name of Empress of Austria. She swayed the sceptre over various nations, with diverse languages and laws, and only held together by submission to one sovereign.

It was the richest empire of Europe, but its treasury was drained, its armies scattered, its provinces disaffected, and, on every side, were greedy governments to whom her accession was the signal to fall upon her dominions and divide them among themselves. The famous Pragmatic Sanction was to be broken by all. This was a treaty which it had been the labor of Charles' life to establish. By it, the European powers had guaranteed to support the claims of Maria Theresa to the imperial crown, instead of the daughters of Emperor Joseph, the predecessor and brother of Charles, and to whose family the succession should have reverted according to Charles' own solemn promise. These daughters had married, the eldest the Elector of Bavaria, the youngest the Elector of Saxony.

France, jealous of the ascendency of Austria, with various false excuses deferred to acknowledge Maria Theresa, and prepared to assist the pretensions of the Bavarian Elector, who claimed Austria, Hungary, and Bohemia. The King of Spain made the same pretension, and set on foot an expedition against the Italian dependencies of the empire. The Sardinian king had his eye on Milan; and the King of Prussia, Frederic II., marched for Silesia before his designs were known at Vienna, and took possession of it. He proved to be the almost life-long and very dangerous enemy of the empress, although he entertained high personal respect for her character. His father, without engaging much in war, had made it his empty pride to discipline a vast standing army amass money, and drill his son in military science. Frederic had resisted this stern

schooling and devoted himself passionately to literature and art. But, so soon as, about this time, he mounted the throne of his father, he suddenly revealed extraordinary ambition and skill as a politician and commander.

Thus was the young and beautiful Maria Theresa at the instant the diadem was placed on her head, called "to take arms against a sea of troubles." Her own strong understanding and strong will were all that she could rely upon. Her husband was brave and tender, but with no talents nor disposition to assume the guidance of affairs; he was devoted to pleasure and seems to have trusted more to his wife's intelligence and decision, than to his own. The members of the state-council were weak men, who were confounded by the difficulties that beset them. Bartenstein, who was their chief, and had been under Charles, was a man of facile pen and tongue, faithful to his trust, but too shallow for his responsible position England alone, although afterwards tardy in many of her engagements, was enthusiastic in favor of the empress; the English ladies, indeed, subscribed some four hundred and fifty thousand dollars in her aid. But she did not find it consistent to accept it, and, for the present, was virtually without allies, armies, counsellors, and money. Never was a sky darker than hers. All who were around her, expressed only despair in their countenances. The army that had been hastily raised to oppose the aggressions of Frederic, was defeated by his troops, in Silesia. The French, appealed to in remembrance of the Pragmatic Sanction,

by which they were bound, gave evasive answers, until they marched their forces across the Rhine, joined the Elector of Bavaria, subdued Bohemia, and approached the gates of Vienna itself.

Still was Maria Theresa undaunted, although the crisis of her fate grew desperate even to sublimity. The birth of a son, whose destiny was involved in that of the empire, like her own, was perhaps opportune at this dark hour, for it roused all the lioness within her. The mother will dare for her offspring that which she would shrink from, for her own sake. The bold and wise resolution of the empress was taken. By it, she at once saved herself and her magnificent realm. History and romance have no more inspiring and memorable story to relate. It is glorious as a dream.

The Hungarians, whose struggles in this century have excited universal sympathy, had been relieved from political evils by Maria Theresa, who restored to them their privileges. For this they were deeply grateful to her. She was their queen, in virtue of a previous union of Austria and Hungary by the marriage of their respective sovereigns.

In the great emergency of her dominions, therefore she went to Presburg to be crowned, it being the custom to repeat the act of coronation in each of the several kingdoms acknowledging one head. The ceremony took place, on the 13th of June, 1741. According to the ancient usage, the iron crown of St. Stephen was placed on her, having been lined with cushions to make it fit her womanly head; his ragged and venerated robe covered her jewelled dress, and his scimitar

was girded at her side. An eye-witness of the scene writes that "the antiquated crown received new graces from her head, and the old tattered robe of St. Stephen became her as well as her own habit, if diamonds, pearls, and all sorts of precious stones can be called clothes." She rode gallantly to the top of the Royal Mount, a hill near Presburg, and went gracefully through the ceremony of waving the drawn sabre and defying "the four corners of the world." Then she returned, and dined in public. The heat and fatigue had heightened the color of her transparent complexion, the crown was removed, and her rich masses of hair fell in curls over her shoulders and breast. Her appearance, her recent liberal concessions, and her defenceless situation, aroused the warmest enthusiasm of the brave and chivalric Hungarians.

She knew that she could trust herself and fortunes to their generosity and invincible prowess; and, having summoned the representatives of all orders of the state to meet in diet at the great hall of the castle, she appeared, clad in mourning and the Hungarian costume, and still wearing the crown and scimiter which were regarded by the nation with such religious respect. With slow, stately steps, she walked through the apartment, and ascended the tribune, from which it was customary for sovereigns to address the states. After an impressive silence, the chancellor stated her distresses and requested speedy assistance. Then she herself made a short speech in Latin, a language in common use among the Hungarians. She appealed to the deputies, declaring that her only resource was in their faith-

fulness, arms and tried valor; she called on them to deliberate as to the best means of rescuing her from danger, and promised always to seek their happiness. Her words and her loveliness set on fire all the admiration and martial spirit of the assembly; they half drew their swords and flung them back in their brazen scabbards with a loud ringing sound, and shouted, "We will consecrate our lives and arms; we will die for our king, Maria Theresa!" It was a law that no queen could reign over them, and hence they called her *king*. She was overcome by this outburst of zeal, and wept for joy and gratitude. Such an evidence of sensibility kindled their enthusiasm almost to madness; they shed tears of sympathy, and wildly gesticulating their resolution, retired and voted abundant supplies of men and money.

A similar scene occurred, when the Duke of Lorraine appeared to take oath, as co-regent of the kingdom. At the conclusion of the act, he waved his hand, and said, "My blood and life for the queen and kingdom." At the same moment, she held up her infant son. An exulting cry again arose; and the deputies repeated their vow, "We will die for our king and her family; we will die for Maria Theresa."

——"Fair Austria spreads her mournful charms,
The queen, the beauty, sees the world in arms;
From hill to hill the beacon's towering blaze
Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praise
The fierce Croatian, and the wild Hussar,
With all the sons of ravage, crowd the war."

The *coup-d'état* of the empress soon changed the

whole face of affairs. Numerous half-savage tribes, from the far-off banks of the Save, the Teiss, the Drave and the Danube, sent their wild warriors to rally around her standard. Croats, Pandours, Sclavonians, Warasdinians, and Tolpaches, as they are called, astonished the eyes of civilized Europe by their ferocious looks, and their strange dress, arms, and mode of warfare. The students of Vienna, whose modern representatives were bravely active in the revolution of 1848, mingled their delicate young faces with the shaggy beards of the Croats and Pandours. All classes pressed into the army, while the enemies of Maria Theresa became jealous of each other, and divided in their councils.

Frederic sought peace, in view of this turning of the tide of success, yet he was too proud to yield his claim to Silesia. The empress, having long and heroically resisted this claim, at length ceded to him a part of that province, well-knowing that she was not, with all her new supplies, a match for so many powerful enemies, on the right hand and the left. The Elector of Bavaria, aided by France, had already seized Bohemia, was crowned King of Prague, and soon after crowned Emperor of Germany, at Frankfort. This was a great offence to Maria Theresa, who wished her husband to be elected to the imperial diadem. And she was speedily avenged. The Austrian army, headed by the Duke of Lorraine, entered the capital of Bavaria as conquerors, the very day that the elector was crowned at Frankfort.

The Austrians, supported by England and Holland, achieved one victory after another. The English king, George II., was himself present at hazardous

battles: the semi-civilized Croatians swam rivers, each with his sabre in his mouth, and, mounting on each other's shoulders, scaled castle-walls; the provinces in Italy were fortified, and the Spanish and French invasions repulsed in that direction; Cardinal Fleury, for seventeen years the animating soul of the court of France, died and left his nation without a pilot; the French, besieged at Prague, were weakened by disease and famine, and at last fled to the Rhine, leaving twelve hundred men, destroyed by cold and hunger, to mark their track. Through the whole campaign, Maria Theresa issued her orders with great determination and wisdom. Her will seemed to have grown relentless and imperious, by the difficulties she had met and overcome. She was vexed exceedingly at the escape of the "perfidious French," for whom she had no mercy: she celebrated the evacuation of Prague with public chariot-races, in imitation of the Greeks; and herself and her sister, habited in appropriate costume, took the reins, among others, and drove adventurously around the course, with flushed faces, erect forms and streaming robes, to the admiration of all beholders. After the victory of Dettingen, the empress-queen, returning from a boating excursion, was cheered by the Viennese, who came forth to meet her and crowded the banks of the Danube, for nine miles. She celebrated the event by a *Te Deum* in the cathedral, and joyous festivities.

Elated by unexpected success, her ambition, and her animosity to the powers that had conspired to crush her, at length knew no bounds. She rejected the compro-

mises offered, and meditated nothing less than the complete dismemberment of the French and Prussian territories. But dissension began to prevail among her allies. Frederic, who was always wide awake, guessed her designs, captured Prague and threatened her capital itself. Bavaria also, was again seized by her foes; and Maria Theresa was forced to apply once more to her sympathetic Hungarians. She went to Presburg, and appealed to their loyalty with still greater effect. Count Palfy, the aged palatine, erected the great red banner of the kingdom, a signal for a general "insurrection," as a general levy of troops was called. Forty-four thousand men took up their march, and thirty thousand others were collected in readiness. "This amazing unanimity," writes a man of that day, "of a people so divided amongst themselves, especially in point of religion, could only be effected by the address of Maria Theresa, who seemed to possess one part of the character of Elizabeth of England, that of making every man about her a hero." An ecstacy of zeal prevailed from the highest to the lowest rank of society. The empress sent a horse, a sword and a ring to the palatine; the horse was her own, and richly caparisoned, and the sabre was studded with diamonds.

The tide of war turned again. Bohemia and Bavaria were reconquered; and Charles VII. who had been, from the first, a puppet-emperor in the hands of France, died from chagrin and indigestion, like Charles VI. He enjoined on his son to make no pretensions to the crown; the advice was complied with, and Austria seized the occasion to secure the election of the husband

of the empress—Francis, Duke of Lorraine. He was crowned at Frankfort, Oct. 4th, 1745. Maria Theresa witnessed the ceremony from a balcony, and cried—"Long live the Emperor Francis I.!" A general acclamation echoed her words. After this, she visited the army at Heidelberg, numbering sixty thousand; she met the new emperor at the head of his troops, rode along the lines, saluting each rank with charming grace and majesty, dined under a pavilion, and gave largess to each soldier.

Her husband being thus regularly invested with the imperial dignity, she was henceforth known as the "Empress-queen," Germany being the empire, and Hungary and Bohemia the queendoms. But though she had fairly, according to the code of force, won these high titles, she was compelled, out of regard to the Elector of Saxony, who was a constant sufferer in her cause, to resign Silesia to Prussia, by a final treaty. This humiliation she had resisted for years, and with an immense expenditure of gold and blood. It was her pride to preserve entire the whole empire; Frederic had been her first assailant; she could not forgive him for opening the general war against her; and she had declared that she would sell her last shift, before she would yield one inch of Silesia. But, in Italy and Holland, her foes were triumphing; Marshal Saxe was retrieving the glory of French arms; England was tired of furnishing money to Austria at the rate of a million pounds in one year, and had, moreover, a rebellion at home to attend to; and thus she was forced to consult prudence.

In 1748, a general peace was ratified by the celebrated treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, at which the plenipotentiaries of all the leading powers, met. Even then and there, Count Kaunitz, acting under the instructions of the indomitable empress-queen, endeavored to break up the conference, so unwilling was she to lose any territory, while a florin was left in her coffers, or a soldier under her command. As it was, she gave up Silesia, Parma, Placentia, and Guastilla.

She now turned her attention to the internal administration of the realm. To be well prepared for any new wars, she adopted a better discipline of the army, founded a military academy at the capital, and inspected the camps and garrisons. The discerning Frederic acknowledged that her power over the hearts of her soldiers was magical, and that the Austrian army, never before so well trained, had been made to achieve successes worthy of a great man.

In civil affairs, her energy was no less conspicuous than in military. Among many other beneficial measures, she revised the courts of justice, abolished the custom of torture, and carried out a new plan of taxation, by which, after eight years of war and the surrender of four states, the revenues still exceeded those of any former reign by six millions of florins. She undertook to civilize the Gipsies, who abound more in Hungary and Bohemia than elsewhere, but neither rewards nor punishments could induce that strange race to mingle with others and adopt a stationary and laborious life. The glory of her family and the good of her people, seemed to be the animating motives of

Maria Theresa, in all these reforms and enterprises. She sought advice or information from all quarters, yet would not be dictated to, in her plans.

Her vigilance and activity were commendable, but were carried to an extreme injurious to her own health and comfort. She rose at five, breakfasted on a cup of milk-coffee, and then attended mass. "The floor of her room was so contrived, that it opened by a sliding *parquet*, and mass was celebrated in the chapel beneath: thus she assisted at the ceremony without being seen, and with as little trouble and loss of time as possible. She then proceeded to business; every Tuesday she received the ministers of the different apartments; other days were set apart for giving audience to foreigners and strangers, who, according to the etiquette of the imperial court, were always presented singly, and received in the private apartments. There were stated days on which the poorest and meanest of her subjects were admitted, almost indiscriminately; and so entire was her confidence in their attachment and her own popularity, that they might whisper to her, or see her alone if they required it. At other times, she read memorials, or dictated letters and despatches, signed papers, &c. At noon, her dinner was brought in, consisting of a few dishes, served with simplicity; after the death of her husband she usually dined alone, like Napoleon, to economize time. After dinner, she was engaged in public business until six; after that hour, her daughters were admitted to join her in evening prayer: if they absented themselves, she sent to know if they were indisposed; if not, they

were certain of meeting with a reprimand on the following day. At half-past eight or nine she retired to rest. When she held a drawing-room or an evening circle, she remained till ten or eleven, and sometimes played at cards. Before the death of her husband, she was often present at the masked balls, or *ridottus*, which were given at court during the carnival; afterward, these entertainments and the number of fêtes, or gala-days, were gradually diminished in number. On the first day of the year, and on her birth-day, she held a public court, at which all the nobility, and civil and military officers, who did not obtain access at other times, crowded to kiss her hand. She continued this custom as long as she could support herself in a chair. Great part of the summer and autumn were spent at Schonbrunn, or at Lachsenburg. In the gardens of the former palace there was a little shaded alley, communicating with her apartments. Here, in the summer days, she was accustomed to walk up and down, or sit for hours together: a box was buckled round her waist, filled with papers and memorials, which she read carefully, noting with her pencil the necessary answers or observations to each. It was the fault, or rather the mistake of Maria Theresa to give up too much time to the petty details of business; in her government, as in her religion, she sometimes mistook the form for the spirit, and her personal superintendence became more like the vigilance of an inspector-general, than the enlightened jurisdiction of a sovereign." Her nature, in short, was one of those endowed with an inborn perpetual motion and uninterrupted industry

What she lacked in genius, was made up by carefulness and persistence.

Francis does not appear to have participated much in his wife's enterprises. He might have felt a humble consciousness of his inferiority to her in governmental capacity, but, more likely, the long delay in his receiving the imperial crown, and his taste for quiet pursuits and pleasures, had confirmed him in habits averse to public business. The love, also, which he and Maria Theresa had entertained for each other from infancy, had made it a second nature for each to yield to the other, without so much as thinking which used the greater authority or influence in their united decisions —without knowing whether, in domestic matters, one or both or neither ruled. With a mutually respectful and cordial affection, such a question never arises, and is impossible; a oneness of choice is always realized, without dispute. A tender love is the harmonizer of opposite natures and wishes, the solvent of difficulties; if carefully fed with the oil of kindness, and guarded against all the winds of passion, it is a clear flame that fuses the most stubborn and diverse characters into a flowing union that "runs smoothly," and is at length cast in one mould. The instance of Maria Theresa and her husband is remarkable. Never were there more or greater proofs of a happy companionship than theirs, notwithstanding her superior position in affairs of state and his infidelity to marriage vows, which was well known to her. Their long and deep-rooted regard apparently led a spirited, intelligent emperor to surrender all political power to his wife, while the virtu

ous, resolute empress calmly allowed her husband to indulge his licentious propensities as he pleased, provided his purer devotion were still hers. There could be no more extreme and hazardous tests of their mutual sympathy. It effected such a strange compromise of choice and exchange of privilege, as almost to disprove its own existence on the part of both these persons, especially on the part of Francis. Indeed, this solution of the wonder would be inadmissible, were it not that those who wear crowns seem to regard the most iniquitous liberties as innocent in themselves.

The emperor had some share in public acts, and might have taken the direction of affairs from one who exhibited undying constancy to him. He was associated with the skillful Kevenhuller, in leading several of the Austrian campaigns. But, for the most part, he kept himself in the background. At a grand levée, when the empress-queen was receiving a crowd that came to pay respect, he slipped away from her presence to a remote corner of the room. Two ladies rose in reverence, as he approached; but he said, "Do not mind me; I shall stay here till the court is gone, and then amuse myself with looking at the crowd." One of the ladies replied, "As long as your imperial majesty is present, the *court* will be here." "You mistake," replied he; "the empress and my children are the court; I am here but as a simple individual." In the latter part of his life he had an intrigue with the Princess of Auersberg, and squandered a great amount of money and jewels on this fascinating woman; but the empress treated the princess with careful politeness,

and never manifested to any one her knowledge of the commonly reported affair of Francis. Much of his time was given to masks, balls, festivities, and the opera; through his influence, Vienna became a city of great gayety and splendor. Much of his attention was shared by his family; to his children he was kind and generous, and they regarded him with enthusiastic affection. He found time, also, amidst all his duties and recreations, to cultivate a love for the fine arts, for natural history, and chemistry in particular. This branch of science then included the wild belief in alchemy. Francis spent no little time and money in the pursuit of the philosopher's stone, and in attempts to fuse many small diamonds into a large one, not knowing that this jewel is combustible; and any persons, devoted to these schemes, were provided with materials at public expense. But the spendthrift disposition of the emperor was also turned to good account; his charities were on as liberal a scale as his luxuries and scientific attempts.

While her thoughtless and handsome husband was busy with his flirtation, music and alchemy, Maria Theresa was engaged in carrying on, or preparing for, wars of defence and conquest. After eight years of compulsory peace, subsequent to the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, which had terminated eight years of war, she took a step which resulted in "the seven years' war," wherein France, Russia, Sweden, Denmark, and Spain were united with her against her old enemy, Frederic of Prussia, who was saved from annihilation only by the great aid of England, and his own great

genius. Before the campaigns of Napoleon, this war was the wonderful one of modern history, in view of its display of skill and courage, its dreadful waste of blood, and its surprising victories. Maria Theresa's long-cherished enmity to the Prussian king, was the cause of it. Though worshipped by her people, abundantly blessed in all the relations of life, and naturally of a humane mind, she could not forget the loss of Silesia, the guilt of Frederic as her first foe, and the bitter jests he had more recently uttered concerning herself and her husband's character. His insulting language, which came to her ears, kindled to a flame the suppressed fires of her former mortification, to which every thought of her lost province, everything that reminded her of it, had added fresh fuel, for eight years.

There was no way to gratify this revenge, except by an alliance with France, and thus an ungrateful rupture with England, her old and valuable friend. Three hundred years of implacable hatred between Austria and France were forgotten; the faithless deception and fierce efforts of France towards herself, were overlooked; the danger of alienating all her allies, by the junction of two great powers, was risked. There was no other way to crush Frederic, but by clasping hands with perfidious France. And there was no way to do this, except by stooping to flatter Madame de Pompadour, the influential, but low-born and shameless mistress of Louis XV. Kaunitz, the now confidential and able adviser of the empress, apologized for suggesting this expedient; but she—the daughter of a hundred kings—virtuous, devout and proud- at once wrote to

Pompadour, calling her "My dear friend and cousin." The artifice succeeded. France was soon hand in glove with Austria.

The emperor, as soon as the treaty was made known to him in the council at Vienna, struck the table with his hand, declared he would never consent to it, and walked away. His eldest daughter, Marianne, and his eldest son, Joseph, also protested with vehemence. But Maria Theresa soon won over her family to her schemes; and when England, astonished at the incredible news, remonstrated, she stained her pure name with a falsehood, declaring that the treaty had not yet been signed. Little did she foresee, when she thus abused the long-tried friendship of England, resorted to degrading artfulness and let loose the hounds of a general, protracted and bloody war,—little did she foresee the retribution that followed, especially the deplorable end of her own fair daughter, Marie Antoinette, who, in consequence of this same alliance, afterwards became a queen of France.

The leaders of the Austrian armies, were Marshal Daun, a Bohemian; Marshal Loudon, a Scot; and Marshal Lacy, of Irish descent. Francis was intrepid even to rashness; this fact, together with his moderate talents, and her fear of the confusion that might follow his death, may have induced the empress to dissuade him from taking any command in the ensuing contests, in the course of which Silesia was regained and once more lost, and the vicissitudes of success so great that at one time Vienna was nearly overwhelmed, at another the Prussian sovereign driven from his capital. One of the chief vic-

tories, on the Austrian side, was that of Kolin, June 18th, 1757, by which the empire was saved from alarming danger. In gratitude for this deliverance, and in celebration of this triumph, the soldiers were generously rewarded, medals were struck, Te Deums chanted, and the "Order of Maria Theresa" founded, as a mark of honor to the officers who had distinguished themselves. Nor was the empress less magnanimous to bravery when unaccompanied by success. At Torgau, the same Marshal Daun, conqueror at Kolin, was defeated in a critical battle, after heroically sustaining it; and the empress showed him unprecedented regard by going forth to meet him on his return to Vienna, and addressing him in words of kind encouragement. Though many thousands fell in many battles, to appease her ambition or resentment, she was still a noble and sympathizing woman, whenever adversity appealed to her better feelings. And in this she was unlike the insensible Frederic, who refused to ransom or exchange one of his princely subjects, when taken prisoner, or even to notice his letters; Maria Theresa, however, liberated him, without ransom, when he tried to redeem himself.

After seven years' war, Frederic, contending almost single-handed against the three greatest powers of the continent, and many of the smaller ones, was nearly exhausted and overthrown. Such was his despair, that he carried poison with him, determined to die rather than be taken prisoner. He who had despised all women, and abused his wife and sisters, was almost crushed at last by the retaliation of two women, the

Sovereign of Austria, and Elizabeth, Empress of Russia. Against the latter, as against the former, he had spoken sarcastically, though too justly; "she retorted with an army of fifty thousand men." The two empresses were his mightiest foes, and were just at the point of final triumph, when Peter the Third, an enthusiastic admirer of Frederic, succeeded to the Russian sceptre, by the death of Elizabeth, and took the part of Prussia. This event put the contest on a more equal footing again. But all concerned were tired of so protracted bloodshed, and of melting even jewels and church-plate into money. An Austrian prisoner assured Frederic that his queen would consent to terms. The king seized a half-sheet of paper, wrote ten lines of proposed treaty, and despatched it to Vienna, requiring an immediate reply. Maria Theresa accepted it at once. By this treaty, all things were to be as at the commencement of the war. Five hundred thousand men had been slain, Bohemia and Saxony laid waste, Prussia left with hardly a man, and all Europe kept in seven years' alarm, in order that two or three crowned heads might settle their personal grievances. Nor were the devastations of the sword and torch confined to Europe. England and France carried their part of the quarrel wherever the possessions of each came into contact. France lost the most of her ground in America and the East and West Indies, together with the best part of her armies, commerce and treasure; and all these disasters hastened the Reign of Terror, wherein Marie Antoinette lost her head.

The treaty of general peace was signed in 1763.

Two years afterward, the imperial court journeyed to Inspruck, to attend the marriage of Maria Theresa's second son, the Archduke Leopold with the infanta of Spain. Leopold, succeeded to his father's duchy of Tuscany, and, being a man of strong mind and good heart, contributed greatly to the reform and prosperity of his state. While at Inspruck, his father, the Emperor Francis, died. Already ill, and with some premonition of his danger, he took leave of his children who remained at Vienna; Marie Antoinette, then ten years old, was his favorite child, and he kissed and pressed her to his heart a second time. At Inspruck, his wife was alarmed at his symptoms, and urged him to be bled. But he replied, in sad jest, "Do you wish to kill me with bleeding?" He was again entreated on Sunday, August 18th, to try the remedy, and said, "I must go to the opera, and I am engaged afterward to sup with Joseph,"—though it is affirmed that he was really to sup with his paramour, the Princess of Auersburg. But, as he left the opera, he fell dead with apoplexy. Maria Theresa was inconsolable, and the more so, doubtless, on account of her conviction that he was unprepared to die. She wrote the next day, to her family, in these words: "Alas, my dear daughters, I am unable to comfort you! Our calamity is at its height; you have lost a most incomparable father, and I a consort—a friend—my heart's joy for forty-two years past! Having been brought up together, our hearts and our sentiments were united in the same views. All the misfortunes I have suffered during the last twenty-five years were softened by his

support. I am suffering such deep affliction, that nothing but true piety and you, my dear children, can make me tolerate a life which, during its continuance, shall be spent in acts of devotion."

She could not bear the scene of her affliction, and sailed immediately for her capital, accompanied only by her son, an officer, and a lady attendant. Francis was buried at Vienna, in a family-vault, constructed under the Capuchin church, by the order of Maria, when she was but twenty-six years of age. At every anniversary of her husband's death, during the fifteen years that she survived him, she visited his tomb, and engaged in devotions. Through all those years, also, she wore mourning, inhabited plainly-furnished rooms, draped with black cloth, and, shunning scenes of gayety, confined herself to state business and religious observances. At the next court occasion, after the emperor's death, she directed all the ladies to appear in mourning. This order was complied with, except by the Princess of Auersburg, who appeared in a rich dress and highly rouged. The empress drew back her hand in surprise and contempt, when the princess offered to kiss it. But, though the frivolous woman never appeared in the royal presence again, Maria Theresa treated her interests with the same scrupulous regard that she had shown when she insisted on the payment of two hundred thousand florins to the princess, according to an order on the public treasury, written by Francis the day before his death. She did not take the course of conduct prompted by virtuous indignation, but, from first to last, she acted with a

lofty magnanimity. In this world of petty jealousies and small resentments, too much admiration cannot be rendered to a high-minded independence. Maria Theresa's retaliations were on a great scale—were either grandly national or nothing.

It is wonderful how much she managed to accomplish. She was the mainspring of every enterprise, and attended to everything personally; she necessarily gave much time to the thousand forms and ceremonies of her station; she never forgot her many devotional tasks; and she was the mother of sixteen children, in the course of twenty years. These children were brought up to simple habits, benevolent acts, a proficiency in music and Italian, an empty knowledge of the lives of Romish saints, and an overweening family pride. The incongruous results of such an education were seen in their after lives; many great or good deeds were mingled with their bigotry and their excessive and sometimes fatal devotion to family interests.

Nearly all her sons and daughters, who grew to maturity, occupied positions of importance. The eldest son, Joseph, succeeded to the German Empire, and displayed great talents, though timid and taciturn in childhood. A younger son, Charles, died at the age of sixteen; he was bold and brilliant, and his parents treated him with partiality, mistakenly regretting that the government would not fall to him. Joseph first married the Princess of Parma, a dark-eyed Italian of remarkable beauty; she was very melancholy and cold to all persons, from the hour of her marriage; it is supposed that her heart had been given away pre-

viously, and this belief has been embodied in a story. She died soon, and Joseph married the Princess of Bavaria, who was as homely as her predecessor was charming, and was treated with cruel neglect by all her husband's family, except the Emperor Francis, at whose death she exclaimed, with tears, "Ah, miserable, I have lost my only supporter." Leopold, the next surviving son, has already been mentioned. Ferdinand, the third son, was gentle and beneficent, married the daughter of the Duke of Modena, and inherited that duchy. Maximiliam, the youngest son, was Elector of Cologne.

The daughters were all gifted, and all beautiful, like their mother, excepting the eldest, Marianna, who was deformed. She and Elizabeth were never married, and lived at home in seclusion, engaged in study, prayer, or deeds of benevolence. Christiana was much like the empress, who was very partial to her; her talents were greater, and her determined attachment to her chosen lover, equal to her mother's, many years before; it is said to have hastened the peace of Hubertsberg. With her husband, Prince Albert of Saxony, she governed Hungary, afterwards the Netherlands, and exercised great influence with her sisters, the Queens of France and Naples. Amelia was surpassingly bright in mind and person, and excelled in amateur dramatic performances; she married the Duke of Parma, and occasioned some trouble by her frivolity. Joanna, affianced to the King of Naples, died of the small-pox; the next sister, Josepha, who was to take her place, died of the same disease. The circumstances were very affecting: she was fifteen, lovely and

tall, with a clear face and long light hair; she was publicly betrothed and treated as a queen already; but she dreaded her destiny. In this state of extreme sensitiveness, she was directed by her mother to visit her father's tomb and pay her last respect to his memory. With many tears she consented, but, while in the vault, was seized with chills and faintness, and the next day was attacked with the small-pox, from which she died, to the great grief of the empress, who too late lamented her imperious treatment. The next daughter, Caroline, equally intelligent and lovely, finally married the Neapolitan king, whose dulness and amiability easily brought him under the entire control of his cunning wife, and her more cunning and famous coadjutor, Lady Hamilton. Marie Antoinette, the youngest daughter, was the wife and fellow-victim of Louis XVI. of France. The many family afflictions of Maria Theresa, calmly borne during all her arduous reign, enhance her heroic merits.

Her habits of devout meditation and worship, no less than her strong character, enabled her to do and suffer so much. Hers was a most exacting, unnatural and puerile round of religious ceremonies; she spent the entire month of August in penance and prayer for her husband's departed soul; she gave five hours every day to the same monastic occupations; but the spirit of piety may live under any forms, however cumbrous; and, if she acted according to her best knowledge, her zeal should provoke respect and admiration. Certainly, if faith is to be judged by its fruits, hers had much that was praiseworthy. She was eminently be-

neficent, and deeply affected by all forms of woe. Meeting some half-famished persons in Vienna, she said, "What have I done that Providence should afflict my eyes with such a sight as this?" Her charities "amounted to more than eighty thousand a year," says an English writer. Her virtue, however, at length took one shape that was more odious than injurious. From no love of gossip, apparently, but with the idea that her vigilant superintendence and reformatory power should be almost omniscient and omnipotent, in her kingdom, she exercised, through a multitude of spies, a despotic surveillance of the private affairs of families; and any lady, of any rank, who overstepped a chaste decorum, was banished to the limits of the realm.

Throughout her dominions, she instituted or improved academies, schools, observatories, systems of prizes, regulations for the encouragement of agriculture; she founded a hospital for small-pox, and promoted inoculation, for the want of which she herself suffered great disfigurement of her beauty, which was finally obliterated by her obesity and by an accident which mangled her face. She suppressed the Inquisition and the society of Jesuits, interdicted many of the useless saint's days, and opened the royal parks to common use as a public promenade, now known as the Prater—a magnificent feature of Vienna. But her censorship of the press and prohibition of French and English literature, was, to a great extent, very bigoted and oppressive. A book was condemned, if, in it, "a doubt was thrown upon the sanctity of some hermit or

monk of the middle ages, or if it attacked superstition, in the slightest degree."

The partition of Poland, in 1772, is the greatest blot that rests on the reign of Maria Theresa. But her own share in it has many mitigating considerations. The dismemberment was first resolved upon by the Prussian and Russian governments; and Maria Theresa was persuaded by her son Joseph, already clothed with powers equal to hers, and by her chief counsellor, Kaunitz, to join in the iniquitous measure, in order to check the ambition of her old rival, Frederic. Her consent shows how a spirit of policy may extinguish the liveliest impulses of the heart; for she acted towards Poland as other governments, to her everlasting indignation, had designed to act towards her, in the beginning of her reign; her grandfather and his dominions had been saved from the Turks by the bravery of the Poles, a century before; and the portraits of that ancestor and his Polish deliverer, were the only ones that graced the room she daily occupied.

So inconsistent and ungrateful was that ambition which further persuaded her to consent to another war with Prussia, occasioned by a revival of the Austrian claim to Bohemia. Yet she remonstrated against this step with tears, sent five hundred ducats to those who suffered by the ravages of her army, and herself wrote a frank letter to Frederic that terminated the conflict. The two aged enemies now exchanged messages of kindness, and the question was settled by the intervention of Russia, at Maria Theresa's earnest solicitation She wept for joy at this, and said, "I am overpowered

with joy! I do not love Frederic, but I must do him the justice to confess that he has acted nobly and honorably. I am inexpressibly happy to spare the effusion of so much blood!"

These were among the last acts of her life. She had knelt in prayer that God would avert that war, while her armies, led by her son, were passing forth, before her windows, with music and flying banners. Now she publicly returned thanks, in the church of the Capuchins, for the success of her prayers. It was a fit prelude for her approaching and serene, though painful death. She is described, at this period, "as an old lady, immensely corpulent, habited in the deepest weeds, with her gray hair slightly powdered, and turned back under a cap of black crape. Notwithstanding her many infirmities, her deportment was still dignified, her manner graceful as well as gracious, and her countenance benign. The disorder from which she suffered was a dropsy, accompanied by an induration of the lungs, which brought on fits of suffocation, and at length terminated her existence." Such, in her last days, was the woman who, in the flush of beauty and vigor of youth, had roused the wild admiration of the Hungarians, and so played upon the strings of those noble hearts that the music of a thousand sabres rattling in their scabbards, rang through the royal halls of Presburg.

The distresses of her sickness were intolerable, yet she endured them with fortitude and patience. Once she said, "God grant that these sufferings may soon terminate, for otherwise I know not if I can much longer endure them." She entreated her son not to

weep in her presence, lest sympathy for him would take away her firmness. To his care she affectionately bequeathed her children, as all of hers that did not already of right belong to him, her successor. Until the evening before her death, she was busy signing papers, and giving him parting advice. When he exhorted her to take repose, she replied, "In a few hours I shall appear before the judgment-seat of God, and would you have me sleep?" Remembering her plans of charity, her words were, "If I could wish for immortality on earth, it would only be for the power of relieving the distressed." Just before her last breath, some one whispered, "The empress sleeps." She opened her eyes and said, "I do not sleep; I wish to meet my death awake"—heroic and memorable words! Her whole people, as well as family, were plunged into sorrow by her death, and, for many years, her subjects often spoke of their "mother," as they affectionately termed one who had tenderly cared for their comfort, up to the day of her death, Nov. 29th, 1780. She lived to the age of sixty-three years, six months, and reigned forty years.

Her career has but one rival in splendor, in the history of crowned women. Its glory is dimmed only by the bloodthirst and intolerance of her period, and of her family, indeed, down to this hour. Never was more accomplished by the life of any female, whether for good or evil. In a private sphere, she would have left an example worthy of imitation in all respects. As a queen in a freer and enlightened land, not a breath would have sullied the glorious mirror of her character.

JOSEPHINE.



Josephine.

"A truer, nobler, trustier heart,
More loving or more loyal, never beat
Within a human breast."—Byron.

The island of Martinique claims the distinction of being the birth-place of Josephine, who was born the 24th day of June, 1763. Her father, M. de Tascher, was a man of influence and moderate wealth, possessing a large plantation and an ample retinue of slaves. He was a man of ambition and unyielding sternness, and to this, in a great measure, was owing the misfortunes which embittered Josephine's early life, and threw her into the whirl of events that bore her on to greatness and suffering.

Her childhood was spent in lively sports and amusements, attended by young negresses who were permitted to indulge her every whim, and accustomed to obey instantly the most childish requirements, till, by unlimited indulgence, her naturally sweet disposition was in danger of being spoiled.

Fortunately, Madam de Tascher was wise enough to see this, and brought Josephine more within her own

maternal influence, allowing her a larger share of the affection which had been almost exclusively bestowed upon the elder, more beautiful, and only sister—Maria. The latter, like her mother, was of sedentary habits and a mild, unimpassioned temperament; thus they had more sympathies in common, while Josephine was all vivacity and enthusiasm. She was a favorite with her father, and from him came all the instruction she received, till, on reaching her twelfth year, she was placed under the superintendence of Maria's teacher, who gave her lessons in the form of amusements.

Her sociability and excessive fondness for dancing, led Madam de Tascher often to give fêtes, at which the young creoles of the island were assembled; but the sombre Maria rarely participated in these festivities, much preferring to pursue her studies, or to ramble alone. She was busily occupied in cultivating such talents as she possessed, and acquiring those accomplishments deemed necessary to a woman of the world, in anticipation of a future home in France, where an aunt, in influential circumstances, had offered to provide her with an establishment, and designed her hand for the son of the Marquis de Beauharnois.

Josephine, on the contrary, looked upon the island of Martinique as her continued home. When she gazed over the ocean that separated her from the rest of the world, it created no longings to mingle in the dissipation and reckless folly that her mother described to her as pervading *la belle France*, but the sight inspired in her a strong love of grandeur and sublimity, and increased her already lively imagination.

But there was a spell that bound her heart to Martinique, which gave her contentment in its quiet retreats, or otherwise her active, restless spirit must have sought a wider world.

Through all her childhood, Josephine had shared her amusements with William de K . . ., the son of English parents who had sought refuge in Martinique after the fall of the House of Stuart, whose cause they espoused, and therefore suffered proscription. The two children had grown up together in happy companionship, and formed an attachment that was never effaced. When Josephine reached her twelfth year, she had made so little progress in her studies, though an apt scholar, that Madame de Tascher decided to send her to France and place her in a convent, till the completion of her education. But this was a terrible stroke to the young lovers, to whom separation would have been the greatest grief. By the most earnest assurances from Josephine of her future application, she was permitted to remain on trial. During the following six months, she made such rapid progress as persuaded her mother to recall her threat of sending her from Martinique; and she not only allowed her to continue her studies with William de K . . ., under the same master, but, through the interposition of his mother, Josephine's hand was promised him conditionally. Thus they happily and lovingly remained together, studying, or rambling for shells along the sea-shore, carving their united names upon the trees, or gathering the beautiful blossoms of the amaryllis gigantea, a plant which she so admired for its associations as well as its beauty, that she after-

wards caused it to be transplanted to the garden of Malmaison, where it still grows luxuriantly.

Not long after M. de K . . . was called to England and was accompanied by his son, with the avowed purpose of pursuing his studies at Oxford; but, unknown to himself or Josephine, the real object of the voyage was to assert heirship to an estate which M. de K . . . was to inherit on condition his son should marry the niece of the testator. The months of silence that ensued, were so full of anxiety on Josephine's part, that her health was evidently suffering from it. No letter nor message came from the young creole, who had seemingly forgotten her in the new interests of the great world, yet she would not believe the representations of her friends that he had ceased to love her.

To console and divert her, Madam de Tascher gathered young companions in their pleasant home, and endeavored to occupy her mind by an interest in the study of languages and accomplishing herself upon the harp. She possessed a sweet, plaintive voice, and that kind of talent which readily acquires anything placed within its reach, with little application. She chiefly enjoyed quiet walks with Mademoiselle de K . . ., when they would lounge under the shade of romantic cedars, talking for hours of William, or throw stones at tree-marks, to ascertain by the stroke if her lover was faithless. But this friendship was of short duration, for Mademoiselle de K . . . deceived her; Josephine's true, transparent nature had affinity only with candor and simplicity, and she could no longer endure her artful friend.

While the Pageric mansion was gay with the young creole girls, gathered to amuse Josephine, a new excitement, one day aroused them from a languid siesta and inspired them with all the vivacity which so especially belongs to the French. The fortune-telling fame of an old Irish woman, or as some have it, a negress, called Euphemia, who lived in a sequestered and wild retreat named the "Three Islets," reached their ready ear; curious to lift the veil of futurity, they one and all decided to consult the oracle.

Josephine accompanied her companions more for their pleasure than her own; not quite willing to believe what might be predicted, but with a secret thought of William, she followed the gay party, who, with laughter and harmless sallies at each other's expense hastened to the dark, rocky glen, where the fortune-teller's hut was half hidden among a wild growth of large-leaved plants and tall trees. Their courage began to fail, however, as they approached the dwelling; but, after some whispering hesitation as to who should dare to enter first, they summoned boldness enough to make their errand known. The old woman sat upon a cane mat in the centre of the cabin, and perceiving the shrinking girls, called on them to come nearer. Each successively submitted her hand for inspection, and to all were predicted extraordinary adventures and misfortunes. Josephine presented hers last, though she would have gone away unenlightened but for the persuasions of her companions. The lines of her hand being attentively examined, she was told, "You will soon be married, but not to the one you love: the

union will not be happy: your husband will perish tragically. You will then marry a man who will astonish the world, and you will become an eminent woman and possess a superior dignity."

The young girls returned to Madam de Tascher, half frightened, half unbelieving at the strange destinies predicted; but Josephine made light of the whole affair, entirely unwilling to have faith in a prophecy which, if fulfilled, must separate her from William de K . . .

Not long after, the sudden death of Maria, who was in the midst of preparations for a voyage to France, cast a deep gloom over the family, which had hitherto known only joy and gaiety. The mother could not be consoled at the loss of her favorite daughter and companion. Touched by her mother's grief, Josephine determined to imitate her sister so closely as in a manner to fill the sad vacancy, which, with her sensibility, she felt most poignantly herself. At once the child became a woman. Her amusements, her reckless rambles, her gay companions, were all rejected, and she remained at her mother's side or employed her hours in the most studious application to pursuits hitherto neglected. Her efforts and rapid progress surprised and attracted Madam de Tascher, and henceforth the amiable Josephine felt herself fully repaid for her exertions, in receiving the unlimited affection and approbation of both her parents. At this time, the arrival of a package from France and the proposals it contained, afflicted her with a new and serious anxiety. The wishes of her aunt to receive her in Maria's place, and also to bestow her

hand where her sister's had been promised, were quickly made known to her by her father.

"You promised me to William de K . . .," replied she in surprise at her father's tone of assent to the arrangement. But he assured her that was no barrier—as William was obliged to marry a joint-heir of the estate fallen to him, or forfeit the bequeathment, which his father would not permit. "Besides," said he, "William has forgotten you; you should cease to think of one who has so neglected you." Knowing nothing of the affectionate and overflowing letters which her parents retained from her, she was persuaded to consent to what her father would allow no refusal of; and after many tears, regrets, and useless entreaties, she separated from her family, her quiet home with all its happy associations, and left the wild and romantic island of Martinique for a home in a land where she was to reach a position and acquire a fame, exceeding the wildest dreams of ambition her father could have entertained for her.

As the ship, which was to convey her to France, left port, a singular phenomenon attracted the attention of all on board, as well as those assembled on shore. A phosphoric flame, known to mariners as St. Elmo's fire, attached itself to the mast-head of the vessel, throwing out jets of light and encircling the ship with crown like rays. Those who had heard the prediction in respect to Josephine, looked upon it with superstitious awe but she was too much overcome with grief to regard it in any light, and remained unconsoled during the whole voyage. To a young girl scarcely fifteen,

it was a severe trial to be separated, perhaps forever, from her family, and more especially from the affectionate sympathy of an amiable, cultivated, judicious mother.

She was kindly received at Marseilles by her aunt, Madame Renaudin, with whom she repaired directly to Fontainebleau. During the ensuing month, Josephine could not overcome the depression of spirits, fast infringing upon her health, and not lessened by her knowledge of the presence of William de K . . . in Paris, his frequent attempts to see her, and the discovery of his unchanged affections. To see him would but add to their distress, since he was betrothed to another, and the negotiations for her own marriage were in progress; while, on the other hand, the young Viscount Beauharnois was extremely repugnant to the match. Though he had admired the picture of Maria, he was extremely disappointed in Josephine, and at the same time was entirely devoted to a Madame de V, who possessed his affections.

Josephine, bewildered and ill, but still dutiful to the commands of her parents, permitted her aunt and the Marquis de Beauharnois to use their influence with the viscount; but she entreated permission to retire to a convent, on the plea of her ill health. The Abbey de Panthemont was selected by Madame Renaudin. Josephine remained there nearly a year, and, at the expiration of that time, became the wife of Alexandre de Beauharnois.

He is described as "an amiable, accomplished man, of noble and dignified bearing, and a favorite at court,

where he obtained the soubriquet of the '*beau danseur*,' from his graceful participation in the festivities of Versailles." He highly esteemed Josephine, but his unabated attachment for Madame de V . . ., together with the scandal continually poured into the ears of his wife, gave rise to such jealousy on her part as to destroy their domestic peace. The birth of her son Eugene, for a time diverted her, but, through the maliciousness of her rival, Beauharnois in his turn became jealous of her early love; annoyed by her tears and reproaches, he left her, on plea of business, to remain several months at Versailles. Josephine then withdrew entirely from the gayety in which her new position had thrown her. Though her *début* at court had been a flattering one, and the favors shown her by Marie Antoinette were sufficient to give eclat to her presence, yet she gladly escaped from the vortex of pleasure in which the giddy French were continually involved, and retired to a quiet retreat at Croissy, where she resumed her long-neglected studies, successfully cultivating the talents that, now fully awakened, gave a more decided tone to her character. She was grieved at the neglect of her husband, but she was greatly consoled in her trials by the birth of Hortense, the more welcome since she was deprived of the society and care of her idolized son, whom his father had placed at a private boarding-house.

Hearing from Madame Renaudin of Beauharnois' intentions to obtain a divorce, she retired to the convent which had before received her, determined to remain till the suit was decided. Confident of her own

innocence, and sincerely attached to the man, who was strangely blinded to her faithful affection through the misrepresentations of spies upon her movements, and overwhelmed with grief at the turmoil in which her sensitive heart was continually plunged, she shut herself within the gloomy walls of the Abbey de Panthemont, submissively enduring and performing the innumerable penances imposed upon her by the abbess.

Hortense was her companion in this grim, sombre prison-house, lessening the tediousness of the long melancholy hours. Two weary years dragged away thus, serving at least to obliterate every trace of frivolity that might have remained from her light-hearted girlhood, and giving that dignity and composure to her manner which are the impress of long-continued grief. It also enabled her to cultivate, though unconsciously, a fortitude of character valuable in her after trials, and so chastened her spirit as to inspire her with ready sympathy in the afflictions of others—a trait that endeared her to the French nation when she wielded the power of an empress, and one which she could not have possessed to so keen a degree but for her own early trials.

As soon as the Parliament at Paris had decided the suit of divorce in her favor, she determined to return to Martinique; but, unable to prevail upon Beauharnois to allow Eugene to accompany her, she was obliged to embark alone with Hortense. Two years of quiet home-life in her native island, somewhat restored the natural cheerfulness of her temper, yet the remembrance of her husband and son, widely separated

from her, often disturbed the otherwise complete rest under her father's roof.

Another interview with Euphemia the fortune-teller, confirmed the superstitious belief she entertained in the destiny that awaited her. It was with both fear and joy, therefore, that she again left Martinique for the scenes which henceforth tended towards the accomplishment of her elevation.

The news of Beauharnois' acknowledgment of his wife's innocence and his readiness to receive her again, reawakened all her affection and had induced her to seek the shores of France, and reunite the divided family. They met at Paris. Hortense, who already gave promise of much beauty, was presented to her father in the free, graceful dress of a young Creole. He was surprised to find himself possessed of so lovely a daughter, while Josephine rejoiced equally in meeting with Eugene, from whom she had long so been separated. Several months of peaceful reconciliation succeeded, and Josephine was at last happy.

Beauharnois had at this time attained the rank of major of a regiment of infantry; he was also a representative in the national assembly, and, in the following year, 1791, was appointed president of that body. Josephine listened with deep interest to the political discussions now carried on in her saloons, which were the resort of the most prominent members of the assembly; but she could not conceal her anxiety as to the future of France, and the fate of those who, she foresaw, were to take the lead in the rapidly-approaching struggle. Beauharnois preserved a mild, firm

bearing throughout the storm that soon burst with frightful havoc upon the nation, remaining loyal to his king, whom he venerated and loved, while he saw and urged the necessity of the monarch's compliance with the demands of the people. "At the flight of the king, he displayed a firmness and calmness that challenged even the admiration of his enemies; he loudly declaimed against the execution of the monarch."

In 1793, he was appointed general-in-chief of the army of the Rhine. He was accompanied during that short campaign by Eugene, then scarcely twelve years old, and who had already exhibited military capacity of a high order. In consequence of political difficulties and the withdrawal of the most efficient men from the army, General Beauharnois sent in his resignation, and, on his return to France, was ordered to retire twenty leagues from the frontiers. He remained in quiet seclusion during a short period, until he fell under suspicion, was arrested, brought to Paris, and, like the host who already crowded the prisons, awaited in chains a speedy death.

Madame Beauharnois was filled with terror at the news of the long-dreaded catastrophe. She exerted all her influence and eloquence to save him, but only brought vengeance on her own head. She, too, was imprisoned in the gloomy walls of a monastery belonging to the Carmelite priests, the other prisons being already crowded. Hortense was kindly cared for by a friend of Josephine, and Eugene was adopted by a poor artisan, with whom he labored, employing his leisure hours in study and military exercises. Madame Beau-

harnois was not alone in her imprisonment. Her room and the adjoining ones were occupied by ladies of rank, who, like herself, suffered innocently and waited in hourly expectation of being led forth to execution. They, with many other prisoners, assembled daily in the court or corridors, to console each other, to weep together, or to lament the daily loss of their numbers, as one after another was torn away to meet a horrible death.

In the midst of all this terror and grief, Madame Beauharnois preserved a calm, fearless aspect, in part supported by her belief in the prediction of her strange future. To inspire her terrified companions with courage, she assured them it had been foretold she was to be Queen of France, and if the prophecy was to be fulfilled, they should surely escape death. Thus she consoled and amused her trembling companions, while, at every entrance of the harsh, unfeeling jailer, they were nearly paralyzed with fear lest their turn had come to be conducted to the guillotine. To their own perilous condition was added a distressing anxiety for the fate of relatives. They managed to obtain journals in which were lists of the executed, but no one had courage to glance over those pages of crime, or could read with unfaltering voice the names of friends numbered among the victims of the bloody Robespierre.

This was a task that fell upon Josephine, and it was a sad one; for the list often contained the names of fathers, brothers, or sons of the listeners, who received the sudden intelligence with shrieks or heart-rending

groans, in which the rest sympathized with burning tears, knowing that they in their turn must feel the fierce tyrant's stroke. One morning, as Josephine read the list, she came to the name of her own husband. A cry of agony announced, to the pale group about her, what her lips could not articulate, and she fell senseless to the floor. Surrounded by companions to whom her kindness and gentleness had endeared her, she received every attention in their power to bestow, yet was restored with great difficulty. Repeated fainting-fits succeeded the shock, and the ensuing illness delayed her execution. A few days afterwards, a friend found means to allay the intense anxiety of the remaining prisoners, by adroitly thrusting a slip of paper through the grating of the window; it contained the cheering words—"Robespierre and his accomplices are marked for accusation;—be quiet—you are saved!" What a relief to the long-continued fears of the exhausted prisoners! And when, on the following day, the great iron doors were thrown back for their free egress, with what joy they left behind the grating locks, the barred windows, the cheerless cells, and breathed a pure, free air again! Then came the thought of beloved and dear faces they were to see no more, the remembrance of the family circle broken, scattered, and bleeding under the iron tread of a mad tyranny. They could not seek even the fire-side, doubly dear for the sake of the lost. Without home or shelter, they could only depend upon the bounty of those who had escaped such an accumulation of calamities.

With nothing left of all her estates, her relations

equally deprived of their wealth and unable to assist her, Josephine was nearly reduced to a state of indigence, and depended upon her own exertions and those of her young son Eugene, for support. To him she read and re-read the treasured letter Beauharnois had penned just before his execution. Full of touching affection, regret for the doubts he had ever entertained of his wife's love, anxiety for her and the fate of their children, and overflowing with tenderness towards them all,—this last gift, these words of remembrance, were dwelt upon with tears by mother and son, while they fired Eugene with the wrongs of France, and made him impatient for the arm and voice of manhood.

Straitened in their means, Josephine applied to Tallien, and succeeded, after a time, in obtaining a small indemnity from the public property, which enabled them to live comfortably with economy. She educated her children by the exercise of her own abundant talents. The only amusement in which she indulged was a daily visit to the saloons of her friend Madame Fontenoy, where were assembled those who, like herself, suffered from the events of the Revolution, and had not even their titles remaining. Thus Madame Beauharnois passed a long time in seclusion till, through Tallien's exertions, a compensation for her sequestered estates was given her, by which means she perfected Eugene's education, he being placed under the discipline of General Hoche, with whom he acquired the military skill for which he was afterwards distinguished.

Napoleon Bonaparte was now the rising star of France. He was received in society as a distinguished guest, notwithstanding his lack of noble blood. He commanded notice by his unquestionable talent, energy and ambition, as well as by his exciting wit and his eccentricities. He had heard much of Madame Beauharnois through a friend, entitled in her "Secret Memoirs" Madame Chat . . . Ren . . . , whose *soirées* he frequented. He was also interested in her as the mother of Eugene, who attracted his particular commendation by the bold, manly freedom with which he had presented himself and demanded the privilege of wearing his father's sword.

Josephine and Napoleon met one day, just after the daring Corsican's feats with the Parisian division of troops, newly placed under his command. The meeting was at the house of their mutual friend; and of this occasion she says, "While sitting by a window, I was looking at some violets of which my friend took the greatest care, when suddenly the famous *Bonaparte* was announced. Why, I was unable to tell, but that name made me tremble; a violent shudder seized me on seeing him approach. I dared, however, to catch the attention of the man who had achieved so easy a victory over the Parisians. The rest of the company looked at him in silence. I was the first to speak to him.

"'It seems to me, citizen general,' said I, 'that it is only with regret that you have spread consternation through the capital. Should you reflect a moment upon the frightful service you have performed, you would shudder at its consequences.'

"'Tis quite possible, madame,' said he. 'The military are but automata—they know nothing but to obey. The most of my guns were charged only with powder. I only aimed to give the Parisians a small lesson—'tis, besides, *my seal that I have set upon France.*'

"The calm tone, the imperturbable sang froid with which Bonaparte recounted the massacre of so many of the unhappy citizens of Paris, roused my indignation. 'These light skirmishes,' said he, 'are but the first coruscations of my glory.'

"'Ah,' said I, 'if you are to acquire glory at such a price, I would much rather count you among the victims.'"

Madame Beauharnois conceived the greatest dislike for Napoleon at this interview, which was not lessened during succeeding visits. She considered him a vain ambitious boaster, nor was she at all attracted by his personal appearance. Pale, slender, and short, she donned him the title of "Little Bonaparte," and made sport of his eccentricities to his friends. Her dislike for him increased so much that she finally discontinued her visits to Madame Chat... Ren..'s, to avoid him: but, as she expresses it, "the more she sought to avoid him, the more he multiplied himself in her way."

Barras, one of the Directors, strongly urged her to accept Napoleon, predicting his future greatness, and informing her of his intended appointment by the Directory as general-in-chief of the army to Italy. It was sometime, however, before she could give her consent to the proposals, or become interested in the singular man who professed the strongest attachment for

ner. When she finally promised her hand, she concealed the fact from all her friends, dreading their reproaches. Upon her marriage, which occurred March 9th, 1796, two days before Bonaparte set out upon his campaign to Italy, all Paris was in commotion at the unexpected event, and more especially her friends, from whom she had kept the secret.

Josephine is described in this, her twenty eighth year, as "by no means beautiful, but her manners and deportment were particularly graceful: there was a peculiar charm in her smile and sweetness in her tones: she also dressed with an infinite degree of taste." She remained in Paris, at Bonaparte's luxurious hotel in Rue Chantereine, where she was constantly surrounded by the most distinguished persons of Paris, assembled to do homage to the interesting wife of the general who was creating such a lively sensation throughout France.

During the three following months, nothing was talked of among the Parisians but the brilliant victories of the young general, who was striking terror in all Europe by his skillful strokes and unheard-of success. He had already penetrated into the very heart of Italy. Couriers were daily despatched to Josephine, keeping her fully informed of all his movements. The victory of Milan achieved, the Austrians were conquered, and the Italians paid homage to the daring commander: he won their admiration while he subdued them; nothing was needed to complete his satisfaction but the presence of his wife to share his honors. In his frequent letters he entreated her to come. Read-

ily obeying his slightest wish, she left Hortense in charge of Madame Campan, to complete her education, and proceeded by rapid stages to Italy—the land of sapphire skies, towering mountains, and hills luxuriant with fragrant vineyards, and rich in palaces and cathedrals, abounding in magnificent cities and enlivened with a population in gay and picturesque costumes. These scenes enchanted Josephine, who was animated with a glowing appreciation of the beautiful and sublime.

Napoleon gave her a cordial and enthusiastic reception. The Milanese were full of curiosity and eagerness to behold the wife of the wonderful warrior; to their excited imaginations, he seemed the god of war personified, or at least possessed of some wonderful talisman by which armies were made to vanish at his pleasure. All the distinguished and the élite of Milan paid court to Madame Bonaparte, who captivated them at once by her irresistible sweetness and affability. If they had honored Napoleon before, their ardor and worship was redoubled at the additional charm with which the mused and loved name of Josephine invested him. Balls, fêtes and concerts succeeded one another in bewildering profusion and magnificence, and the princes of the Italian states were outdone in the display and state of Madame Bonaparte's court. The expense occasioned by this outlay, together with her generous gifts, caused one reproof from Napoleon, but he was silenced by her adroit reasoning. "In some sort," said she, "your wife ought to eclipse the courts of the sovereigns who are at war with the French Republic."

Napoleon continued his conquests, forcing his way even to the midst of Rome and humbling the pope in his own high and hitherto invulnerable place, while Josephine remained at Milan conquering the hearts of the people, and keeping them in complete submission by her prompt and efficient measures, munificent gifts, conciliating kindness and flowing sympathy. It was here in Italy that Napoleon learned the rare traits of his wife; he plainly saw she was to be henceforth indispensable to his advancement, security and glory. Here she first acquired the strong influence over him that ceased only in her death. With the satisfaction of rendering his position safe by keeping him informed of the secret jealousies and intentions of the Directory in France; by a clear, unerring judgment, gaining a voice in his diplomatic measures as well as martial movements; by her address, securing an unbounded influence over the admiring Italians; with nothing to fear and everything to hope, Josephine was seeing her happiest days. She was sipping from the golden cup of fame and splendor, but like all the rest who partake its enticing draughts, she found bitter dregs underneath the sparkle and foam.

After the campaign signalized by Wurmser's decisive defeat, Napoleon returned in triumph to Milan, where Madame Bonaparte had remained, and celebrated there the anniversary of the Republic with the utmost pomp and costly luxury. The round of pleasure quickly wearied the hero, who delighted most in the sounds and excitement of the battle-field, to which he eagerly returned. The constant display and stately ceremony

that Josephine was obliged to keep up during his absence, was fatiguing and distasteful to her, but, once freed from this restraint, she breathed with intense delight the perfumed air of the enchanting country around Milan.

Upon one occasion, she visited with Napoleon the singular and beautiful islands in Lake Maggiore, from which rose luxurious villas, surrounded by terraced gardens, where the citron, myrtle and fragrant orange trees perpetually blossomed and hung heavy with tempting fruit. These lay in the midst of the lake, and clear, glassy waters rippled here and there before the swift prows of "winged boats," plying to and from the Switzer's shores. Beyond, towered the Alps; the eye falling first upon vine-covered slopes, wandered farther over wooded heights, then above and beyond to where white and gray rocks, boldly outlined, shot up in snowy peaks, lost in a veil of blue mist that shaded into crimson when the rays of the evening sun had left the valley to linger in warmest colors upon the unclimbed heights.

The beautiful city of Venice, too, called forth her enthusiastic encomiums. Its massive palaces, costly churches, and wondrous bridges everywhere spanning the streets of water through which only noiseless gondolas continually plied; its delicious gardens decorated with innumerable statues, vases, fountains; the gay, musical people, in endless varieties of dress, everywhere lending a lively aspect, altogether gave an air of storied romance that threw the Frenchwomen of Josephine's suite in ecstacies of delight. The Vene-

tians greeted the wife of the victor with flattering honors, while she, with her characteristic generosity, lavished gifts and kindnesses upon them that riveted their extravagant adoration.

By her thoughtful intervention, the rigors and devastation of war were in a measure checked. Cities were spared pillage, the vanquished treated magnanimously, and the helpless protected—acts which exalted and endeared her to the Italians far more than her gifts, and secured the devotion of her husband, half-jealous of her evident power. "I conquer provinces, Josephine conquers hearts," was his playful comment.

Suspicious of the Directory, and knowing their wish and intention to dispose, in some way, of a man, whose growing power and ambition they had reason to fear, Napoleon suddenly and promptly returned to Paris, leaving Josephine at Milan. She was not suffered to remain long. Even the most virtuously great do not escape malice and calumny; knowing this, Josephine could hardly have expected to have been spared the groundless scandal which was cunningly whispered into the ears of the impetuous, exacting and jealous hero. Napoleon commanded her immediate return, which she obeyed without delay. He received her with unkindness, and, for a time, their domestic harmony was interrupted. By the interposition of a friend a reconciliation was effected.

The hotel in Rue Chantereine was now too humble for the famed and laurel-crowned victor. In order to maintain a household more in keeping with his position, Josephine purchased Malmaison, an elegant

country-seat in the environs of Paris. Napoleon's restless ambition would not allow him luxurious repose, neither did the timid Directory wish the presence of so dangerous a man. The French regarded him as their deliverer, and were already fascinated with the name around which clusters so much glory and so much odium. Fearful of the results, the Directory gladly acquiesced in the proposed expedition to Egypt, which they hoped might give some pretext in the end for aspersions and dishonor, if he did not fall in the contest. This he wisely foresaw, and left Josephine to guard his interests at home and use her unlimited influence to keep his star in the ascendency.

Malmaison was her home during the year of the Syrian campaign. Without ostentation, she remained in this beautiful retreat, adorning it with every possible attraction. The gardens and green-houses were filled with the rarest flowers and exotics, of which she was passionately fond. Rich Etruscan vases and graceful statuary, chiselled by the best masters, ornamented the grounds and imparted an air of taste and expensive refinement that attracted amateurs from every quarter. Josephine's income was large, but she greatly exceeded it, in gratifying the love of art, and in the lavish gifts she bestowed upon every applicant, from the founder of expensive but valuable institutions, down to the poor, thread-bare writing-master, who claimed the honor of first guiding Napoleon's pen. Her generosity never consulted the length of her purse.

A constant correspondence was kept up between herself and husband. He prized her letters, hastily tear

ing them open and reading them with the greatest avidity, even in the midst of battle. During the last months of his absence, however, he neglected to write with his usual punctuality and affection, since he had become violently jealous of his wife through the misrepresentations of those who watched her with envy and malice. Reports of his defeat, and even death, reached France, but while the truth of it was being discussed, he suddenly appeared on the shores of France, with his characteristic and startling rapidity of movement.

Josephine was at a magnificent levée given by Gohier, the President of the Directory. When the news of Napoleon's arrival was announced, it was received with a thrill of surprise and joy by the guests who crowded the saloon, while Josephine was almost overcome at the suddenness of the event to which she had impatiently looked forward. Immediately resolving to be among the first to meet him on his way to Paris, and thus remove his unjust suspicions, she left the gay circle, and, accompanied by Hortense, set out with the utmost speed. Unfortunately they passed each other by different routes, which mistake Josephine sought to repair in returning to Paris by the fleetest posts, but too late to meet the arbitrary man, whose tyranny she began to feel. He would not receive her when she reached their city residence, since her absence confirmed his suspicions, nor did he abate his resentment till, by the tearful entreaties of Hortense and Eugene, and the reproaches of her friends, who reminded him of all he might have lost but for her

faithful and untiring devotion to his interests in his absence, his temper was finally appeased, and he again welcomed the wife who suffered the most poignant grief from this rude repulse of her tenderest affection.

They retired to Malmaison, which at once became the scene of pleasure, of political debates and ambitious schemes,—in fine, it was here where Bonaparte perfected his designs upon France. Upon his return, he found the government weakened by opposing factions, and Italy, which he had so triumphantly wrested from the Austrians, retaken, with but little resistance from the irresolute Directory. Irritated by this, his determination was the more confirmed to be the master of his own destiny and the arbitrator of the French nation, if not of the whole of Europe. Through Josephine's foresight and alertness in discovering the designs of all parties, he was enabled to foil the Directory at the moment his real aims were discovered; striking the final blow the very day on which his arrest was to have been made. He had, with skillful address, secured the enthusiastic services of the military, and when he appeared before the Council of Five, their cries of "Outlaw him! Down with the Dictator!" were hushed by the appearance of the soldiery, who rushed to his rescue and scattered the Representatives in utter confusion, at the bayonet's point.

Napoleon was immediately proclaimed First Consul. This anticipated event had been looked to by Josephine with great interest and anxiety, not from ambitious or selfish motives, but because she seriously judged it to be for the glory and good of France,

which, since the downfall of royalty, had known nothing but turmoil, bloodshed and innumerable conspiracies that threatened to enact again the horrible scenes of the Revolution.

The Consul took up his residence at the palace of Luxembourg. This soon proving too small in its dimensions, he decided to occupy the palace of the Tuilleries; this was better suited to his aspirations, as having been the seat of royalty; yet, to blind the lovers of Republicanism and to secure the devotion of all, he styled it the "Governmental Palace," and had the pet word "Republic" emblazoned in gold letters upon its front. He took possession of it with great pomp, distinguishing the occasion by military display, fireworks and general rejoicings among the people.

The first soirée given at the Tuilleries, was attended by all the distinguished and the beauty of Paris, as well as citizens of every class. The crowd was so great, that even the private apartments were thrown open to the guests. The First Consul entered to receive the congratulations and homage of the citizens with little ceremony and in plain uniform, distinguished only by the tri-color sash, worn with good taste and with his usual policy. Curiosity and conjecture was at its height as to the style in which Josephine would appear as the wife of the hero of so many battles, the subduer of nations, and the guardian of France—a curiosity greatly disappointed, when she entered unannounced, leaning upon the arm of Talleyrand, then minister of Foreign Affairs; she was drest with the utmost simplicity in white, her hair negligently confined by a

plain comb, and with no ornament but an unostentatious necklace of pearls. The unassuming dress was the more noticeable from the marked contrast it afforded to the splendidly attired ladies in showy brocades, flashing diamonds and waving plumes that had been selected with the most fastidious care to grace the occasion. The first expression of surprise gave way to a murmur of admiration, as Josephine gracefully passed through the apartments, saluting her guests with fascinating affability, and natural, becoming dignity.

"She was at this time in her thirty-eighth year, but she retained those personal advantages which usually belong only to more youthful years. Her stature was exactly that perfection which is neither too tall for female delicacy, nor so diminutive as to detract from dignity. Her person was faultlessly symmetrical, and the lightness and elasticity of its action gave an aërial character to her graceful carriage. Her features were small and finely modelled, of a Grecian cast. The habitual expression of her countenance was a placid sweetness. Her eyes were of a deep blue, clear and brilliant, usually lying half concealed under their long silky eyelashes. The winning tenderness of her mild, subdued glance, had a power which could tranquillize Napoleon in his darkest moods. Her hair was 'glossy chestnut brown,' harmonizing delightfully with a clear complexion and neck of almost dazzling whiteness. Her voice constituted one of the most pleasing attractions and rendered her conversation the most captivating that can easily be conceived."

The occurrences which followed Napoleon's seizure

of power, contributed to his fame and increased the enthusiasm and admiration of the French. He was ready at all times to give redress to those who entered complaints; recalled men of letters and of science, who had been obliged to fly; encouraged the arts, gave new impulse to manufactures, and employment to the industrious poor. Through Josephine's influence he abolished the sanguinary laws that oppressed the numerous exiles, brought back the emigrants and restored their estates or indemnified their losses, till France became gay, happy, peaceful, and industrious, and forgot in this promising era, the terrors and sufferings of the past.

The consul accompanied Josephine to Malmaison to remain every Saturday and Sabbath, and on these occasions he indulged in amusements, in which he was joined by Louis Bonaparte, Duroc, Josephine, Hortense, and several young ladies of the old nobility who had become impoverished orphans by the misfortunes of the Revolution, and whom Josephine had adopted; superintending their education and caring for their welfare with motherly kindness. From these unceremonious recreations, they returned to the state and pomp of the Tuilleries, often with visible reluctance.

Napoleon's tyranny over his household and in little things, increased in proportion to his power. Especially towards Josephine and her suite, he exercised a wayward and annoying surveillance, that would have been insupportable to any other than his devoted, patient wife. Her influence over him was widely known, and, in consequence, she was thronged with

applicants of every description. To some she made promises, to some she granted pensions, and for others she interceded with an eloquence that rarely failed. When Napoleon exhibited the selfish, domineering spirit of crushing every obstacle that intercepted the rays of his own glory, wresting from the generals who had faithfully served him, dearly-won laurels to crown his own brow, Josephine unhesitatingly reproached him for want of gratitude, and charged him with aiming at kingly power. These frequent altercations opened her eyes to his real designs, and caused an occasional coldness between them. She trembled at the suggestion of his assuming a position, some day, that might plunge them in as frightful a vortex as that which engulphed the last reigning king, with his throne and sceptre.

In May, 1800, Napoleon with a brilliant army, again set out for Italy. Josephine retired to Malmaison, where she remained during his absence, indulging in her predominant passion, the study of botany; she also made a collection of rare animals, many of which were sent to her from distant countries, in remembrance of some kindness she had bestowed. So general was the admiration of her character, that orders were given by neighboring sovereigns to allow these gifts to pass unmolested even during the time of war.

Napoleon was absent but two months. With incredible speed his army had crossed the Alps, in defiance of danger and death, descended upon the beautiful plains of Italy, and with a few brilliant strokes,

scattered the astounded Austrians, who believed him quietly reposing upon his laurels at the Tuilleries. He returned in triumphal march, heavily laden with testimonials of gratitude from the Italians and re-entered France, advancing towards the capital amidst the shouts of gathering crowds, roused to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. His arrival at the Tuilleries at midnight, was first made known to Josephine by his noisy, rapid strides through her apartments, when he came to arouse her with the account of his triumphant success. These sudden interruptions of her rest were not uncommon, for, when at Malmaison, she was frequently awakened from deep sleep to accompany him in long walks through the botanical gardens and "little forest," or to listen to some new plans which had suddenly shot through his restless brain.

Not long after his return from Italy, the marriage of Hortense de Beauharnois with Louis Bonaparte, took place with great pomp. This union was not prompted by affection, since Hortense preferred General Duroc—an unaccountable attachment, as he was many years her senior, of few attainments, and lacked the qualities which usually attract the admiration and love of woman. Louis Bonaparte was equally in love with a lady whose name is not transmitted to us. He was pale and slender, with a quiet, sombre air, not at all attractive. Yet he possessed many traits that won upon Josephine, and caused her to prefer him for Hortense rather than Duroc. One would suppose that the sufferings of her own early life would have prevented Josephine from influencing her daughter to a *marriage*

de convenance but her extreme dislike to Duroc and disapproval of his principles was her best excuse. She hoped that a union with the Bonaparte family, would heal the difficulties and prevent the frequent jealousies and contentions arising between them. To these considerations, Hortense was sacrificed. She stood in the midst of a gay assemblage, a jewelled, flower-crowned bride, with a heart oppressed with an unendurable weight of sadness. As to her personal appearance, she "was not exactly beautiful; for the conformation of her mouth, and her teeth which rather projected, took away from the regularity of a countenance, otherwise very pleasing in all its sweetness and benignity of expression. Her eyes like her mother's were blue, her complexion clear, and her hair of a charming blonde. In stature she did not exceed the middle size; but her person was beautifully formed, and she inherited all her mother's grace of movement."

At the close of this year the Consulship was bestowed upon Napoleon for life, but this additional evidence of confidence and admiration gave Josephine more anxiety than gratification, for, with her keen foresight and knowledge of Napoleon's character, she perceived the final result, and knew full well that his ambitious strides would soon carry him beyond the shadow of Republicanism that remained. His imitation of royalty in occupying a separate suite of apartments in their new residence in the splendid palace of St. Cloud, gave her still greater cause for anxiety: it lent a seriousness to the vague hints of divorce from Napoleon, who longed to perpetuate his power and name through descendants.

Josephine, however, was not of an unhappy temperament, and was willing to close her eyes to future ills. Her influence was still in the ascendant, and with this she consoled herself, though she sometimes failed in her generous attempts to rescue those who had fallen under the consul's displeasure. She was intensely interested in the fate of the Duke d'Enghien, whose life she pleaded for with unavailing tears and entreaties.

The time arrived when Napoleon's crafty and unscrupulous measures enabled him to walk with powerful tread over the very bodies of his foiled enemies, to the throne which, from the first, had been the goal of his ambition. He seemed to throw a mysterious spell over the French people, managing them like a set of automaton toys, making them bow with blind ardor before the very sceptre that a short time before had been hurled from among them at such frightful cost. Napoleon and Josephine were crowned emperor and empress at the church of Nôtre-Dame, in the presence of an immense concourse of people. Napoleon appeared in a gorgeous state-dress, attended by his marshals and all the dignitaries of France, while Josephine was magnificently attired and surrounded by the ladies of her suite. An elegantly decorated platform had been erected at the end of the spacious church. Here, after an imposing performance of mass, Napoleon received the crown from the Pope, placed it upon his head himself, then rested it a moment upon the brow of Josephine, who knelt before him in tearful agitation. The notes of the Te Deum rolled grandly through the spacious area, then died away in subdued tones, leaving a

breathless silence upon the vast multitude. The Testament was then presented to the emperor, who pronounced the oath, with his ungloved hand resting upon the sacred book. The ceremonies finished, the imperial assemblage retired amidst deafening shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

Soon after the coronation, Josephine accompanied Napoleon to Italy to receive the "Iron Crown of Ancient Lombardy" that had been offered him. This second coronation took place in the magnificent cathedral of Milan. Bonaparte immediately appointed Eugene de Beauharnois Viceroy of Italy, and after a triumphant tour, returned in state to Paris.

Josephine now saw the predictions of her greatness fulfilled, but her happiness and peace decreased in proportion to the unprecedented rise of the man with whose destiny hers was linked. She seldom saw the emperor alone, he being almost always occupied in affairs of state, or travelling by post to all parts of the kingdom. She sometimes accompanied him, but the addresses to which she was obliged to reply, and the endless code of court ceremonials which Napoleon insisted upon being minutely observed, were so innumerable that despite her diligence in studying them, she could not retain a fourth part of them in her head—a great annoyance to her, notwithstanding she never for a moment lost her self-possession. Her impromptu replies rendered appropriate by her quick sense of fitness, imparted a sweetness and sincerity to whatever she said or did, and not only saved her from censure or ridicule, but increased the admiration and respect of those about her.

It is said, however, that on one occasion "when departing from Rheims, Josephine presented the mayoress with a medallion of malachite, set with diamonds, using the expression, 'It is the emblem of hope.' Some days after, on seeing this absurdity in one of the journals, she could not believe that she had used it, and despatched a courier instantly to Napoleon, fearing his displeasure above all things. This occasioned the famous order that no journalist should report any speech of the emperor or empress, unless the same previously appeared in the 'Moniteur.'"

It is also amusingly related that when about to visit one of the Rhenish cities, the ladies who wished to be presented being in doubt as to the ceremony used on the occasion, applied to one who had already been initiated. Among other instructions she gave the following "You make three courtesies; one on entering the saloon, one in the middle, and a third a few paces farther on, *en pirouette*," (whirling on the point of the toes.) Immediately all the ladies of Cologne were practising from morning till night, "twirling away like so many spinning tops or dancing dervishes." Fortunately for themselves, as well as the dignity of the court, they learned from one of the empress' ladies of honor that a gentle inclination was all that was required, and thus were relieved from the misfortune of a misstep, and the empress and her suite were spared what must have excited irrepressible laughter and seriously disturbed the stateliness and equanimity of their imperial majesties.

During all these excursions, Josephine manifested

the utmost kindness and benevolence to every one who applied to her with a tale of distress. Her sensitive nature never permitted her to turn a deaf ear to misfortune or suffering, nor refuse her generous sympathy to the poor. While partaking of a casual repast by the way, she was sure to offer a portion of it to the passer-by however beggarly, often adding bounteous alms. Blessings were invoked upon her head wherever she went, and with just reason, for Josephine was a friend to the friendless, a mother to orphans, a benefactress to the unfortunate.

For some time after the coronation the emperor and empress remained at St. Cloud. While there, Josephine usually rose at nine o'clock, spent an hour in making a toilette, enjoyed a walk or some other recreation, and breakfasted at eleven o'clock, when she was occasionally joined by the emperor, though he never remained above ten minutes at table, considering it lost time. She afterwards received petitioners, to all of whom she gave ready assistance. Retiring to her own apartments, the remainder of the morning was spent with the ladies of her suite, all of whom were engaged in embroidering, while one of their number read aloud from some entertaining and instructive author. Works of fiction were never permitted to be circulated in the palace, as Napoleon was strictly and severely opposed to that class of literature. He sometimes suddenly appeared in their midst, talking gaily and freely with the ladies of honor, and occasionally joining in a game of cards, but his stay was always short. He was often present while the evening toilet

of the empress was in preparation, overturning her boxes in his impatience, tossing about the most costly jewels as if of no value, and frightening her attendants by his irritable criticisms. He did not scruple to destroy an elegant dress, if it happened not to strike his fancy, obliging her to assume another—a needless interference, inasmuch as she was always appareled with exquisite taste.

He dined with her at six o'clock, in company with invited guests, who learned to appease their appetite before being seated at the lavishly supplied table, from which they were obliged to rise before the tempting viands had been scarcely tasted; the emperor remained but a few moments and the empress and guests necessarily followed him. Thus the utmost amiability was essential to Josephine, to endure these petty tyrannies with an unruffled mien.

An important and happy event called her to Munich at the close of the year. The marriage of Eugene with the Princess of Bavaria was magnificently celebrated there; it gave both the emperor and empress the utmost satisfaction, not only for politic reasons, but because their mutual attachment gave promise of domestic peace.

All that Josephine had desired was now accomplished. Her fears and anxiety as to the emperor's idea of divorce, were forgotten after the birth of a son to Hortense, now Queen of Holland. As the young Napoleon advanced to years of interesting childhood, he so won upon his uncle's affections that Bonaparte determined to make him heir to his immense dominions.

Josephine's future peace depended upon his life. As though to mock the hopes centered in the young prince, Death marked him an early victim. He died in 1807, while Napoleon was engaged in the brilliant campaign of Austerlitz. Upon hearing the tidings, he repeatedly exclaimed, "To whom shall I leave all this?" The event afflicted Josephine with a double grief. She not only mourned the loss of a favorite, but trembled under the stroke that threatened her own happiness. She knew perfectly well that the powerful conqueror would not hesitate to sacrifice her, if she impeded his limitless designs, though he loved her with all the devotion of which his selfish nature was capable.

Nearly a year passed before Napoleon made known to her his unalterable decision, but that year was full of inexpressible torture to Josephine. A private passage, terminated by a small door, connected their apartments. At this, the emperor was accustomed to knock when he desired an interview. These occasions, when the subject of divorce was discussed, became so painful to Josephine that the usual summons caused violent palpitation of the heart, trembling and faintness. She could scarcely support herself, while hesitating at the door to gather strength and courage for interviews that inflicted almost unendurable anguish.

The final decision was made known to her, May 30th by Napoleon himself, after ordering the attendants to withdraw. Of this she says, "I watched in the changing expression of his countenance, that struggle which was in his soul. At length his features settled into a stern resolve I saw that my hour was come. His

whole frame trembled; he approached and I felt a shuddering horror come over me. He took my hand, placed it upon his heart, gazed upon me for a moment, then pronounced these fearful words: 'Josephine! my excellent Josephine! thou knowest if I have loved thee! To thee, to thee alone, do I owe the only moments of happiness which I have enjoyed in this world. Josephine, my destiny overmasters my will. My dearest affections must be silent before the interests of France.' 'Say no more,' I had still strength to reply, I was prepared for this, but the blow is not the less mortal.' More I could not utter. I became unconscious of everything, and on returning to my senses, found I had been carried to my chamber."

From this time to the 16th of December, she was obliged to appear at the fêtes and public rejoicings, incident to the anniversary of the coronation, with a smiling countenance and cheerful demeanor, while beneath it all, her heart was breaking. Her decision was not formally announced to the public till the 16th of December, when the council of State were summoned to appear at the Tuilleries. Napoleon's family, who secretly exulted at the event, were also gathered in the grand saloon. A chair, in front of which stood a table with writing apparatus of gold, was placed in the centre of the apartment. At a little distance stood Eugene with compressed lips and his arms folded over a heart swelling with resentment Josephine entered with her usual grace, pale but calm, leaning on the arm of Hortense, who conducted her to the central chair, and stationed herself behind it, weeping bitterly. The em

press sat composedly, with her head leaning on her hand, the tears coursing silently down her deathly-pale cheek, listening to the reading of the Act that was to separate her forever from the man for whom she would have laid down her life. Napoleon in vain endeavored to suppress the emotion that betrayed itself in the violent workings of his countenance; it was the wrenching of a strong affection from a soul that was else all chaos and darkness; it was the obliteration of a guiding-star that had led him to the topmost pinnacle of greatness, and without whose steady radiance, he must blindly overstep his narrow foothold and plunge from the dizzy height.

A solemn stillness rested upon the assemblage when the reading of the Act ceased. Even the Bonaparte family were touched with Josephine's uncomplaining sorrow. She pressed her handkerchief to her eyes for an instant, then rising, took the oath of acceptance in a tremulous voice, resumed her seat, and, taking the pen, signed the document. The dreaded ceremony finished, she immediately retired, accompanied by Hortense and Eugene, who fell senseless as he reached the ante-chamber. The silent witnessing of his mother's suffering was too much for him to endure; for her sake and in compliance with her entreaties, he had restrained his burning resentment. Josephine burst into an uncontrollable paroxysm of tears, when she reached her private apartments, sobbing and groaning with an anguish, heart-rending to behold.

Carriages were in waiting to convey her to Malmaison. While preparations were making for her depar-

ture, Napoleon came to bid her a final farewell. As he approached, she threw herself in his arms, and clinging to him with a tenderness that conveyed, more than words, the intensity and faithfulness of a love which nothing could tear from her heart. Overcome by her emotions, she fainted and was placed upon a couch, over which Napoleon hung with unconcealed anxiety and pain, tenderly stroking her cold face and himself applying restoratives. Returning consciousness brought her more frantic grief, when she perceived the emperor was no longer near her, for he had hastily left the apartment, fearing another scene. She seized the hand of an officer who still remained, and in accents of wild sorrow, entreated him to tell the emperor not to forget her. No one could restrain tears of sympathy for the beloved empress, so unjustly thrust from the affections of an adored husband.

She was accompanied to Malmaison by persons of distinction, who continued to pay court to her, knowing they thus best secured the royal favor, though many followed her from pure love and sympathy. She still retained the title of empress, and received an ample revenue to support the expenses incident to her rank. Malmaison was elegantly furnished and embellished with many costly articles sent her by Napoleon's orders. She here held her court, which was frequented by the *savans* of Paris as well as the gay and beautiful. Thus Malmaison once more became the scene of fêtes, balls and splendid entertainments. These gayeties could not divert Josephine from her one great sorrow. Every object in that lovely retreat where their earliest

days of happiness had been spent, reminded her of what she in vain tried to forget. Her tears flowed afresh at the sight of the haunts they had frequented together; the flowers, that had given her so much delight, now only recalled painful associations. The rooms which had been exclusively Napoleon's, she would permit no one but herself to enter, retaining every article precisely as he had left it. The maps he had studied, the books with leaves turned down, his apparel just where he had flung it in some impatient mood; everything remained undisturbed and sacred to her own eyes already inflamed and almost sightless with continual weeping. What agonizing remembrances of happiness she must have endured in this silent, deserted apartment! What abandonment to grief, where every object recalled the loved face and voice of one lost to her forever, and where no curious eyes checked her tears!

It was well for her health and repose that she finally determined to forsake Malmaison and retire to the château of Navarre, a palace that had lain nearly in ruins, since the devastation of the Revolution, but which was charmingly situated in the midst of the forest of Evreaux. It had originally been celebrated for its spacious park, elegant gardens, lakes, fountains, and all that could render it an envied possession. The occupation of restoring its original beauty, of giving employment to the poor peasantry in the neighborhood, as well as escaping the heartless attentions of courtiers and the wearisome gayeties of court, was a beneficial, wise change.

Josephine was accompanied thither by her most in-

timate, valuable friends, and a few young ladies whose guardian she became. She was never forsaken however by the world, who testified the sincerity of its admiration by visits to this out-of-the-way home of the loved empress. Her mornings were passed in company with the ladies of her suite, engaged in some useful work, and listening at the same time to one who read aloud. The afternoons were occupied in rides, walks, or visits to the poor who were constant objects of charity. The evenings were passed in the saloons in lively conversation, occasional games at cards, or listening to the music of the harp and piano in adjoining apartments, where the young people engaged in dances or noisy games, which, however much they disturbed the quiet of the saloons, Josephine would never allow to be checked, for she loved to see all around her cheerful and happy, even while her own heart was too sad for her face to brighten with a single smile.

The news of the emperor's marriage with the beautiful Maria Louise of Austria, was a new pang to her already lacerated feelings. She could not conceal her grief on her first meeting with Napoleon, after the event that deprived her of every claim upon his thoughts and affections. He often visited her and evinced the lingering love and veneration he entertained for her admirable character, by the entire confidence with which he unfolded all his plans to her. A correspondence, sustained between them, was her greatest pleasure.

The birth of a son at St. Cloud, was announced to Josephine, while attending a dinner given by the prefect at the city of Evreaux. With no feeling of jeal-

ousy or envy, this noble woman added her congratulations and sincerely rejoiced with all France, at the accession of an heir to the throne. The only regret she expressed was, that she had not first received the intelligence from Napoleon himself. When at length a letter arrived, communicating the tidings, she retired to read it, and remained in seclusion an hour. When she returned to her guests, her face bore evident traces of tears. She longed to behold the young prince—a wish which Napoleon granted by himself placing the child in her arms, but which would have been refused by Maria Louise, who so disliked Josephine that she would ride miles out of her way, rather than pass the residence of her rival in the emperor's affections.

Bonaparte continued to confide his most secret plans to Josephine. When he imparted to her his designs upon Russia, she used her utmost persuasion to induce him to abandon the wild project, in which she dimly foresaw his ruin. During that frightful campaign their correspondence was continued without interruption. "His letters to her, were more frequent and more affectionate than ever, while hers, written by every opportunity, were perused under all circumstances with a promptitude which clearly showed the pleasure or the consolation that was expected; in fact it was observed that letters from Malmaison or Navarre were always torn, rather than broken open, and were instantly read, whatever else might be retarded."

The news of his disasters filled Josephine with fearful apprehensions, more especially as the French had

lost the blind enthusiasm with which they formerly worshipped their hero, and were as ready to heap anathemas upon his name, as they had before been eager to find superlatives with which to praise him. He returned to France with the shattered remains of his brilliant army, unwilling to believe her people would dare to conspire against the bold conqueror who challenged all the world to battle. Neither his self-confidence nor his giant grasp could retain the crown, lost in his vain reachings after another. It was too late now to retrace his steps. In a short and painful interview with Josephine, he acknowledged that he might still have been emperor of France, had he regarded her faithful entreaties. This was the last time she ever beheld him.

The revolution that soon succeeded, alarmed her for his fate. Could she have flown to him when deserted by Maria Louise, her grief would have been assuaged in imparting hope and consolation in his reverses, but she was obliged to wait in patient retirement, widely separated from him, the issue of events that threatened his freedom if not his life. Her own future was a secondary matter. She scarcely knew what to expect from the allied sovereigns. "They will respect her who was the wife of Napoleon," said she, and with truth, though the honor and deference paid her was not because of her rank, nor because her fame had been closely associated with the fearful, hated, yet strangely glorious name of Napoleon Bonaparte;—it was due alone to the world-wide admiration of her noble, generous, exalted character.

A message from the allied sovereigns, expressed a desire to visit her at Malmaison, with which she immediately complied, for the sake of her children, whose honors and titles had vanished with the emperor's downfall. On arriving at her beloved home, she was deeply affected to find a guard of honor had been stationed there to protect her property from the pillage and destruction involved in a revolution, like the devastation that marks the track of a whirlwind.

Josephine was here visited by the Emperor Alexander, with whom she plead for Napoleon. It was greatly owing to her influence and eloquence, and a regard for her devoted attachment for Napoleon, that severe measures were not taken to crush or effectually pinion his ambitious spirit. Josephine was comparatively happy when it was at last announced to her that he was to possess, in full sovereignty, the principality of the Island of Elba, an envied fate in contrast to the one she had feared. Upon his departure with the few who were still devoted to him, she wrote a most affectionate and touching letter, and would have followed him but for the delicacy of supplanting his rightful wife.

Malmaison was again thronged with the great and gay, who came now, not with empty flattery, but to assure the empress of the most profound esteem. The Emperor Alexander on meeting her, expressed his gratification thus: "Madame, I burned with the desire to behold you. Since I entered France, I have never heard your name pronounced but with benedictions. In the cottage and in the palace, I have collected accounts of

your goodness, and I do myself a pleasure in thus presenting to your majesty the universal homage of which I am the bearer."

She was also visited by the King of Prussia. Louis, the occupant of the throne of France, conferred flattering distinctions upon Eugene, and would have made him marshal of France had his pride permitted him to accept the honor. Hortense was also received with marked favor.

These monarchs, besides the most distinguished persons in Europe, frequently visited and dined at Malmaison, where Josephine gracefully did the honors. On the last occasion, May 19th, when a grand dinner was given to the allied sovereigns, she became too ill to remain with her guests. She left her duties with Hortense to perform, obliged at length to yield to a disease that for some time she had endeavored to keep at bay. A malignant form of quinzy had fastened upon her, and, despite the exertion of the most skillful physicians, it made rapid and alarming progress. She articulated with much difficulty. She expressed affection for her children, who remained constantly at her bedside, by grateful and tender looks, often smiling upon them while enduring the severest pain, endeavoring to calm their agitation and lessen their anxiety. A few days, however, so changed the beloved countenance of their mother, that no hopes were entertained for her recovery.

She, herself, quickly recognized the hand of death. In her last moments, her thoughts wandered far away to Elba, longing for the presence of one whom not

even the near approach of eternity could drive from her heart. A portrait of Napoleon hung near, which she motioned to be brought to her and placed where she could gaze upon it, as if to number him, who had forsaken her, among the weeping ones gathered about her. Hortense and Eugene knelt at the bedside, overcome with grief, and sobbing painfully while they received her last blessing. At this moment the Emperor Alexander, who visited her daily, entered and was gratefully recognized by Josephine. She summoned all her remaining strength, to say in a faint whisper, "I shall die regretted. I have always desired the happiness of France; I did all in my power to contribute to it; I can say with truth, that the first wife of Napoleon never caused a tear to flow."

She died May 29th, 1814, mourned as she had said, not only by the French nation, but by all Europe. Princes testified their remembrance of her noble and eminent goodness, by following her remains to the simple, little church at Rouel, which was covered with black drapery on the occasion of her funeral. "No ornament or inscription decorated the walls, but the tears of the proudest sovereigns of Europe, mingled with those of the poor of France, to pronounce the funeral oration of the good Josephine." Her remains were afterwards placed in a beautiful tomb of white marble, upon which the empress is represented in a kneeling posture, as if praying for France. It gives no recital of her virtues, no enumeration of her titles; the monument only bears the simple, touching inscription—"*Eugene and Hortense to Josephine.*"

Though crowned an empress, she never lost the sweetness and simplicity of character that belonged to her lively girlhood, in the quiet at Martinique. Early disappointments and afflictions, so far from embittering her nature, served to chasten and fortify her spirit for the gentle endurance of sterner griefs. Great in prosperity, she was greater in adversity. She is an example of humane sympathy, of calm reason, of lofty magnanimity, thorough integrity and unfaltering devotion to the objects of her affection. She was one of the countless instances of womanly tenderness repeatedly sacrificed to worldly schemes of the base and crafty; and she is an illustrious evidence of the higher policy of a frank and straight-forward rectitude. Hers was that simple wisdom of a true heart which transcends the most dazzling genius of man. And as one of earth's true souls, she will enlist the warm admiration of all who have an earnestness akin to hers, so long as the world endures.

ELIZABETH OF ENGLAND.



Elizabeth of England.

"O, she has an iron will,
An axe-like edge unturnable, our Head,
The Princess."—TENNYSON.

"Here vanity assumes her pert grimace."—GOLDSMITH

ELIZABETH of England is a heroine of history, not as a crowned and vain woman, but as one who, in early life, captivated all hearts by her youthful graces and acquirements, sustained many trials with fortitude, and escaped repeated dangers by her precocious sagacity and self-command. To her own wisdom, more than to any other mortal means, she owed her preservation, her popularity and firm establishment on the throne of England. Her subsequent course presents little to be admired. Lord Bacon has been called the "wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind." Elizabeth, in whose reign Bacon flourished, may be called the "wisest, brightest and meanest" of women, if her reputation for extraordinary intellect is to be trusted as readily as the evidences of her odious character.

That she was shrewd, learned and energetic, cannot

be doubted; but it is hard to decide how far any ruler should be credited with measures, in the suggesting or perfecting of which the wisest counsellors of a nation always participate. If the truth were fully known, many monarchs and presidents would lose the praise of glorious acts, and, to some degree, the blame of wrongs and follies into which they were entrapped. Elizabeth had the discernment to select able men as her advisers and agents, and the constancy to retain them in office during her long administration. She was fortunate in ascending the throne when the invention of Printing, the discovery of America, and the Reformation, had just aroused human intellect to new life, and produced great men in every department of literature and enterprise.

Bacon, Shakspeare, Spenser, Raleigh, Sydney and Drake, and other names of like lustre, made the Elizabethan age glorious, not the selfish woman from whom the period borrows its title. Her favorites, not herself, were the patrons of genius. In her life-time England entered on its present career of national grandeur, and achieved the peaceful and magnificent triumphs of art and commerce; but other motives actuated her than enlarged and generous ones. She established the Reformation and founded the English church; but it was due to her resentment, rather than to any enlightened and free spirit. Like the heroine of a novel, she gave her period a name, and had the most prominent position in its scenes; the subordinate characters were the real heroes. She was an eagle, as one who most visibly hovered over the sunrise of modern intelli-

gence; but in remorseless spirit, as in lean-necked ugliness, she was a vulture: and in absurd vanity, as in the full-sailed finery of her ludicrous dress, she was a peacock.

She was born, September 7th, 1533, at Greenwich palace, a little below London, on the Thames—now the site of the Greenwich Hospital for disabled or superannuated men of the British navy. The royal birth occurred in a room called the Chamber of Virgins; and, as further coincidences, it is noticed by a superstitious writer of the time, that she was born on the eve of the Virgin Mary's nativity, and died on the eve of her Annunciation. A solemn Te Deum celebrated her advent. Her mother was Anne Boleyn, second wife of Henry VIII, and famous for her beauty and cruel death. King Henry—"the bluff King Harry"—was, in some respects, the fit father of Elizabeth. He had six wives, four of whom were either divorced or beheaded, to make way for their successors. He was a man of corpulent person, brave, frank and susceptible of strong, transient attachments, but prodigal, capricious, rapacious, and overbearing in spirit. He once threatened a leading member of parliament with the loss of his head, if he did not secure the passage of a certain bill. His reign was a scene of bloodshed, and nearly all crimes are imputed to him. He divorced his first queen, Catharine of Aragon, mother of the one called Bloody Mary, to make room for Anne Boleyn; and, when Elizabeth was in her third year, he brought Anne to the block, by an unsupported charge of secret amours, in order that he might marry Jane Sey

mour, mother of Edward VI., and, like her predecessor, first a maid of honor in the royal household.

The christening of Elizabeth, on the fourth day of her life, was very gorgeous. The lord mayor and civic authorities of London, together with a great array of nobility, were present at Greenwich, to assist at the ceremonial, which took place at the neighboring church of Grey Friars, whereof no stone is now left. The procession marched from the palace, in the inverse order of rank, citizens and esquires proceeding first; after them went the aldermen, and then lords and ladies, carrying gilt-covered basins, wax tapers, salt, and the jewelled chrisom—a cloth to be laid on the child's face; and finally the babe in the arms of her great-grandmother, beneath a canopy upheld by noblemen. The infant was robed in purple velvet, with an ermined train born by earls and countesses. A crowd of bishops and abbots received the precious charge at the church-door, and the celebrated Cranmer acted as godfather. After the baptism, a king-at-arms loudly invoked a blessing on "the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth." A flourish of trumpets followed, the child was confirmed, and the sponsors presented her with gifts of golden cups and bowls, rich with gems. Thus was the royal babe initiated into the church of Him who taught a gospel of lowliness and simplicity; and thus was the symbol of purification applied with all pomp of pride.

Elizabeth's state governess was the duchess-dowager of Norfolk; her governess in ordinary was lady Margaret Bryan, who had sustained that office to the

princess Mary also; and a mansion and costly furniture, together with eleven attendants, were appointed for her infantile years. King Henry would not endure a child's presence at Greenwich; therefore, when she was three months old, an order of council was issued, with all the solemn folly that attends royalty, to this effect: "The king's highness hath appointed that the lady Princess Elizabeth shall be taken from hence towards Hatfield upon Wednesday next week; that on Wednesday night she is to lie and repose at the house of the Earl of Rutland at Enfield, and the next day to be conveyed to Hatfield, and there to remain with such household as the king's highness hath established for the same." In a few weeks, parliament acknowledged her heiress-presumptive to the crown, on certain conditions, and disowned her half-sister Mary. Then she was removed to the palace of the bishop of Winchester, at Chelsea. At a proper age, and after a profound deliberation of the great ministers of state on the subject, she was weaned; the official letter authorizing this serious step, states that "the king's grace, well considering the letter directed to you from my lady Brain and other my lady princess' officers, his grace, with the assent of the queen's grace, hath fully determined the weaning of my lady princess to be done with all diligence." The king built a palace at Chelsea, where, until recently, a nursery, bath-house, and aged mulberry-tree, were known as Elizabeth's.

According to the custom of bargaining away royal hearts and hands even from the cradle, it was now time to provide the infant with a future husband. A

negotiation was commenced with Francis I. of France, for her marriage with his third son, the Duke of Angoulême, but the conditions proposed by the English court were so exacting, that the affair was broken off and all further schemes respecting her were arrested by the execution of her mother and the act of parliament by which she herself was declared illegitimate and incompetent ever to receive the crown. She was consequently so neglected by the court that not even the means for her comfortable support were furnished to her governess, who at last wrote a lengthy petition to "my lord Privy Seal," in which she says that Elizabeth "hath neither gown nor kirtle nor petticoat, nor no manner of linen—nor forsmocks, nor kerchiefs, nor rails, nor body-stitchets, nor handkerchiefs, nor sleeves, nor mufflers, nor biggins." She adds, alluding to the child's slow teething, "I trust to God an' her teeth were well graft, to have her grace after another fashion than she is yet, so as I trust the king's grace shall have great comfort in her grace. For she is as toward a child and as gentle of conditions, as ever I knew any in my life." This governess was judicious and faithful, and her commendable course as well as the simple manner of life led by the young princess, doubtless contributed much to the strong qualities afterwards displayed by the latter.

Her first appearance in scenes of court, was at the christening of her half-brother, Edward VI.: she was then four years old, and carried the chrisom at the ceremony, marching with infant gravity in the procession, while the long train of her robe was borne by

Lady Herbert, a sister of the woman who became the last wife of King Henry. As a great favor to her, she was made a companion of the young heir; the two became much attached to each other; and, on his second birth-day, when she was six years old, she gave him a cambric shirt worked by herself. Her precocious intelligence and propriety of demeanor, won the good opinion of all visitors and associates—even that of her jealous sister Mary. Both Elizabeth and Edward were fond of study, so much so that "as soon as it was light they called for their books;" their first morning hours were devoted to the Scriptures and religious exercises; after these came lessons in languages and science, and then, while her brother played in the open air, the princess resorted to her lute, viol, or needle-work.

When her father was married to Anne of Cleves, his fourth wife, Elizabeth desired to see the new queen, and wrote her a letter, remarkable for its good sense and as being her first known attempt of the kind. Anne was delighted with her sprightly and fair stepdaughter, returned her young affection, and, when herself divorced, requested that she might sometimes see the child, declaring that "to have had that young princess for her daughter would have been greater happiness to her than being queen." Her successor, the lovely Katherine Howard, fifth wife of Henry, and cousin of Anne Boleyn, was equally pleased with Elizabeth, placing her opposite at table and giving her a position nearest herself on great occasions; but it is noticeable that the flattering caresses of so beautiful a woman could not win away the child's preference for

Anne of Cleves, so early developed was the characteristic constancy of disposition which was ever one of the few mitigating traits of the relentless Maiden Queen. Katherine Howard, however, deserved this invidious treatment; she proved to be anything but virtuous; and, after her decapitation, the princess lived for the most part with Mary, at Havering Bower.

In her eleventh year, the king offered her to the son of Arran, a Scottish earl, in order to gain the earl's influence in favor of a contract of marriage between the infant Queen of Scots and young Edward of England. Arran did not improve the offer, nor, fortunately for Elizabeth, were any similar schemes successful; instead of being sent to be educated in foreign courts, like Mary Stuart, in fulfilment of such contracts, she was happier in enjoying the care of her father's sixth queen, the worthy and cultivated Katherine Parr, who had always appreciated her mind and manners, and now gave her a room near her own in the palace of Whitehall.

For a child of ten or twelve years old, she certainly had made wonderful advances in knowledge; with great ease, she had mastered the rudiments of all the sciences; she wrote and spoke French, Italian, Spanish, and Flemish, and was familiar with history, to which she set apart three hours every day, as if with a secret design already to prepare herself for public life. Her penmanship was very perfect; there was a volume in the Whitehall library, written by her in French, on vellum; and in the British Museum is a small devotional volume of extracts from various lan-

guages, selected by Katherine Parr, and translated and penned by Elizabeth, when twelve years of age;—the initials of the queen and of the Saviour were by her hand worked in blue and silver thread, on the cover. These acquirements and accomplishments, with her graceful behavior, sparkling wit, and the kind of beauty that belongs to all childhood, gained her many admirers. Had her destiny been the private, domestic circle, she might have been generally beloved through life, and perhaps have left a name in the annals of intellect. But, as she grew older, her proud station changed her stability to wilfulness, her high spirit to violent temper, her ambition to vanity; and her maiden life made the "vinous fermentation of youth turn to the acetous" vinegar of malign envy and jealousy.

For a time before her father's death, Elizabeth lived at Hatfield House, in the town of that name: and the hedges of her garden there are still cut in the form of arches, as when she sported among them; there, too, her cradle is exhibited. From this place she was taken to Enfield, where, in her fourteenth year, the death of her father, Henry VIII., was announced to her and her brother Edward, who both wept bitterly at their affliction. "Never," in the charming words of an old writer, "was sorrow more sweetly set forth, their faces seeming rather to beautify their sorrow than their sorrow to cloud the beauty of their faces." Edward was ten years old, and the splendor of his coronation could not divert his grief at losing the company of his sweetest sister, as he called her.

According to her father's will, and by an Act of

Parliament rescinding a former one, Elizabeth was to succeed to the throne, if neither Edward nor Mary left heirs. Her income was the same as her sister's—over fifty thousand dollars a year, so that she was enabled to live in magnificence befitting the sister of the king. It was about this time that the lord high admiral, Seymour, made a bold attempt to engage for himself the affections and the hand of Elizabeth, of whom he had the charge, in connection with his wife, who had been the last wife of King Henry. He was uncle to Edward, and was an immoral and unscrupulous man, though accomplished and handsome. He had married the widow of Henry with an unbecoming haste, and before his marriage had made some advances to Elizabeth which she firmly rejected. A year passed by; he still continued his very familiar attentions to her; his wife, the queen-dowager, noticed it, and sent the young princess away; and, soon after, Seymour was in mourning for his wife, whom it was suspected he poisoned.

Immediately, he renewed his addresses to Elizabeth; he took care to find out the value of her estates; and he gained over to his interests Mrs. Ashley, her governess, and Parry, her treasurer. A girl of fifteen, it is not wonderful that she was pleased with a daring, agreeable man, who, the year before, had romped with her and caressed her. Now, though he was twenty years her senior, she gave him her first, ready, tender love; having no competent adviser in all her princely household of one hundred and twenty servants, and yielding to the persuasions of Mrs. Ashley and Parry,

she met her wily lover at various times and places, by stealth. Yet she seems to have acted with remarkable prudence at these imprudent meetings, as in all her communications with him. She assured him that she would marry him, if he gained the consent of the royal council, over which Seymour's brother, the Duke of Somerset, ruled with kingly power, as protector during Edward's minority.

But rumors of the secret courtship were already afloat. The brothers Seymour and Somerset were both exceedingly ambitious and jealous of each other; both aimed at royal authority, and the former had got himself appointed lord admiral in the absence of the latter, and had lately boasted of his concealed power. Seymour was soon arrested on the charge of high treason, and after the show of a trial, was beheaded in the Tower of London. Parry and Mrs. Ashley had given evidence against him, but had exculpated Elizabeth. She herself was very strictly examined, but neither artful falsehoods nor terror could induce her to implicate any one. At so early an age, she was a match for the subtle persons who were sent to sound the depths of her heart.

The tragical event made a powerful impression on her, and, all things considered, it must have had an unfavorable effect on her character. The execution of her mother and her own first winning lover, the disgrace heaped upon their memories and herself, the neglects shown her through all her youth, her friendless condition and the appointment of a new and strict governess, must altogether have exasperated her strong

and princely will and embittered her feelings. The child, the youth, if not the after tyrannical woman, has many claims to admiring sympathy.

The common reports concerning her, at this time, were of the most scandalous sort. That she gave some occasion for misrepresentation was probable at her period of life, and is rendered plausible by the fact that Mrs. Ashley is known to have deceived the servant of Sir Henry Parker, sent to inquire into the facts, and that she and Parry were promoted to high offices by Queen Elizabeth, during all her reign, as if she would keep them silent on some points of the affair. At all events, the young princess displayed singular tact and talent in the whole course of it, and was schooled in such trials for the profound craftiness of her career. When Seymour's fate was announced to her, she betrayed no emotion to the spies who watched her features, and only said, "This day died a man, with much wit and very little judgment."

Her effort henceforth was to recover that popularity which was the object of her life-long pursuit. She became very grave and studious, and devoted herself, among other things, to the theological questions which were then generally agitated. To the learned William Grindal succeeded the learned Roger Ascham, as her tutor. He had before written to her governess in these curious words, after the style of the time: "Gen tle Mrs. Ashley, would God my wit wist what words would express the thanks you have deserved of all true English hearts, for that noble *imp* (Elizabeth) by your labor and wisdom now flourishing in all goodly godli-

ness." Now, he undertook to perfect her in the classics. As to her personal decoration, at this time, he writes, in a Latin letter to a friend, that "she greatly prefers a simple elegance, to show and splendor, so despising the outward adorning of plaiting of the hair and wearing of gold, that in the whole manner of her life she rather resembles Hippolyta than Phœdra." Little did the good man imagine that, at her death, her wardrobe would contain three thousand costly dresses and eighty wigs of various colors.

Her household expenses were already on a grand scale, befitting the blood-royal; large sums were paid to musicians, theatrical companies, and for her servant's velvet liveries, and for her stock of choice wines, prize oxen for her table, and walnut furniture for her palace. But she affected extreme simplicity of dress, knowing that her youthful charms were best unadorned, and desiring to ingratiate herself with the triumphant Protestant party, who opposed the claims of her sister Mary, a Catholic.

On the 6th of July, 1553, King Edward died of consumption, sixteen years of age, Elizabeth being twenty and Mary thirty-six. Somerset had met the fate of his brother, and had been superseded by Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, who had persecuted Mary on account of her faith, and, when Edward's health failed and Mary was likely to assume the sceptre, was alarmed at the ruin ready to fall on his head. He resolved both to save and further advance himself by a bold step.

The Lady Jane Grey, sixteen years old, and of marvellous learning, beauty and loveliness of character, was,

like Mary Queen of Scots, a grand-daughter of a sister of Henry VIII., the father of Mary, Elizabeth and Edward. By Henry's will, she was next heir to the crown after his own children. Dudley therefore effected a marriage between Jane Grey and a handsome, promising son of his own; then, appealing to the religious convictions of the dying Edward, procured his legacy of the crown to her, and concealed his death for a while, in order to get the sisters into his power. In this he failed, but forthwith prevailed on Jane Grey, against her will, to be crowned. She acted the part of queen but nine days; Dudley's forces did not rally in sufficient strength; the nation, apparently from a sturdy sense of honesty, flocked to the standard of Mary, who soon entered London in triumph. The duke, with many adherents of the *quasi* queen, suffered under the axe; and, three months afterward, poor Lady Jane and her young husband met the same fate in that Tower of London which still stands, a mute and sullen witness to the heroic death of many noble victims.

Elizabeth's conduct, during these exciting events, was marked by her rare caution and sagacity. When deceitfully summoned to Edward's bedside by Dudley, she remained at home, being warned by friends perhaps, and even feigned illness, as it is asserted, that she might not be mixed up with Dudley's scheme, while, on the other hand, Mary was nearly entrapped. Before this sickness, she gave the conspirators a shrewd and brave excuse for not signing away her title to the throne, namely, that she had none during the life of her elder sister. Her defenceless situation and the

seeming success of Lady Jane's party, evinced her courage in this. And when Mary victoriously advanced towards London, Elizabeth forgot her illness, and hastened to meet and pay homage to her sister, with an armed retinue of two thousand horsemen, whose leaders were dressed in green, faced with velvet, satin and taffeta. Learning that Mary had already dismissed her useless army, she next day met her with an unarmed cavalcade of a thousand persons, many of whom were ladies of rank. They were kindly received, and when the sisters entered the city, they rode side by side on horseback, Mary's small, faded form and reserved demeanor poorly contrasting with the fresh youthfulness, tall, erect person, graceful airs and carefully shown, delicate hands of Elizabeth, who then as ever craved applause and made the most of her attractions.

Mary, though styled the Bloody, was an unostentatious, sincere woman of excellent intentions. Her mixture of Spanish and Tudor blood gave her much latent pride and resolution, and she was embittered by her mother's and her own wrongs. But her heart was susceptible of the tenderest affection; she was generous to her sister under trying circumstances, and would have been humane in her administration but for her intolerant creed, the sanguinary zeal of her advisers, the dangers of her position and the spirit of the age.

Unfortunately, differences soon sprang up between her and Elizabeth, and were fomented by the friends and ambition of each, or by the enemies of both. The younger sister was the hope and boast of the Protes-

tant party, and, for the sake of their plaudits as well as in consequence of her own education, she refused the queen's summons to attend Romish mass, and resisted all her persuasions and threats, until, finding that she was endangering her safety and prospects, she sought an interview with Mary, threw herself at her feet, and expressed a willingness to be convinced of her errors, if they were such. In various ways, she so pursued a double course that the queen for a while gave her the place of highest honor on all occasions. In the grand pageant of the coronation, Elizabeth wore a "French dress of white and silver tissue," and rode in "a chariot drawn by six horses, trapped also with gold and silver, which followed immediately after the gold-canopied litter in which the sovereign was borne."

But when parliament passed an act which so affirmed the legitimacy of Mary as unavoidably to imply the contrary concerning herself, she resented it by an effort to withdraw from court. At this juncture, the difficulties beset her which formed the third and greatest peril of her early career. Nothing but extraordinary care and good fortune saved her from the whirlpool of dangers into which she was now drawn. Her rash friends were her worst enemies. At the false instigation of her mortal foes, they formed a plot, known as Wyatt's rebellion, by which they hoped to enthrone Elizabeth, stop the Catholic schemes of Mary, and prevent her proposed marriage with Philip of Spain. Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire—a prepossessing yet weak man, and kinsman of the sisters—had been rejected as suitor to Mary, and was now a leader in the plot, and resolved

to gain Elizabeth. The King of France was busily seeking, by insincere offers of aid, to promote the conspiracy, and inflame both parties in England against each other, in order that he might set his daughter-in-law, Mary of Scotland—another claimant—on the English throne. The emperor Charles V., of Spain, was a still more deadly enemy of Elizabeth, because her pretensions endangered the plans for his son Philip, and because her mother had supplanted Catherine of Arragon, in the days of King Henry.

Thus was the future Virgin Queen beset by various powerful foes, and by mistaken supporters who vainly tried every means to involve her in the plot. Rumors of it reached Mary, who was persuaded to require Elizabeth's acceptance of the Prince of Piedmont, that the mouths of the Protestants might thus be shut in regard to her own alliance with Philip. The undaunted girl steadily resisted this, even in the face of not improbable death by the axe, for she was already accused and suspected, and her retirement from court, to avoid indignities and vexations, was construed against her loyalty. Letters from the rebels and the French to her were intercepted, and the odium of these unsought tamperings fell on her. The King of France offered her unlimited assistance, or, if she preferred, engaged to give her a refuge in his dominions—a refuge which would have proved a virtual imprisonment for life.

At last the whole plot was disclosed to the royal council. In four days after, Wyatt—a knight, in the south-eastern part of England—raised the banner of revolt, and marched with four thousand men towards

London. He was suffered to enter the city, and, finding no expected aid, he was surrounded and yielded himself up in despair. The other leaders, in various parts of the kingdom, failed to support his movement, and were one after another arrested, among them Lady Jane Grey's father, who, in common with her and sixty of the conspirators, was speedily executed.

It was a critical time for Elizabeth. The streets of London were hideous with heads of victims, exposed to the populace, and the Tower flowed with blood. She was summoned to the court, to appear before avenging powers, and with the fate of her mother and many of her friends in vivid recollection. She delayed on the score of sickness, which, whether the result of agitation of mind or merely physical causes, was not feigned entirely, though doubtless she made the most of it, in order to gain time. At length, she was brought to the city. As she entered it, her lofty spirit rose superior to her bodily weakness and the terrific scenes around her. Gibbets were to be seen everywhere, and that morning the Lady Jane's father had perished, following to the block his lately sacrificed and lovely daughter. But Elizabeth ordered her litter to be uncovered, and gazed with scornful dignity on the crowd that pitied, but dared not rescue her. She was dressed in white, emblematic of her innocence, and a hundred gentlemen in velvet coats formed her guard of honor, followed by a hundred others in the royal livery of fine red cloth, faced with black velvet. Thus was she escorted to the palace of Whitehall, and there closely guarded.

For three weeks her fate was discussed in the council, while she remained in torturing doubt of the result. There was every cowardly temptation for the traitors to criminate her in order to shield themselves, or recommend themselves to mercy. Wyatt did so, but, finding it of no avail to mitigate his sentence, confessed on the scaffold the falsity of his charges. The other prisoners for the most part acted with more honor than could have been anticipated. No positive evidence could be found against her, and the queen, against the urgent advice of her chief statesmen, firmly opposed the immolation of her sister on insufficient proof.

But Queen Mary was to attend a meeting of parliament at Oxford; she had to dispose of Elizabeth in some safe way, and so she ordered her to the Tower. This command was received with natural dismay. Elizabeth wrote an admirable letter to the queen, pleading against her supposed fate in strong simple language, uttered with too much heartfelt anxiety, to admit of her usual pedantic and finical amplification. She took care to occupy so much time in writing it that the tide of the Thames ebbed, and the barge, that was to convey her, could not pass the London Bridge. The next tide was at midnight, and it was not thought safe to attempt her removal at an hour when her friends might take advantage of the darkness to rescue her. On the morrow she was put aboard the boat; the tide not being fully up, she was nearly wrecked in the stream while passing the bridge; she reached the Tower in a rain storm, angrily dashed away an offered cloak, resisted the attempt to lead her through what was called

the "traitor's gate," and, when she landed, exclaimed, "Here lands as true a subject, being prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs. Before thee, O God, I speak it, having no other friend but thee alone!" She seated herself on a stone, in the pelting rain, and when urged not to endanger her health thus, she replied, "Better sit here than in a worse place." She rebuked some of her attendants for weeping, and was conducted into her prison.

The high-born captive remained two months in the Tower. She and her servants were subjected to the severest examination by the council, one member of her household being even put to torture to extract some evidence against her. It would appear that she had held some cautious conference with accomplices of the rebellion, perhaps that she might ascertain the designs of Jane Grey's party, who were engaged in the affair, professedly to favor Elizabeth. But Mary was too conscientious and faithful to the tender ties of blood, to permit her prisoner's murder without good proof of treasonable intent. Moreover, at one of the examinations Lord Arundel, one of her most influential and furious opposers, was suddenly convinced of the injustice done her; he nobly and impulsively expressed his sympathy; and Elizabeth, with her usual cunning and something of her subsequent coquetry, began to flatter him in such a way that he warmly espoused her cause, and henceforth began to entertain hopes that he might win her hand for himself or for his son.

Still she suffered much rigorous usage. English prayers and Protestant forms were forbidden to her and

her ladies, two of whom were taken away on account of their resistance to this tyranny. Her place of close confinement is said to have been directly beneath the alarm-bell of the castle, so that her keepers might ring it readily, to arouse the city in case of any attempt to deliver the princess. The handsome Courtenay, for whom it is still supposed she had some liking, was incarcerated near her, probably to tempt them to some communication which might be used against them. But her conduct is represented by her fellow-prisoners as calm and brave; whether it was to win favor or not, they spoke of her "sweet words and sweeter deeds," in consoling them.

By degrees her privileges were increased. She bribed the chamberlain to remit his officious interference with the provisions of her table, by giving him a bountiful portion of them. Her health began to fail, and she was allowed to walk through a splendid suit of apartments, known as the "queen's lodgings," the Tower being sometimes used as a refuge for royalty, as well as a prison. In these walks she was accompanied by a guard, and the windows were blinded that she might not look out. But her need of air procured her the liberty of a small garden within the walls; while pacing there, the captives were not permitted to gaze at her from their windows, lest some mutual understanding or plot might be contrived. Her constraint was relieved, however, by the winning acts of several children of the officers. These incidents are memorably beautiful. One infant girl brought her some little keys, while she was in the garden, and told her that

"she need not stay there, but might unlock the gates." Another child, a boy of four years, daily offered her flowers, and received trifling presents in return; this caused suspicion in the prying magnates of the place, who questioned the child, but could neither frighten nor coax him into any confession that he was employed to carry messages to and from the princess. He pitifully said to her, through the key-hole of her door, "Mistress, I can bring you no more flowers now." She was delighted with these little angels of consolation, and ever after seem pleased with children, for their sake.

Among the many distinguished persons under arrest in the Tower, was Lord Robert Dudley, committed for aiding his father, Dudley Duke of Northumberland, in the plot previous to the last-mentioned one. He was born in the same hour with Elizabeth, had been a playfellow with her in her childhood, and was afterwards her chief favorite, and made by her the Earl of Leicester. He was on service abroad after leaving the Tower and until her accession to the throne, when he was immediately promoted and showered with favors. It is thought that he held a correspondence with her at the time of their imprisonment, by means of the boy who brought the flowers, inasmuch as they had no other opportunity of intercourse for a long time. Some hypothesis is apparently needed to explain her sudden partiality to one who had long opposed her interests; but their early companionship, his qualities, and her policy or susceptibility, may account for it all.

The climax of Elizabeth's danger soon came. It was a narrow escape from violent death, and illustrates

the truth everywhere suggested by the pages of history, namely, that the course of human events is daily changed, or nearly changed, by slight circumstances. The artful Gardiner, chief Minister of State to Mary, had been gained over to the Spanish interest, and had persistently sought the princess' death. The queen was taken ill; alarmed, probably, at his own fate if Elizabeth mounted the throne, he sent a privy council order to the Tower for her instant execution. The lieutenant of the Tower observed that the queen's signature was not appended to the warrant, and had the good sense to send a messenger to her, inquiring her will. Had he been more swayed by the influence of Gardiner, he might have thought the sovereign too ill to sign a document approved by her and legally drawn; Elizabeth might have perished, leaving a sadly romantic fame only second to Lady Jane Grey's; and Mary, Queen of Scots, might have sat on the English throne, carried out the designs of the English Mary and further established Popery in a land where no strong Scottish relish for endless "secessions" would have hindered the still papistic tendencies of a nation too aristocratic to care for other than a formal state religion.

The queen was aroused by this attempt on her sister's life. She sent Sir Henry Bedingfeld, an honest and fearless man, with a hundred men of the royal guard, to take command of the Tower, until she could transfer the princess to a safer place, far from the intrigues of court. She had already given up the idea of prosecuting her any further, and had begun to speak of her again by the endearing title of "sister." She

had refused, too, a Spanish proposal to send her to some continental court—an event that would have led to Elizabeth's ruin. At length it was resolved to remove her, in the custody of Bedingfeld, to Woodstock, a royal residence fifty miles west of London.

Elizabeth, apprehending that any hour might seal her fate, had been suddenly frightened at the first coming of Bedingfeld, with his hundred men in blue uniform. As they rode into the castle, she turned pale, and hastily asked her attendants whether Lady Jane's scaffold had been taken away. When she learned that she was to be conducted to Woodstock, her terror took a new form; she inquired whether the knight "were a person who made conscience of murder." She knew too well that prisoners, who could not be legally executed, were sometimes exposed on the highways to a concerted attack. But her fears were allayed by the reputation of her staunch new keeper. She went by boat to Richmond, near London. There the queen was sojourning with her court, and with her she had an interview which resulted in nothing but a renewal of the former effort to induce Elizabeth to marry Philibert, Prince of Piedmont, and most intimate friend of Philip of Spain. As often before, she asserted her determination to remain single, and, to intimidate her into the measure, her servants were all taken from her! This deed again made her anxious for her life; "this night I think I must die," she said; her servants wept, as they left her, as if they had looked upon her for the last time; but Lord Tame, one of her guards, assured her that he would protect her.

When she was about to cross the Thames the next morning, her servants came to look another final farewell. "Go to them," she said to a gentleman, "and tell them from me '*tanquam ovis*'—'like a sheep' to the slaughter, for so am I led." No one, except her keepers, was allowed to have the least communication with her. Noailles, the detestable French ambassador, who had all along labored to destroy her, sent to her a present of apples, on her way—a plan to cast upon her more of the odium of French friendship. The people of England, who were mostly Protestant and admired her, made sincerer demonstrations of sympathy. Wherever she passed, they crowded near, and greeted her with prayers, acclamations and tears, though rudely thrust back and denounced as rebels by the soldiers. In some of the villages, a joyful peal of bells announced her arrival; but Bedingfeld, who was both her honest protector and suspicious master, silenced the bells and put the ringers in the stocks. The other guardian, Lord Tame, was bold enough to cheer her with a rich feast and invited company, while the party rested at his country-seat. He said, "Let what would befall, her grace should be merry in his house"—so much chivalry and noble feeling existed even in those bloody days. At this entertainment, she was not permitted to see the conclusion of a game of chess, lest some covert plan of delay were intended. And, while continuing the journey, she was, for the same reason, forbidden to take shelter from a severe storm, in a house by the wayside.

At the palace of Woodstock, she was uncomfortably

lodged in the gate-house, and treated with much harshness. On her window she wrote these words with a diamond:

"Much suspected—of me
Nothing proved can be,
Quoth Elizabeth, prisoner."

On a shutter, with a bit of charcoal, it is said that she inscribed these pathetic lines, composed by herself:

"Oh, Fortune! how thy restless, wavering state
Hath fraught with cares my troubled wit,
Witness this present prison, whither fate
Could bear me, and the joys I quit.
Thou caus'dst the guilty to be loosed
From bands wherein are innocents enclosed,
Causing the guiltless to be strait reserved,
And freeing those that death had well deserved,
But by her envy can be nothing wrought,
So God send to my foes all they have wrought.
Quoth Elizabeth, Prisoner."

She composed "elegant Latin verses" to the same effect; and she wrote the following amusing yet excellent thoughts, on the fly-leaf of a copy of Paul's Epistles: "August.—I walk many times into the pleasant fields of the Holy Scriptures, where I pluck up the goodlisome herbs of sentences by pruning, eat them by reading, chew them by musing, and lay them up at length in the high seat of memorie, by gathering them together, that so having tasted their sweetness I may less perceive the bitterness of this miserable life." One day, it is related, she saw through her window a milkmaid in the park, singing as she milked; she exclaim-

ed, "That milkmaid's lot is better than mine, and her life is merrier."

Sixty soldiers were on guard around her apartments, all day and night; and well were they needed. The infamous Gardiner sent one Basset, with twenty-five ruffians in disguise, to assassinate her. But, so strict were the regulations of those who had her in custody, Basset could get no access to his intended victim. An incendiary, also, kindled a fire directly beneath her room, but it was discovered in time to extinguish it. The fears and hopes of wily politicians and the zeal of Catholic priests, were arrayed against her; her right to live was denounced from their pulpits. As a matter of policy, she outwardly conformed to the Romish rites; yet, when questioned as to her belief in transubstantiation—the changing of bread and wine into the actual flesh and blood of Christ, at the Catholic communion—she made a famous reply, in extempore rhymes, to which no person could object, of course:—

> "Christ was the word that spake it,
> He took the bread and brake it,
> And what his word did make it,
> That I believe, and take it."

While she was thus inditing poetry at Woodstock, or suffering severe illness, or reading and meditating in resignation, weariness or bitterness, as she paced her room and the adjacent garden, a change of feeling was taking place in regard to her. After a year of married life, Queen Mary was disappointed in her hope of an heir, and therefore looked still more kindly to her sis-

ter as her successor; and Mary's husband, Philip of Spain, fearing the claims of the Queen of Scots, hating France, desirous to gratify the English people and perhaps with an eye to Elizabeth's hand himself, as he indeed sought it after the death of the queen, who was now in declining health,—with such motives he urged his wife to invite the captive princess to pass Christmas at court, in London.

Arrived at Hampton palace, she was still kept in close ward, and repeated attempts were made to induce her to confess some kind of guilt, in order that she might not seem to have been imprisoned without just cause; on this condition she was promised full liberty. But she heroically resisted this disgraceful proposal, saying, "I had as lief be in prison, with honesty, as to be abroad, suspected of her majesty; that which I have said I will stand to."

After a week's strict confinement, she was startled by a summons, at ten o'clock at night, to appear before the queen. This was at least the fifth time in her captivity when immediate preparations seemed to be making for her death. She begged her attendants to "pray for her, for she could not tell whether she would ever see them again," and was conducted by the light of torches to the queen's apartment. Philip, ashamed to confront a woman at whose destruction he and his country had so long aimed, is said to have been concealed behind the tapestry of the room. A long conversation followed, in English and Spanish, resulting in a fair understanding between the sisters. Elizabeth received a ring in pledge of amity, and soon after was

honored as next in station to the queen, at the showy festivities of the holidays. She sat at the queen's table, and was served by her late enemy, Lord Paget.

Her brave and amiable suitor, Philibert, Prince of Piedmont, was present; but she avoided his attentions, having perhaps too much preference for Courtenay or Dudley, and influenced doubtless by the wishes of her party as well as by her own ambition to wield an undivided sceptre. With Philibert, who afterwards married a French princess, Margaret of Valois, she would have passed a happier life; but the event would have been a great disaster to England by hindering the free principles of the Reformation.

Many other distinguished guests, from various courts of Europe, were gathered at this time to attend a grand tournament which was to have taken place the year before, in honor of Mary's marriage, but for some reason was delayed. Elizabeth sat beneath the royal canopy, to witness the jousting, in which two hundred lances were shivered, the knights of Spain and Flanders entering the lists in their national costumes. At the services in the royal chapel, she was drest in "robe of rich white satin, passamented all over with large pearls." Her appearance is described by the Venetian ambassador in this language: "*Miladi* Elizabeth is a lady of great elegance, both of body and mind, though her face may be called pleasing rather than beautiful She is tall and well made, her complexion fine, though rather sallow. Her eyes, but above all, her hands, which she takes care not to conceal, are of superior beauty. She is proud and dignified in manners."

Great respect was shown her by the greatest dignitaries of the realm, at this time. King and cardinal, when they met her, sank on one knee and kissed her hand. She was very gracious to Philip, and afterwards boasted of him as one of her conquests.

She returned to Woodstock; her servants were allowed to accompany her, and she lived in comparative freedom. Some difficulty indeed arose concerning an astrologer, John Dee, whom she entertained on account of the strange interest which a woman of her education took in his occult science. Persons in her household were accused of "practising by enchantment against the queen's life." Elizabeth was brought back to Hampton palace, but Philip so befriended her that she was finally suffered to return to her own chosen home, Hatfield House, where she was molested no further than by having one spy under her roof. This was Sir Thomas Pope, a learned and agreeable man, who was "recommended" by the queen as a person who would look after her comfort—a pleasant way of installing him as her guardian. "The fetters in which he held her were more like flowery wreaths thrown around her to attach her to a bower of royal pleasance, than aught which might remind her of stern restraints;" and she was well satisfied with the arrangement.

Sir Thomas interested her in his plans concerning Trinity college, which he had just founded at Oxford. In return for her goodness, he assisted in the amusements at Hatfield House. One of these scenes is thus described by a chronicler of the time: "At Shrovetide, Sir Thomas Pope made for the lady Elizabeth, all at

his own cost, a grand and rich masking in the great hall at Hatfield, where the pageants were marvellously furnished. There were twelve minstrels antiquely disguised, with forty-six or more gentlemen or ladies, many knights, nobles and ladies of honor, apparelled in crimson satin, embroidered with wreaths of gold, and garnished with borders of hanging pearl. There was the device of a castle, of cloth of gold, set with pomegranates about the battlements, with shields of knights hanging therefrom, and six knights in rich harness tourneyed. At night, the cupboard in the hall was of twelve stages, mainly furnished with garnish of gold and silver vessels, and a banquet of seventy dishes, and after a *void*, of spices and subtleties, with thirty spice plates, all at the charge of Sir Thomas Pope; and the next day, the play of Holofernes. But the queen, *perause*, misliked these follies, and so these disguisings ceased." Another scene is recorded: "She was escorted from Hatfield to Enfield chase, by a retinue of twelve ladies, clothed in white satin, on ambling palfreys, and twenty yeomen in green, all on horseback, that her grace might hunt the hart. At entering the chase or forest, she was met by fifty archers in scarlet boots and yellow caps, armed with gilded bows; one of whom presented her a silver-headed arrow winged with peacock's feathers. Sir Thomas Pope had the devising of this show. At the close of the sport, her grace was gratified with the privilege of cutting the buck's throat." When the queen visited her, "she adorned her great state-chamber for her majesty's reception, with a sumptuous suit of tapestry

representing the siege of Antioch; after supper a play was performed by the choir-boys of St. Paul's; when it was over, one of the children sang, and was accompanied on the virginals by no meaner musician than the Princess Elizabeth herself." Such were the merry-makings in the olden time.

At Hatfield, her grace enjoyed again the services of Mrs. Ashley and Parry, who were so convenient to her in her first love affair. Roger Ascham, too, resumed his place as her instructor, though she was now twenty-three years old, and so versed in the classics that Ascham confesses he could teach her nothing more, but rather her "modest and maidenly looks taught him"—a modesty that her Italian master calls "a marvellous meek stomach." Her meekness must have undergone a sudden and astonishing change before she became queen. The language of these men is merely the ordinary flattery of those promoted to places near princes, or it shows a finished artfulness in the future mistress of all deception.

At this time, the Archduke of Austria was expected at London, to propose for her hand. There was no end of the matches arranged for her, from her infancy until long after her coronation. The great Gustavus Vasa of Sweden offered his son, but the union was declined. The subject of Philibert's addresses was repeatedly introduced and always with resulting ill-will; at last "he was seen making love from his window to the fair Duchess of Lorraine," and this discovery by Elizabeth herself, as well as the final resolution of the queen, terminated the vexatious suit. The urgent re-

newal of it immediately after the death of Courtenay, is thought to argue a private engagement between him and the princess. How far her heart was tried with disappointment, and how far this led to her maiden resolutions, can never be known.

In various ways her peace was constantly disturbed and her temper injured. In 1556, two insurrections broke out, headed by adventurous aspirants for her hand and a share in her expected sovereignty. The first was that of Sir Henry Dudley; two of her officers were implicated in it, and she narrowly escaped suffering by their treason. The next revolt, a few weeks after, was raised by an impostor who passed himself off for an exiled earl, and proclaimed Elizabeth queen and himself king as her husband. From another danger she escaped only through the honesty of the new French ambassador. Wearied out with court intrigues respecting her, she twice applied to him to secure her safe passage to France. At last he plainly told her that if she ever hoped to ascend the throne, she must never leave England.

But the queen was prostrate with mortal sickness in November 1558, and Elizabeth's anxieties for herself were soon to cease. Mary bequeathed her crown to her, and secured some kind of promise that she would maintain the Catholic religion; in fact, she observed the ceremonies of that church for a month after her sister's death, when she found that the Protestants were certainly in the majority. Mary sent her the crown jewels, and Philip added a precious casket; in gratitude for such favors Elizabeth always retained his

portrait in her bed-chamber. As the queen failed in strength, the courtiers, as usual at such times, forsook their late mistress and crowded around the expectant successor to the crown. Yet so cautious was Elizabeth that she would assume no airs of royalty, until she was certified of the queen's death by private means. She engaged Sir Nicholas Throckmorton to procure her majesty's black enamelled ring which she always wore as a bridal one, so soon as she ceased to breathe, and ride with it to her at his utmost speed. This he commemorates in verse:

> "She said (since nought exceedeth woman's fears,
> Who still dread some baits of subtlety,)
> 'Sir Nicholas, know a ring my sister wears,
> Enamelled black, a pledge of loyalty,
> The which the King of Spain in spousals gave,—
> If aught fall out amiss, 'tis that I crave.'"

When the news came, she knelt and repeated in Latin the sacred words:—"It is the Lord's doing, it is marvellous in our eyes." This was afterwards engraved on her gold plate, and another text—"I have chosen God for my helper"—was written, likewise in Latin, on her silver service.

On the 17th day of November, 1558, Mary expired, and Elizabeth was proclaimed queen. Great trouble was anticipated in consequence of the distracted state of religious parties, and the late bloody persecutions by the papists. But it all passed off peaceably. The Catholic lord chancellor nobly secured the recognition of Elizabeth by parliament. The people, worn out with tyranny, and terrified by a pestilence that swept

the kingdom and strangely attacked many high ecclesiastics, hailed the new sovereign with joy. The bells were pealed, bonfires lighted, and the poor were publicly feasted by the rich. Queen Elizabeth appointed Cecil her Secretary of State, and retained him so long as he lived; and his course proved the true policy of her choice.

In a few days, she took her journey to London, followed by a splendid procession of nobility and multitudes of the people, who had often before enthusiastically crowded to see and hail her. To the people she ascribed her quiet succession to the sceptre. On her way she met a company of bishops, and offered her hand to be kissed by each, excepting Bonner, who had become notorious for his cruelty in persecuting nonconformists. As she approached the city she rode in a costly chariot, but entered the streets on horseback. Her dress was of purple velvet, with a scarf over her shoulders; and Lord Robert Dudley, her henceforth chief pet, rode next to her. Before her were borne the sceptre and sword of state. The walls of the city, then existing, were hung with tapestry, and music everywhere resounded, while the Tower guns were continually discharged. At various points, children were in waiting to welcome her with songs or set speeches. Nothing escaped her eye; she responded to every thing, knowing well how far every attention goes in attaching the people to one in high station. It was always her rule to gain over all enemies, and lose no friend. Reaching the Tower, she went directly to the rooms where she had been imprisoned, fell on her

knees, and thanked God, comparing herself to Daniel escaped from the lion's den. A few days after, she removed her court to Somerset palace.

Her first care was to ascertain, by shrewd experiments, how far she might restore the independent church and government of her father. After this, on the day preceding her coronation, she made a procession through the city. "The lord mayor and his city-companies," says a chronicler, "met her on the Thames with their barges decked with banners of their crafts and mysteries. His own company, the mercer's, had a bachelor's barge and an attendant foist, with artillery shooting off lustily as they went, with great and pleasant melody of instruments, which played in a sweet and heavenly manner." Landing at the Tower, she left it in a chariot covered with crimson velvet, and overshadowed with a canopy borne by knights. One who was in the procession, records that "the queen as she entered the city, was received by the people with prayers, welcomings, cries, and tender words, and all signs which argue an earnest love of subjects towards their sovereign; and the queen, by holding up her hands and glad countenance to such as stood afar off, and most tender language to those that stood nigh her grace, showed herself no less thankful to receive the people's good-will than they to offer it." Frequently she stopped her chariot to receive gifts of flowers from poor women in the concourse.

At the upper end of Grace-church-street, beneath a splendid arch, had been erected a stage, in three stories. On the lowest platform were effigies of the queen's

grandparents—Elizabeth of York in the midst of a gigantic, artificial white rose; at her side was Henry VII., peeping from a mammoth red rose, and holding his consort by the hand. From these roses, a stem reached to the next higher stage where the queen's father was represented in the centre of a grand red and white rose, and holding Anne Boleyn by the hand. Another branch proceeded from this to the highest platform, where Elizabeth herself was counterfeited on a throne. Thus was her genealogy, embracing the houses of York and Lancaster, very ingeniously set forth; and thus was Anne Boleyn at length honored. Many other devices, such as Father Time, the Beatitudes, Deborah, etc., were to be seen. Through all this remarkable display, the maiden queen acted her part with consummate address, according to the taste of the period. In later times it would have been regarded as ludicrously theatrical when she held up hands and eyes to heaven, while certain speeches and songs were recited to her.

At her coronation, the next day, she was duly attired with crimson velvet, ermine, and buttons, cords and tassels of gold. The usual elaborate ceremonies were observed, much to the edification of all concerned, if we except the anointing with oil which her majesty so much disliked that she retired to change her dress, remarking to her maids that "the oil was grease and smelled ill." At the banquet in Westminster hall, which concluded the drama, the customary champion rode into the room, in complete armor, and offered to defend against all gainsayers the "most high and

mighty princess, our dread sovereign, Lady Elizabeth, by the grace of God, Queen of England, France, Ireland, Defender of the true, ancient and catholic faith, most worthy empress from the Orcade Isles to the Mountains Pyrénée."

Here ends the truly heroical period of Elizabeth's life. She was now twenty-five years of age, had bravely and discreetly held her course through a sea of early troubles, and was so firmly established on the throne that the occasional plots of malcontents could not seriously affect her safety. Her long career was one of eminent worldly wisdom, but a wisdom that was confined to her personal interests and did not, like that of Maria Theresa or Isabella of Spain, embrace the national welfare. The unprecedented prosperity of England during her reign, was due to the peace which she selfishly maintained, and to other causes than her conduct. Her deceitful and cruel course towards Mary, Queen of Scots, belongs properly to the history of the latter; it was prompted by well-grounded fears, but carried to the pitch of despicable jealousy and unscrupulous malignity. This and the other leading events of Elizabeth's administration, unlike her youthful life, are too well known to require a detailed recital.

As a rare picture of "good Queen Bess," in her thirty-first year, we have the account of a conference with her enjoyed by Melville, a Scottish ambassador. "The morning after his arrival in London, he was admitted to an audience by Elizabeth, whom he found pacing an alley in her garden. The business upon

which he came being arranged satisfactorily, Melville was favorably and familiarly treated by the English queen. He remained at her court nearly a fortnight, and conversed with her majesty every day, sometimes thrice on the same day. Sir James, who was a shrewd observer, had thus an opportunity of remarking the many weaknesses and vanities which characterized Elizabeth. In allusion to her extreme love of power, he ventured to say to her, when she informed him she never intended to marry, "Madam, you need not tell me that; I know your stately stomach. You think if you were married you would be but queen of England; and now you are king and queen both; you may not suffer a commander." Elizabeth was fortunately not offended at this freedom. She took Sir James, upon one occasion, into her bed-chamber and opened a little case in which were several miniature pictures. The pretence was to show him a likeness of Mary, but her real object was that he should observe in her possession a miniature of her favorite, the Earl of Leicester, upon which she had written with her own hand, "My lord's picture."

When Melville made this discovery, Elizabeth affected a little amiable confusion. "I held the candle," says Sir James, "and pressed to see my lord's picture: albeit she was loath to let me see it; at length I by importunity obtained sight thereof, and asked the same to carry home to the queen; which she refused, alleging that she had but that one of his." At another time Elizabeth talked with Sir James of the different costumes of different countries. She told him she had

dresses of many sorts; and she appeared in a new one every day during his continuance at court. Sometimes she was dressed after the English, sometimes after the French, and sometimes after the Italian fashion. She asked Sir James which he thought became her best. He said the Italian, "whilk pleasit her weel; for she delighted to show her golden-colored hair, wearing a kell and bonnet as they do in Italy. Her hair was redder than yellow, and apparently of nature." Elizabeth herself seems to have been quite contented with its hue, for she very complacently asked Sir James whether she or Mary had the finer hair? Sir James having replied as politely as possible, she proceeded to inquire which he considered the more beautiful? The ambassador quaintly answered that *the beauty of either was not her worst fault.* This evasion would not serve, though Melville, for many sufficient reasons, was unwilling to say anything more definite. He told her that she was *the fairest queen in England*, and Mary the fairest in Scotland. Still this was not enough. Sir James ventured, therefore, one step further. "They were baith," he said, "the fairest ladies of their courts, and that the Queen of England was whiter, but our queen was very lusome." Elizabeth next asked which of them was of highest stature? Sir James told her the Queen of Scots. "Then she said the queen was over-heigh, and that herself was neither over-heigh nor over-laigh. Then she askit what kind of exercises she used. I said, that as I was dispatchit out of Scotland, the queen was but new come back from the Highland hunting; and that when she had leisure frae the affairs

of her country, she read upon guid books the histories of divers countries; and sometimes would play upon the lute and virginals. She spearit gin she played weel; I said *raisonably for a queen.*" This account of Mary's accomplishments piqued Elizabeth's vanity, and determined her to give Melville some display of her own. Accordingly, next day one of the lords in waiting took him to a quiet gallery, where, as if by chance, he might hear the queen play upon the virginals. After listening a little, Melville perceived well enough that he might take the liberty of entering the chamber whence the music came. Elizabeth coquettishly left off as soon as she saw him, and coming forward, tapped him with her hand and affected to feel ashamed of being caught, declaring that she never played before company, but only when alone, to keep off melancholy. Melville made her a flattering speech, protesting that the music he had heard was of so exquisite a kind, that it had irresistibly drawn him into the room. Elizabeth, who does not seem to have thought as people are usually supposed to do in polite society, that "comparisons are odious," could not rest satisfied without putting, as usual, the question whether Mary or she played best? Melville gave the English queen the palm. Being now in good-humor, she resolved that Sir James should have a specimen of her learning, which it was well known degenerated too much into pedantry. She praised his French, asking if he could also speak Italian, which she said she herself spoke reasonably well. She spoke to him also in Dutch · but Sir James says it was not good. After-

ward, she insisted upon his seeing her dance; and when her performance was over, she put the old question whether she or Mary danced best. Melville answered, "The queen danceit *not so high and disposedly* as she did." Melville returned to Scotland, "convinced in his judgment that in Elizabeth's conduct there was neither plain-dealing nor upright meaning, but great dissimulation, emulation, and fear that Mary's princely qualities should too soon chase her out, and displace her from the kingdom." Surely such exquisite vanity as this description reveals, could hardly belong to a mind of much breadth and power, whatever cunning it may have possessed.

The great events of Elizabeth's reign were the establishment of Protestantism, and the war with Spain, signalized by the defeat of the Invincible Armada. The motives of her renunciation of the Pope's authority have been mentioned; she displayed the most admirable prudence in effecting a peaceable revolution of the national religion; and the beneficial consequences of it to the world, cannot be overestimated. England and Scotland were, for a long time, the sole champions of religious reform, among the nations; and nobly did they maintain their cause. Whatever were the faults and the springs of action, of those who governed these two countries during this most critical period of the church, a great debt of gratitude is forever due to their firmness and intrepidity.

The ecclesiastical position of England was the cause of the Spanish war. The great powers of the continent, temporal and spiritual, were leagued to crush

everywhere the interests of truth and freedom, much in the way they are combined at this day. But the English aid rendered to Holland and Belgium against Philip, and the piracies committed on Spanish commerce by English vessels, were the occasions, if not the causes, of the war. The renowned Sir Francis Drake, the first circumnavigator of the world, had passed around Cape Horn, loaded his ships with gold and silver, taken from the Spanish trading vessels, and finding his return intercepted, came home by way of India and the Cape of Good Hope. The queen took possession of his plunder, on pretence that Philip might demand restitution; she disowned the expedition; but she welcomed the adventurer back, visited his ship, attended the festivities on board, and knighted the legalized buccaneer.

When Philip, in 1587, was preparing his gigantic naval invasion of England, Drake, with a fleet of some thirty vessels, sailed for Spain, boldly forced his way into the harbor of Cadiz and destroyed more than a hundred ships of the proposed expedition. Continuing his search, he burned or scuttled all the vessels he could find along the Spanish coast. This aroused the indomitable Philip to still greater exertions, and by the next year he had prepared his armada of one hundred and thirty ships, of unprecedented size, and carrying thirty thousand men, together with two thousand six hundred and thirty large pieces of brass cannon.

Great was the terror of England at this vast armament, and great were the preparations made to resist it. Every rank of the people, high and low, through

out the kingdom, contributed its share of men, money and ships. For months it was all enthusiasm, fear and busy work. Thirty-four thousand foot and two thousand horse, with a considerable fleet, were in waiting on the coast, to meet the enemy, while twenty-two thousand foot and a thousand horse, under the command of Leicester, were stationed near the mouth of the Thames to protect the capital.

The queen was undaunted in courage and untiring in activity, through all this season of dreadful suspense. She was the animating soul of the whole defensive movement; and so great was her excitement that she suddenly knighted a lady who exhibited great spirit in encouraging her warlike plans. Herself generalissimo of all the forces, she was determined to lead them in the contest, or seemed to be resolved so to do, and was with difficulty dissuaded from endangering her person. As it was, she reviewed the troops at Leicester's camp, mounted on a fine horse, and attended only by two earls, one of whom carried the sword of state, while a page followed bearing her helmet, with a white plume. A bright steel corslet covered her breast; immensely distended robes, as in her portraits, encumbered her person, and she held a marshal's truncheon in her hand. She was received with deafening applause, and made a spirited speech, in which she said, "I am come among you as you see at this time, not for recreation and disport, but being resolved, in the midst of the heat of battle, to live and die amongst you all—to lay down for my God, and for my kingdoms, and for my people, my honor and my blood even in the dust. I

know I have the body of a weak, feeble woman; but I have the heart and stomach of a king—and of a king of England too, and think foul scorn that Parma or Spain, or any prince of Europe dare to invade the borders of my realm; to which, rather than any dishonor should grow by me, I myself will take up arms—I myself will be your general, judge, and rewarder of every one of your virtues in the field." Rapturous shouts and professions of fidelity followed this appeal.

A storm scattered the armada for a while at the outset; this was reported as its entire loss; and Elizabeth ordered her larger vessels to be dismantled, so quickly did parsimony succeed her boastful self-denial. Her admiral ventured to retain all his force, on the strength of his private purse, and thus saved England. On the 19th of July, 1588, the tall Spanish ships, with their lofty decks turreted like castles, were descried entering the Channel, and extending seven miles to the right and left, in the form of a half-moon.

"Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea;
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be;
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lyme to Milford Bay,
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day;
For swift to east, and swift to west, the warning radiance spread;
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone,—it shone on Beachy Head;
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire."

The result is well known. The light English vessels hovered about the unwieldy ships of the armada, crippling and sinking them; at night many were set on fire; all were thrown into confusion and escaped

towards the Orkney isles, where a storm so overwhelmed them that not one half of the proud armament returned to Spain.

The first half of Elizabeth's forty-five years' reign, was much occupied with her flirtations. She had innumerable lovers who longed to share her power; her position, next to that of the King of Spain, was the most splendid of any sovereign; and many princes, both at home and abroad, burned for the prize of her hand. She seems to have been too politic to hazard her popularity among her subjects by wedding a foreign and therefore Catholic suitor, and too ambitious to accept of any subject of her own. But she had vanity enough to dally with all who numbered themselves among her admirers. And once or twice the advantages of married life betrayed her into actual preparations for the nuptial ceremony. She professed, however, a desire to remain single; when the House of Commons ventured to suggest the desirability of an heir to the throne, she replied that she would be content to have her tombstone declare that "here lies one who lived and died a maiden queen."

Philip proposed to her, through his messenger, immediately on the death of his wife. Two years afterwards, she had the small-pox; the kingdom was alarmed at the prospect of her death and the confusion that might follow concerning her successor; and parliament again recommended marriage to her, on her recovery. There seemed to be some prospect now of her union with Robert Dudley, whom she had made Earl of Leicester, and had chiefly favored. He was

suspected to have murdered his wife to make room for such an event; and Elizabeth had thrown out a remark that appeared to justify such an expectation. In her frequent and magnificent excursions, he enjoyed her manifest partiality. Once she visited his seat, the castle of Kenilworth, which was a gift from her. "The earl," we are told, "made the most extensive and costly arrangements for the reception and entertainment of the queen and her retinue on this occasion. The moat of the castle had a floating island upon it, with a fictitious personage whom they called the Lady of the Lake, upon the island, who sung a song in praise of Elizabeth as she passed the bridge. There was also an artificial dolphin swimming upon the water, with a band of musicians within it. As the queen advanced across the park, men and women, in strange disguises, came out to meet her, and to offer her salutations and praises. One was dressed as a sibyl, another like an American savage, and a third, who was concealed, represented an echo. This visit continued for nineteen days, and the stories of the splendid entertainments provided for the company, the plays, the bear-baitings, the fire-works, the huntings, the mock-fights, the feastings and revelries—filled all Europe at the time, and have been celebrated by historians and story-tellers ever since."

But Leicester's flatteries were all in vain; in despair he married another; the queen, as usual in such circumstances, was enraged and sent him to prison, but afterwards released him. So unwilling is poor human nature to yield an inch of the territory it has acquired

in other hearts, that many a person, though, like Elizabeth, a Minerva in wisdom and, unlike her, an angel of goodness, will yet indignantly regard the one as faithless and fickle who, doomed for an indefinite period to be fried on the coals of hopeless anxiety, at last turns to another and more heroic spirit to find sympathy. With the virgin queen it was a settled system to prevent all love-matches that seemed to promise happiness to those who meditated them, and also to separate and imprison for years or for life those who married without her knowledge or consent. Standing irresolute at the half-open door of matrimony, she would neither enter herself nor suffer others to go in thereat. The many outrageous instances of her envy and cruelty need not be repeated.

A passage in the Life of Sir Walter Raleigh, illustrates the tyranny of Elizabeth in affairs of the heart, and also her extreme susceptibility to the gross flatteries which she constantly craved and received. She was mad with resentment at his marriage, and sent him to the Tower. He straightway affected to be overcome with wretchedness at his separation, not from his beautiful bride, but from the queen herself. As her majesty sailed by on the Thames, he counterfeited a crazy determination to leap from the window and swim out to the royal barge, being only prevented by his keeper, whose wig he tore off, and whose heart he pretended he would strike through with his dagger, in the struggle. He then wrote to Cecil, knowing that the letter would be shown to the queen; of her he thus spoke: "How can I live alone in prison, while

she is afar off—I, who was wont to behold her riding like Alexander, hunting like Diana, walking like Venus—the gentle wind blowing her fair hair about her pure cheeks, like a nymph. Sometimes sitting in the shade like a goddess, sometimes playing on the lute like Orpheus. But once amiss, hath bereaved me of all. All those times are past; the loves, the sighs, the sorrows, the desires, can they not weigh down one frail misfortune?" Elizabeth was so affected by this tender description of herself that she released him not long after.

Her suitors gradually fell off as she approached an unfruitful age, until in her forty-sixth year, Francis, Duke of Anjou and brother of the French king, was almost the only one that remained. He was not half her equal in years, and had never seen her. He plied his courtship through an artful proxy, and the ancient maiden so warmed towards him, that he made a pompous visit to the English court. The affair was fully arranged, and, at a banquet, the queen publicly put a ring on his finger, in token of the engagement. The event created a great sensation on the "fast-anchored isle" and throughout the Continent, where it was signalized with bells and bonfires. But, as the marriage approached, Elizabeth wavered; she summoned Francis to her presence; and, when he had left her apartment, he dashed away the ring and cursed the caprice of woman. She accompanied him, with much parade, to the coast, and entreated him to return, but he never showed his face again that side of the Channel.

Her last favorite was Robert Devereux, Earl of Es-

sex, by which name he is generally known. He was a son of Leicester's second wife, and was a fascinating, fiery, generous young man, just of age when Elizabeth, nearly sixty, transferred to him her partiality for Leicester, who had died soon after the defeat of the Armada. Her regard for Essex appeared to be a mixture of motherly fondness and maidenly romance. She felt a torturing solicitude for his safety, and was frequently agonized by his unannounced departure on cruising expeditions against the Spaniards, in which he leapt for joy at every encounter, and plunged into the thickest fight. He gained a high place in general admiration, and, with more discretion, would have been the first man in the realm. But he overstepped the queen's patience. Irritated by her refusal to grant a request of his, he committed the egregious offence of turning his back on her as he left her presence. She started up in a rage and boxed him on the ear, and bade him "Go and be hanged." He seized his sword-hilt in a threatening way, and declared that "He would not have taken that blow from King Henry, her father, nor would he endure it from any one." They were afterwards reconciled, quarrelled again, and again were reconciled; but, when the queen withdrew the monopoly of wines from him, which was his chief support, he entered into treasonable plots, was condemned and was executed, maintaining a brave spirit to the last. The queen had formerly given him a ring, with the promise that it should be a guerdon of her favor, if he ever fell into extreme disgrace and danger. She delayed his death for a long time, hoping that he would avail him-

self of the promise. He did, in fact, but the one to whom he entrusted the ring, withheld it from Elizabeth. Subsequently this person, the Countess of Nottingham, confessed, on a sick bed, her fault to the queen, who shook the dying woman, and fiercely told her that God might forgive her, but she never would.

These events induced in her a melancholy that hastened her death, which occurred in the seventieth year of her age, and the forty-fifth of her reign. She refused food and medicine, and lay prostrate on the floor at Richmond palace, whither she had removed to be near a chapel that communicated with the royal apartments. For ten days and nights she lay in the anguish of remorse and bitterness, declaring that life was a burthen, and groaning at every breath. When urged to appoint a successor, she said angrily, "I will have no rascal's son in my seat, but one worthy to be a king"—meaning thereby no one low in station, but the King of Scotland, the son of her hated rival, the Queen of Scots. At length she sank into a profound sleep from which she never awoke. When she breathed no longer, the preconcerted sign of the fact—a sapphire ring, was dropped from her window into the hands of a messenger, who started, at full speed, to convey it to James of Scotland.

She was buried, with magnificent ceremonies, in Westminster Abbey. A wax figure of her, exhibited on the occasion, excited great lamentation, and is still preserved in a secret room of the Abbey. It has her delicate features, broad forehead and high cheek-bones; and is dressed in her robes of crimson satin, profusely

ornamented with pearls, rubies, emeralds, diamonds, fringe and ample ruffs, with a purple velvet mantle, ermined and gold-laced; on the head is a light-red frizzled wig, and on the small feet are high-heeled shoes—fit emblem of her character.

She was a learned, acute, brave and determined woman, but deceitful, jealous, vain, selfish and malicious. Her life was a long progress from all that is promising and romantic to all that is pitiful and detestable; and her last years were a notable comment on the emptiness of pomp and power. In her reign, the great stars of literature shone, and England, from a second-rate kingdom, began the splendid career by which, at this hour, she boasts an eighth of the habitable globe, forty colonies, and a seventh of the world's population, or one hundred and eighty million subjects.

MARY OF SCOTLAND.



Mary of Scotland.

> **Virtue may be assailed, but never hurt;**
> **Surprised by unjust force, but not enthralled,**
> **Yet even that, which mischief meant most harm,**
> **Shall in the happy trial prove most glory.**—MILTON.

THE character of no woman, whose name figures in the past, has excited more discussion than that of Mary Queen of Scots. From her day to this, countless volumes have been published, in bitter accusation or defence of her, or with a professed attempt at impartiality. All the long-entailed disputes of royal families, the unforgiving pride of three great nations, and the endless conflict of religious parties, have contributed to prolong the agitation of this question, whether she was guilty, or not, of the iniquities charged upon her. But the world has more generally taken a favorable view of her character, in proportion as prejudices have worn away, and the causes of controversy have been removed. To exculpate her now, it is enough to know that there is no positive evidence against her, that her enemies had every unworthy motive to misrepresent the facts, and that her whole spirit, to the last hour of her

unfortunate life, was evidently that of a pure and noble-hearted woman.

Scotland, in common with Europe, was still emerging from the barbarism of the Middle Ages, when Mary acted her part in the scene of human affairs. She was born in the palace of Linlithgow, on the 7th of December, 1542, a remarkable year inasmuch as it was precisely a half century after the discovery of America, and just a quarter of a century after the first act of Luther's Reformation; it was also very nearly one hundred years subsequent to the invention of the art of printing with separate types. These three events smote the dead calm of man's intellect into increasing commotion, and set forward the world in a rapid tide of progress. At the period of Mary's birth, Scotland was in the fiercest struggle of that Protestantism which developed itself more sternly there than elsewhere; and it was likewise passing through the most sanguinary conflicts of the feudal barons and clans with each other, and with a centralizing royalty. In no other country were internal broils so severe and protracted. The advantage of mountain fastnesses, the small number of nobles, the lack of large towns, and the division of the nation into great kindreds or tribes, were a few of the causes of this state of things. Besides, the kingdom was a bone of contention between the English crown, which labored to unite the Scottish with its own, and the French, who adroitly played off the latter in their wars with the former.

Into such a furious sea of changes was Mary thrown-nor is her nature the less beautiful for the contrast of

so fair a flower with the dark billows on which it was helplessly tost. Her father was James V. of Scotland, and her mother was Mary of Lorraine, daughter to the Duke of Guise, of France; both were strong and cultivated in mind, and of energetic character. Commerce and agriculture had made little progress in this wild, northern country; the wealthy, in common with the poorest classes, were without education; Edinboro' was not, as now, the "Athens of the North;" and traditionary songs and legends were almost the only literature of the people. King James was himself a poet, and encouraged learning and art in various ways directly, as well as indirectly by the ingress of foreigners, consequent on his alliance with France—then, as now, the centre of refinement. In personal beauty, valor and accomplishments, he was worthy of such a daughter as Mary. Tall and muscular in figure, fair-haired, of regular features, bright gray eyes, and sweet voice, his presence was both commanding and winning; and his death was brave and graceful, like his life. Repulsed by the English army, and suspecting treachery in his own officers, he was yet cheerful in his last hour; before he expired, he smiled upon the assembled noblemen, and gave them his hand to kiss. Mary was only seven days old when her father died, and neither of them ever saw the other.

The nation was immediately distracted with troubles connected with the choice of a regent, to govern during her infancy. James Hamilton, Earl of Arran, of royal blood, was finally chosen. With him, Henry VIII. of England, a Protestant, negotiated a marriage

between his son Edward and the infant Mary. The treaty was soon broken up by her mother and Cardinal Beaton, the leader of the Catholic party, who knew that, if fulfilled, it would destroy the influence of their church, and of the house of Guise, and tend to make Scotland an English province. The cardinal in this affair, made a tool of the Earl of Lennox, who, disappointed in his expected reward, the regent's office, instigated King Henry to send an avenging army, which, however, after plundering Edinburgh, retired home. The earl was obliged, by his part in this movement, to escape into England, where, in token of his services, Lady Margaret Douglas, niece of the king, was given him in marriage. To them was born Darnley, afterwards so conspicuous as the husband of our heroine, and the father of James the First of England. Thus, the failure of the Earl of Lennox led to indirect success, and gave him the proud distinction of being the ancestor of the first sovereign, and of many succeeding ones, after the union of the crowns of Scotland and England.

Soon after these events, the English king and his enemies, Cardinal Beaton of Scotland, and Francis I. of France, were one after another numbered with the dead. But the rivalries of the three nations continued none the less. The English regent pursued the same policy of forcing the Scotch to comply with arbitrary demands, and defeated them in the battle of Pinkie, slaying eight thousand of their men. The Scotch applied for aid to Henry II. of France, and bartered their young queen, Mary, to his infant son, the Dauphin Francis, agreeing to send her to the French court to be

educated. The same fleet that brought six thousand Frenchmen to assist her country in its wars, carried her away from her native shores. She was now six years of age, and hitherto had been the unconscious object of national homage and contention.

When nine months old, she had been crowned, in the presence of nobles and foreign ambassadors, at a place famous for its beauty and associations—Stirling Castle. The English ambassador beheld her disrobed, that he might satisfy his king, whose plans depended on her union with his son Edward; the officer reported her to be "as goodly a child as he ever saw." She remained another year, in the care of her nurse, Janet Sinclair, at her birth-place—the palace of Linlithgow, situated on the margin of a small lake, and now in ruins. Here she had the small-pox, which, however, left no marks to disfigure her beauty, in after years. For safer keeping she spent the next two years at Stirling castle; and, then, for the same reason, was removed to Inchmahome, a small island in the Lake of Monteith—one of the gems that are hidden in the once inaccessible Highlands of Scotland. Linlithgow, Stirling, and Monteith all lie at about equal distances, in a north-west direction from Edinburgh.

Four children of rank, each bearing the name of Mary, were her playmates and fellow-students, in this wild island-home; and, afterwards, the same number, of the same name, were retained, when one after another of the four Maries ceased to be a companion of the queen. Attended by these, and the Lords Erskine and Livingston, and her three brothers, she sailed from

Dumbarton, on the west coast of the kingdom, in Ju 1548. After a stormy voyage of two weeks, the precious child arrived safely in France, there to spend thirteen years of happiness as exquisite as the misery that followed it. Never was a life more signalized by transition from the height of honor and pleasure, to the depth of humiliation and woe.

By order of the king, Mary's reception and journey to the palace of St. Germain, were royally magnificent; and the prisons of every town she passed, were thrown open, as if the liberation of the king's criminals were a favor, for which the people should be grateful to the young queen, in honor of whom the act was done. Arrived at the palace, and duly complimented with festivities, she was soon sent, with the king's daughters, to a convent for education. Here she evinced great aptitude for learning, but, even at her tender age, manifested such a growing fondness for cloister life, that her royal friends and princely relatives, at the end of two years, took her away and introduced her to all the dazzling pomp of courtly life, fearing lest she might acquire an incurable love of religious solitude, take the nun's veil, and defeat their ambitious hopes.

Such thus far, and during all her years, were the kind and amount of interest that centered in a playful, innocent child, no different from a multitude of others, except in the accident of birth. The eyes of Europe were fixed upon her, as if her sunny ringlets covered he wisdom of a Charlemagne, and in her dimpled arm ·lept the strength of a Charles Martel. Grave coun-illors made her the theme of deep study, kings were

sleepless in their anxiety, nations were embattled and blood flowed freely, all for the sake of a little, helpless girl. Yet, in the walls of Stirling, on the island of Inchmahome, beneath the roof of the convent, and in the regal gardens of Fontainebleau, she prattled and romped and slept, as sweetly as if only a peasant's humble life awaited her.

It was fortunate for Mary to pass her youth in France. The court and people were not then, as since, eminently licentious; the king and his favorite were outwardly correct; his sister, the Princess Margaret, exercised a highly moral influence; and the queen, Catherine de Medicis, a woman of great talents, had not yet developed her unenviable character. Everything tended to the cultivation of religious and delicate feeling in the young mind entrusted to their care.

Nothing indeed would seem more mutually beneficial than the intercourse of the Scotch and French nations. The former, by nature, have a surplus of conscience, and the latter appear to have a native lack of that endowment; and, at the period in view, something of the ignorance, religious severity and iron inflexibility that characterized the one people, could be well exchanged for something of the refinement, elasticity and joyous grace of the other. It was the era of fresh intellectual life in France. Its system of education had just been grandly enlarged; all branches of science were gratuitously taught by professors who were supported by government; and many men of genius and celebrity adorned the various departments of authorship.

The most noted of these were selected as the instructors of Mary and her companions, in addition to the two teachers who had accompanied her from her native land. She became familiar with Latin and Italian, and could write and speak the French with elegance, before she was ten years old; and poetry, then and ever, had for her a peculiar charm. In rhetoric she was taught by Fauchet, in history by Pasquier, and in poetry by Ronsard, all of them names well known in the annals of literature. In the accomplishments of ingenuity she excelled, particularly in embroidery and the inventing of devices and mottoes, which were very fashionable at that day. Her loving remembrance of her convent-home was testified to by the present of a richly-worked altar-cloth from her hands. Some of the devices which her fancy produced, have been preserved. When her first husband died, she had a seal made representing a branch of a liquorice tree, of which the root only is sweet; and beneath the branch a motto in Latin, signifying, "The earth covers my sweet." On her trappings, she embroidered a French sentence, meaning, "My end is my beginning"—a thought that all persons, the obscure no less than the great, and the suffering as well as the fortunate, would do well to keep in mind. By her orders also, a medal was made, with the image of a wrecked ship, and the words in Latin, "Nothing unless erect"—teaching the value of uprightness.

That physical development, without which mental activity is almost a curse, was not forgotten in the education of the Queen of Scots. Lively recreations and

vigorous exercises gave her that flow of spirits which is the essence of health, and thus that health which is the life of life, rendering it something else than a living death. Particularly did the exercises of dancing and riding exalt her naturally fine figure and movements, to the height of graceful freedom. Her excellent performance of the stately minuet may be still recorded to her honor, and all the more so in view of the indecent waltz, polka, and schottish of later times. The romantic but cruel amusement of stag-hunting fascinated her with the joy of a bounding chase through the forests; and, although thrown from her horse on one occasion, and nearly trampled down, she mounted and gaily sped forward again. Thus she nourished the royal power and beauty of the human frame, prepared herself for healthy thought, and brave action in the duties of life.

In 1550, our heroine's mother, the dowager Mary of Guise, came from Scotland to see her child, on whom two years since their separation, and eight years of age, had shed bloom and wisdom. Overcome at the sight of her daughter's expanding loveliness, she wept tears of joy. She persuaded the king to secure her the regency of Scotland, and returned thither, destined never to look upon her beautiful and ill-fated child again. At this period, too, came from Mary's native land the accomplished James Melville to act as her page of honor; he was a few years older than herself. He subsequently acted often as her ambassador, and figured much in the events of the time.

Surrounded by instructors, the young queen and the

king's daughters spent several hours, every day, with Catherine de Medicis; and so devoted was Mary to this woman's brilliant society, that it excited jealousy rather than affection. She would not believe the child's assertion that she loved to gain wisdom from her, and her distinguished visitors; nor would she respond to the trustful love of her future daughter-in-law. Jealous, doubtless, of Mary's superiority over her own daughters, she even endeavored, in common with those in France who envied the elevation of the house of Guise, and those in Scotland who deprecated the reign of French Catholic influence, to defeat the proposed marriage with her son Francis. Whether instigated by an interested party, or by his own mistaken zeal for his country, a Scotch archer, in the king's guards, attempted to poison the youthful queen.

These circumstances only hastened a union which was at least a Providential solace of recollection to Mary during her after years of trouble. The machinations of even the powerful Montmorency and the family of Bourbon, could not swerve the king from his purpose to strengthen his power in Scotland as speedily as possible, nor sever the two hearts, that already clung to each other. Francis was slender in health, and diffident, yet kind and affectionate in disposition; and Mary, though strong and spirited, had grown up in his companionship, always regarding him as her husband elect, in a spirit of cheerful compliance with the arrangement made, and probably mingling compassion with her responsive tenderness. The marriage was solemnized on the 24th of April, 1558, at the church

of Notre Dame. The month previous, commissioners had arrived from Scotland, who negotiated the important conditions of the union in view of every contingency, which provisions, however, it is affirmed, Henry II. was prepared to evade, so as to unite the Scotch and French crowns, at all events.

The wedding party, on the bridal morning, were assembled at the palace of the archbishop, the bride being dressed in a jewelled white robe, with a long train borne by girls, after "the humor of the time." There is endless evidence that her reputation for uncommon beauty, was something more than flattery. Her form was full and tall; her hair a sunny brown, and falling in luxuriant ringlets; her face clear and softly outlined, with a Grecian nose, lovely lips, and chestnut eyes; and her delicate hands, as they waved in gesture, or glided over the strings of a lute, when she sang sweetly, threw the court-poets into spasms of admiration. From the bishop's palace, the royal company marched through a temporary covered way, lined with gold embroidered purple velvet, into the stupendous church, the pope's nuncio preceding with a golden cross, the bridegroom following, then the king and the bride. Passing through the church, they appeared on a platform at the door, in sight of an immense throng, seated in an amphitheatre, built for the occasion. Here the ring was given and a benediction pronounced, when they returned to the choir of the cathedral, where high mass was performed.

After a feast and ball at the bishop's house, the party adjourned to the Tournelles palace, to enjoy such

amusements as beholding artificial horses, richly caparisoned and bearing children of rank, move by internal machinery through the halls; and superb barges pass, on in-door lakes, and rowed by a single youth who thus carried off from the crowd his lady-love. The celebration continued fifteen days, and was closed by a grand tournament.

During all these spectacles, Mary was as much a wonder of loveliness to all who saw her, as she was not long before, when, bearing a torch in an evening procession and looking unearthly radiant in the wild light shed down on her features, she was asked, by a woman in the crowd, if she "were indeed an angel." In Scotland, the marriage was honored, among other ways, by bonfires, and by firing the famous gigantic gun called *Mons Meg*, which is still to be seen. The bride and groom retired into the country, after the ceremonies, to enjoy the quiet that was especially grateful to the shrinking nature of Francis. Here Mary showed herself as eminent in the affectionate duties of a wife, as she had been in the splendors of the court.

But the freedom of rural life was not long the privilege of these two amiable beings. Cares and griefs were near at hand. The first interruption of their quietude, was the death of the king, Henry II. At a tournament, given in honor of his sister's and eldest daughter's marriages, he himself entered the lists in all the pride of his strength, courage and regal array; but, by one of the accidents that sometimes happened in that warlike diversion, a lance pierced his helmet,

inflicting a wound from which he died a few days after. Francis, ill at the time, sprang from his bed, assumed the sceptre, and was crowned at Rheims, September, 1559.

Mary was now queen of both France and Scotland, and, through the influence of her friends, unwisely paraded a title to the English crown, also. The young Edward VI., to whom she was once engaged, and his sister Mary, known as the Bloody, had successively worn that crown and died, leaving it to the famous Elizabeth, who was first cousin to the father of Mary, Queen of Scots. The title of the latter to this, a third throne, was urged on the ground of Elizabeth's illegitimacy, which had been first decreed, and afterwards denied, by Acts of Parliament, the question being, whether the divorce of her mother, Anne Boleyn, rendered the daughter a rightful heir to royalty, or not. The death of Elizabeth would, without dispute, have given Mary a triple sceptre; and she was right in refusing, as she did, most firmly and ably for one so young, to relinquish such a rich reversion. As it was, her plate, banners, seals, furniture, all bore the united arms of Scotland, France and England; and her chosen device was the crowns of the two first, with the words in Latin—"Another is delayed" or "awaits me." Provoking as was this to the high temper of England's maiden sovereign, it fitly signified our heroine's peerless position before the eyes of a continent. She stood, in the glory of youth and beauty, at the head of two of its greatest kingdoms, and claimed headship over another. The then, as now, most splendid empires of Europe, were

heirs, in possession or expectancy. But, even in the first full blaze of her fortune, she did not lose her sweet humility and magnanimity. In the coronation procession, she yielded her own rightful precedence to her always ungracious, and now discrowned and frowning mother-in-law.

Francis, notwithstanding his feeble constitution and his title of the Little, to distinguish him invidiously from Francis the Great, entered on his duties with much energy. But his health declined, and, after a reign of seventeen months, he died, expressing, to the last, his love for Mary. She had already, the same year, mourned the death of her mother, the regent of Scotland, whose life was wearied out in vain attempts to crush the Reformation in that land. And now she was an orphan and, suddenly, a widow and a stranger in the beloved country of her adoption, her education, her short reign.

Catherine triumphantly resumed her power, as guardian of the new king, Francis' brother, and banished Mary's uncles from their influential stations at court. The Queen of Scots retired to a private country residence, and there relieved her sorrow for her lost husband, in tears or in sweet poetry, composed to his memory. Monarch still of her native mountains and valleys, and only eighteen years of age, her hand was sought by princes and kings; but she would entertain none of their offers, until she had decided her course of life. This was too apparent to be doubted. Her brother, Lord James, on behalf of the Protestants, and John Lesly, in the interest of the Catholics, came

from Scotland, to secure her favor for their respective parties, and to hasten her return to the home of her infancy. To each of the delegates, she replied in a reserved and prudent manner—a characteristic that should have weight in judging of her subsequent all leged intimacy with the notorious Earl of Bothwell, who, it is noteworthy, at this period came to France, with other noblemen, to greet their sovereign.

Previous to embarking, Mary, as the custom was, sent word to Elizabeth of England, asking permission to pass through her dominions. Elizabeth replied, through her ambassador, that she would give a pass only on condition that Mary would no more refuse to sign the rejected article of a former treaty, which was a relinquishment of all claim to the English crown. Mary's refusal of this repeated demand, as well as her reply to other messages, touching her religious position, are preserved at full length, and are beautiful exhibitions of gentleness and candor on the one hand, firmness, dignity and intelligence on the other. These answers, added to the personal charms and Catholic predilections of the one who uttered them, so incensed the homely, bitter and ambitious spinster who wore the British diadem, that she began anew to excite the Scots against their sovereign and her own cousin, and sent out a fleet, ostensibly to capture pirates, but really to intercept and seize that sovereign and relative, on her voyage home.

In August, 1561, she set sail from France, having lingered for months to wean her heart, if possible, from that sunny land, and to overcome her very natural

dread of the country of her parents' past, and her own anticipated, trials. The French court accompanied her to Calais, the port of departure; Catherine forgetting her jealousies, took an affectionate leave of her sad daughter-in-law; and a few noblemen, connections, and literary men, set sail with her who had been the light of the palace, the pride of blood, and the theme of song. Two historians, and a poet, Chatelard, afterwards a miserable actor in this narrative, were of the company. As Mary's ship weighed anchor, another, in an attempt to make the port, was wrecked before her weeping eyes, and declared by her to be an evil omen. To the last moment of twilight, she sat on deck, gazing in steadfast despair at the home of her childhood and the kingdom of her splendid nuptials; tears fell unceasingly from her, and her lips constantly murmured—"Farewell, France! farewell, my beloved country!" When the night hid the shore, she gave way to louder lamentation, exclaiming,—"The darkness now brooding over France is like that in my heart;" and then, refusing to enter the cabin, she slept on deck, awaiting the dawn's earliest light, when her attendants had promised to awake her. A heavy fog delayed the vessels, and, at morning, she saw again the dear, fading hills, and wept freshly, saying, "Farewell, beloved France! I shall never, never see you more."

On the voyage, she composed a famous song, which is desecrated by any attempt to translate it into English verse, and is literally this,—"Adieu, pleasant land of France! O my country, the most dear, which nour-

ished my infancy. Adieu, France! adieu, my happy days! The ship which sunders my friendships, has only a part of me; one part remains with thee; that is thine; I trust it to thy affection; and for this do thou remember the other!" The sweetness of the French words and rhymes, and, as in the "pour ma patrie" of the Marseilles Hymn, the very prepositions, to an English ear, give the language a mournful effect. The young American poet, Ellsworth, exquisitely conveys the spirit of the scene, without reference to the words of the original song, in these lines:—

"Wooed in the may-day of my prime,
And won by love to warmer earth,
How can I seek, in Scotia's clime,
Again, alone, a sullen hearth.
But France is now for other eyes,
And unto me are other skies;
O never shall a ship convey
A sadder wanderer away!

Behind, the shore distinct and bright,
Extends a farewell arm to me,
Before me is the drooping light,
The sunset, and the misty sea·
And thus, in gloom and doubt, decays,
To me, the light of glorious days,
When Love, to France, with Francis flew,
Adieu, adieu! ah me!—adieu!"

The ships, propelled by sails or oars, according as the wind blew or not, and built with high prows and sterns, like the ancient galleys—reached Scotland, August 20th, 1561. On the way a heavy mist alone prevented a capture by the English cruisers, who, as it

was, found and seized one of the vessels, containing Mary's furniture. A dense fog, like that which shrouded the French coast, and likewise interpreted as an evil sign by the queen, misled her mariners, so that they were nearly wrecked on the rocks of the Scottish shore. The disheartened Mary declared that she had no wish to escape wreck, or the chains of English imprisonment, so cheerless seemed her future residence in the stern land of her fathers.

The voyage had been conducted with enough secrecy to surprise the Scots by the sudden arrival of their admired queen. They were wholly unprepared to do fitting honor to the occasion; but were delighted with the return of their renowned ruler, especially with the fact that she so trusted them as to appear with no armed escort. Forthwith the population of Edinburgh arrayed themselves according to their trades, along the road to the port of Leith; and horses, poor in breed and array, compared with the superb ones Mary had been accustomed to see, were brought to receive the royal party. Shouts of applause rent the air, bonfires and illuminations shone everywhere, and, after the new-comers had been established in Holyrood palace, all the musicians in the city made the whole night hideous with inharmonious sounds, among which a party of covenanters, too strict to play on profane instruments and too loyal to be silent, mingled their loud hymns. Knox, the great yet violent Reformer, records that "so soon as ever her French fillocks, fiddlers, and others of that kind, got the house alone, there might be seen skipping not very comely for honest women.

Her common talk was, in secret, that she saw nothing in Scotland but gravity, which was altogether repugnant to her nature, for she was brought up in joyeusitye."

The intolerance which the Reformers, in those times, had learned from the Papists themselves, was signally illustrated the next Sunday after Mary's arrival. She had announced her intention to be present at high-mass in the chapel of Holyrood House. This ceremony the Protestants had forbidden throughout the realm; and now they assembled in great numbers, and would have rushed into the assembly to expel the priests, had not Lord James, himself a Protestant, stood at the door and quieted the tumult. On the next Sunday, Knox thundered from his pulpit against the idolatries of Rome; but he himself had not become so enlightened as to inveigh also against the grand banquet, given on the same holy day, by the city to the queen, at Edinburgh castle, on her way to which she was grieved as on many other occasions, by public exhibitions in ridicule of her religion. It speaks volumes in her praise, that she manifested, through all her life, a liberality and moderation, quite in contrast with the spirit of all religious parties, in that age. She conceded so far, indeed, as to invite into her presence the great Reformer, who had not concealed his opposition to her; and though, in his mistaken conscientiousness, to use the most charitable word, he uttered disrespectful and indelicate language in her ears, she was no less calm and forbearing, than shrewd and ready in her replies. This scene, as well as the mob at Holyrood chapel, has been

worthily painted by American artists,—Leutze and Rothermel.

The privy council soon formed, was made up of the great earls of both parties, and whose musical names, as handed down in their proud titles, are familiar to all readers of Scottish history and poetry. Lord James, who was now made Earl of Mar and afterwards Earl of Murray—a handsome, stern, sagacious man of thirty-one years, stood highest in the government, and exerted the most influence over the queen on the one hand, and the new church on the other. He and others in power are accused of paying deference to the secret plottings of Elizabeth of England, who thus made trouble for Mary unceasingly, but could not turn that tide of popular admiration for her person, not her faith, which followed her everywhere. She journeyed, about this time, with her lords and ladies, to the palace of Linlithgow and Stirling castle, the scenes of her infancy; and to other places, among them Falkland, where her father had died. At Stirling she had a narrow escape from death, her bed having caught fire from a candle; and at Perth she fainted at the shocking means taken by the crowd to show that their enthusiastic loyalty did not imply any complacency towards her belief. The tour was made on horseback, there being but one wheeled vehicle in the realm—a chariot brought from England by Mary's grandmother, which would have been useless without better roads than were then anywhere to be found.

On her return to the capital, the young queen, still in her nineteenth year, was further provoked by a city

proclamation, classing the papist clergy with outcasts of society, and expelling them from the town, "under pain of carting through the town, burning on the cheek, and perpetual banishment." The French nobles and courtiers, who had accompanied Mary to Scotland, were quite disgusted by all these "savage" proceedings, as they deemed them, and, one after another, left the country.

Many suitors now sent their envoys to propose a marriage with the royal widow; among them were Don Carlos of Spain, Archduke Charles of Austria, the King of Sweden, the Duke of Ferrara, and the Prince of Condé. Two Scotsmen of rank added themselves to these, the Earl of Arran, the partly insane son of the regent of that name in Mary's infancy, and Sir John Gordon, a man of noble appearance and the second son of Earl Huntly, who was leader of the Romish party. There is no evidence that she favored the addresses of the latter; the former she certainly disliked, and all the more on account of a report that he had conspired to seize the queen, and carry her to Dumbarton castle, whereby great alarm was excited at Holyrood.

It was a turbulent period, and, no sooner had this fear been allayed, than a party of base noblemen, led by Bothwell, assaulted the house of a merchant, whose daughter was supposed to be intimate with Arran; the offence was repeated, notwithstanding the queen's rebuke; a great mob was occasioned, which was dispersed, and Bothwell disgraced by the court.

A more serious disturbance followed on the heels of this. The Earl of Arran, through timidity or remorse,

disclosed a plot of himself, his father, together with Bothwell, Huntly and his son Lord Gordon, to shoot Lord James while hunting with the queen; the motive was alleged to be a fear that the royal heirship of the Hamiltons (of which family was Arran) would be set aside, and a desire to give the Catholics greater influence in the government. Whether this story of the half-crazy Arran were wholly true or not, he and Bothwell were arrested; but inasmuch as so many of rank were implicated and so little proof could be found against them, the queen was contented to take possession of Dumbarton, and hold Bothwell in prison; from this he escaped and remained abroad two years.

No man is either wholly an angel or a demon; and this plausible attempt at his very life, may explain something of the young Lord James' subsequent wicked, merciless and successful scheme to extinguish Huntly—a scheme strangely prefaced by the sumptuous festivities and humanizing joys of his own marriage with a daughter of the Earl of Marschall. This occurred in February 1562; in August the iniquitous plan was executed.

The Earl of Huntly was the most powerful baron in the north of Scotland; he had been a devoted and honored friend of Mary's father and mother, and to the last breath evinced himself a high-minded and faithful subject to herself. But Lord James, who had already effected the downfall of the Hamiltons and others who stood in the way of his unscrupulous ambition, was determined to ruin the earl; and the Protestants generally, from less personal motives, had long wished such a result. Lord James was in reality king, and Mary

his deceived instrument; from her he had secured the Earldom of Mar, the benefits of which had hitherto accrued to Huntly; and now he privately obtained a grant of the revenues and title of the Earldom of Murray, which were decreed for a term of years to the family of Huntly. The first step was sufficiently exasperating to the old northern baron, who did not suspect that such a second step had been taken. But an affray, brought on by the question of this latter earldom, happened between two members of the family, in the streets of Edinburgh; this gave occasion to James to persecute one of the actors in the affray—Sir John Gordon, and thus offend his father, Earl Huntly, still more deeply.

He next prevailed on the queen to make a tour through her dominions, including the estates of the earl; and there he sought both to alarm her with the falsely-reported treason of Huntly, and to so "beard the lion in his den," by slights and injuries, for which Mary should seem responsible, that he would be driven to rebellion. The earl and his heroic wife, in various ways proved their loyalty; but he was at last forced to an unequal encounter with James' troops, and nobly refusing to fly, was taken and fell dead from his horse, so great was his indignant grief at the manifest overthrow of himself and his ancient house.

The faithful, brave heart of the old man was broken, and he was no more. Yet James, now openly Earl of Murray, pursued his unrelenting ambition and vengeance. He procured the death-warrant of the son, John Gordon, who was beheaded before the queen's

eyes; she wept and fainted as the axe descended on her former admired suitor, against whom history writes no blame. The other son she would not condemn to death, though he would have fallen a victim had not a forged death-warrant, prepared by James, Earl of Murray, been detected in season; he lived to recover the castles and estates of his father, which were now, by all this triumphant course of villainy, in the hands of Murray and his adherents.

Mary is to be blamed only as a woman too honest to suspect so stupendous plots, and as one unfortunate in her period and position. Perhaps she failed to assert her better discernment and feelings. She had as much intelligence and tenderness, as she had of that manly courage which led her to scorn all supposed danger, and, on this same infernal expedition, to regret that "she was not a man, to know what life it was to lie all night in the fields, or to walk upon the causeway with a jack and knapsack, a Glasgow buckler and a broad-sword." But she was deluded by the seeming austere integrity of her half-brother, this Lord James—Earl of Murray; nor was it her only misfortune to blindly aid his aspiring designs; she was thus also exposing herself to the machinations of Queen Elizabeth, with whom Murray maintained a most detestable and traitorous understanding. Evidently he would have stopped short of nothing between himself and his sister's crown; and, possibly, he made his reckless course a matter of piety, for the same Papacy which he opposed, had taught him, as it has taught others in all times, the satanic doctrine that the end sanctifies the means.

After these exciting scenes, two years of peace to Mary and her kingdom ensued. Her quiet was, however, invaded by the presumption of a French poet of fortune and family, Chatelard, who was one of her numerous escort to Scotland, and who now went thither again, to urge the suit of his patron, the Duke Danville. He was pleasing, accomplished, and a grandnephew of Chevalier Bayard. The queen, being fond of poetry, and not averse to the customary glowing compliments of courtiers, received his laudatory effusions with favor, and even replied to them in verse. In this, she was no doubt culpable; she could have gratified and encouraged his poetic nature, and yet have kept him at a suitable distance, until the danger or safety of his temperament was fully apparent. Her whole life was a training to discretion, while his vocation was to give free flow to feeling and impulse. He introduced himself into her bed-chamber, was discovered and ejected, with a severe rebuke; but, soon after, repeated the offence, when Mary called Murray to her assistance, and Chatelard was seized, tried and executed. On the scaffold he looked towards her window, and exclaimed, "Farewell, loveliest and most cruel princess whom the world contains." Nothing but a blind zeal or mere malignity can accuse the queen of more than imprudence in this sad affair. Chatelard merited his fate.

During these two years of peace, Knox, also, continued to annoy Mary by his irritating personalities in preaching, his seditious opposition, and his bitter remarks when admitted to her presence. For the most part he may have acted from a mistaken sense of duty;

but he too often exhibited the strange mixture of artfulness with conscientiousness, peculiar to his nation, to be set down as a blundering zealot. Much is to be pardoned to his times; yet, in the queen herself, he had an example of calm charity, even in that day of persecution. Mary endeavored to conciliate him by gentle words; nevertheless, after she had opened her first parliament with a befitting display of royalty, he and his brethren denounced in public the "superfluity of clothes and vanity" of their sovereign and her ladies; and Knox boldly attacked her governmental acts, because they were not in form, as well as substance, what he desired. Called to an interview with her, he threw her into excessive weeping by his blunt severity, until she could abide his presence no longer.

She saw him but once again, and then he was on trial for treason, a few weeks subsequently to the audience granted him. Two rioters, out of many who had been disturbing the services at Holyrood chapel, were imprisoned, and Knox, to save them, wrote letters to all the leaders of his party, in order to assemble a crowd that would terrify the magistrates into an acquittal of the rioters. This was a treasonable infraction of an express law, recently passed. But the Reformer was pronounced innocent by the Protestant majority of the royal council.

Such were the winds that [illegible] ruffled the serenity of Mary's life, during the two years of lull that preceded her stormier days. She spent this time in journeying through the western and southern parts of Scotland, and making a second progress through the

wilder north. Her ordinary life was varied by the duties of her office, and every study and amusement that could adorn her gifts. Rising before light in the morning, her first hours were given to her privy-council before whose august members she sat, needle-work in hand, giving and receiving advice. She was a great lover of history and the classics, in the reading of which, especially the works of Livy, she passed an hour or two, each day, after dinner. For the study of geography and astronomy, she had the advantage of the first globes ever introduced into Scotland.

Gardens were her delight, and were attached to her six chief places of residence. Holyrood had two; but, not satisfied with so limited exercise as these afforded, she often walked to Arthur's Seat, or along the Salisbury crags, which overlook Edinburgh. The in-door confinement, varied only by short, slow walks abroad, which is the greatest curse of American women, never enfeebled Mary's strength, or paled her bright cheek; in the fresh air she practised with the cross-bow, or rode, hawked and hunted, or walked miles together, like her later countrywomen. At home, she danced, sang, played on the lute and virginal, or assisted in the masks that were customary. One of these is described; at a feast, during the first course, a Cupid entered and sang Italian verses, accompanied by a chorus; during the second course, a young maiden sang Latin verses; at the third, a person in the character of Father Time, appeared and offered his parting advice. The queen had always at hand a company of musicians, who sang, or played the viol, lute, and organ. To her chapel

music, she added, strangely enough, a military band, with bagpipes and drums.

Elizabeth of England had an endless wardrobe; but Mary's, though rich, was not extravagant. We are told that "her common wearing gowns, as long as she continued in mourning, which was till the day of her second marriage, were either made of camlet or damis, or serge of Florence, bordered with black velvet. Her riding habits were mostly of serge of Florence, stiffened in the neck and body with buckram, and trimmed with lace and ribands. In the matter of shoes and stockings she seems to have been remarkably well supplied. She had thirty-six pair of velvet shoes, laced with gold, silver, and silk, and three pair woven of worsted of Guernsay. Silk stockings were then a rarity. The first pair worn in England were sent as a present from France to Elizabeth. Six pair of gloves of worsted of Guernsay, are also mentioned in the catalogue, still existing, of Mary's wardrobe. She was fond of tapestry, and had the walls of her chambers hung with the richest specimens of it she could bring from France. She had not much plate, but she had a profusion of rare and valuable jewels. Her cloth of gold, her Turkey carpets, her beds and coverlids, her table-cloths, her crystal, her chairs and footstools, covered with velvet, and garnished with fringes, were all celebrated in the gossiping chronicles of the day."

Indeed, Mary's reign was a new era of refinement and politeness in wild, rough Scotland. Her sweet manners and charming conversation and cultivated tastes soon elevated the tone of her court to that of

any European capital. We know not how much the present culture and elegance of the land of Wilson and Macaulay, are due to the influence of Mary. Nor, with all her expensive tastes, did she forget the duties of charity. To all the poor she was a mother, herself directing the education of many poor children, and often personally watching the courts, where she maintained a lawyer to defend those who could not pay an advocate. Two priests, also, were employed by her to distribute alms constantly to all the needy.

In the year 1565, Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, went from England to Scotland, and, with his advent, commenced the great troubles of the Queen of Scots. Elizabeth had already begun her course of premeditated mischief in the matter of Mary's marriage, having insultingly proposed her own polluted favorite, Dudley, whom she had made earl, as a husband for a pure-blooded, and pure-minded sovereign, and knowing the offer would be rejected. Mary had declined many proposed alliances with the most powerful princes of the continent, in a spirit of kind concession to England. She now turned her thoughts to her cousin Darnley, who, next to her, was heir presumptive to Elizabeth's crown, whenever it should be vacated by death; and the English queen, guessing the intention, not only permitted Darnley to go, but recommended him to Mary's favor, in order that she might interfere afterwards and break off the match by a civil war in Scotland. In this she overshot her mark, as the event proved, though it would have been well for our heroine, if the attempt to foil her purpose, had succeeded.

Darnley was four years younger than Mary, who was now a little more than twenty-two. Though so young, he was mature in his appearance, being uncommonly tall and well-proportioned. His features were regular, his movements graceful, his address winning, and his presence altogether full of fascination. In his childhood he had displayed a precocious mind, as a letter still preserved, and a written story of his, spoken of, may testify. His mother had always been ambitious to have this match take place. His father, the Earl of Lennox, as before mentioned, had been banished from Scotland, and his estates confiscated. He was now reinstated in his forfeited honors, and his son Darnley, following him, reached Wemys castle, near Edinburgh, on the north shore of the Frith of Forth, where Mary was then sojourning.

She had every reason of policy for accepting him; she found him, as she remarked, "the lustiest and best-proportioned long man she had seen;" he behaved well, on first acquaintance; and he exhibited the accomplishments, and professed the tastes, that might win her regard. Never was there a prospect of a more fitting and happy union. He could not conceal entirely his boyish opinions and rash arrogancy; but these were naturally imputed to his youth. He courted the Reform party; the nobles generally welcomed with gladness any one who would supplant Murray in authority; and Darnley's mother had taken care to send presents—"to the queen a ring with a fair diamont; ane emerald to my Lord of Murray; ane orloge or montre (watch) set with diamonts and rubies, to the

Secretary Lethington; a ring with a ruby to my brother Sir Robert; for she was still in good hope that her son, my Lord Darnley, should come better speed than the Earl of Leceister, anent the marriage with the queen." But more favorable to his suit than "diamonts" were the measles and ague that opportunely attacked this "long man," and demanded Mary's nursing care, and excited in her that "pity which is akin to love."

When her mind was fully made up, she first intimated it to Darnley, who, unlike the modern Prince Albert, had not awaited a queen's proposal, and of course was silenced until she offered herself. Next, she sought the concurrence of her "good cousin" Elizabeth, who forthwith refused it in peremptory terms. Mary replied that she had only made known her independent intention, as an act of courtesy, and did not beg any consent. Elizabeth proceeded to excite the discontent of Mary's subjects, particularly Murray, and, having imprisoned Darnley's mother, commanded himself and his father to return to England. Lennox made answer that the air of England did not agree with his health; and his son, more plainly, sent word that he considered himself subject to Mary's word alone.

But the trouble which Elizabeth had been brewing, began to develop itself. The leading nobles of the Scottish court openly opposed the marriage, and Murray commenced in good earnest to set a rebellion on foot, with the purpose of seizing his sovereign's person, and himself assuming the government. She was, in company with her intended husband, to attend the

baptism of a child of Lord Livingston. The conspiring lords were to waylay her on the road she was to travel; but she learned the plot in season to provide a powerful escort, and to pass by the ambush so early that her enemies were unprepared to intercept her.

Another attempt to provoke disturbance was made at Edinburgh, under the cloak of religion; it was frustrated, however, by the timely arrival and activity of the queen. Next, on the 17th of July, Murray and his accessories boldly proclaimed civil war, at Stirling castle, and sent to England for money. Mary's wisdom, courage and diligence now shone forth in her measures to meet this rebellion; her nature was one that difficulties brought out in its strength, instead of overpowering it. Her administration had been mild and acceptable; the majority of the people were attached to her; and many men of rank rallied around her in this emergency. But to anticipate any unforeseen calamity and to take away the excuse for treasonable acts, she hastened to consummate her union with Darnley.

The marriage was solemnized on Sunday, July 29th, 1565, in the Holyrood chapel, according to the Catholic ceremony, John Sinclair, bishop of Brechin, officiating. "It was generally remarked," says Bell, "that a handsomer couple had never been seen in Scotland. Mary was now twenty-three, and at the very height of her beauty, and Darnley, though only nineteen, was of a more manly person and appearance than his age could have indicated. The festivities were certainly not such as had attended the queen's first marriage,

for the elegancies of life were not understood in Scotland as in France; and, besides, it was a time of trouble when armed men were obliged to stand round the altar. Nevertheless, all due observances and rejoicings lent a dignity to the occasion. Mary, in a flowing robe of black, with a wide mourning hood, was led into the chapel by the Earls of Lennox and Athol, who, having conducted her to the altar, retired to bring in the bridegroom. The bishop having united them in the presence of a great attendance of lords and ladies, three rings were put on the queen's finger—the middle one a rich diamond. They then knelt together, and many prayers were said over them. At the conclusion, Darnley kissed his bride, and as he did not himself profess the Catholic faith, left her till she should hear mass. She was afterwards followed by most of the company to her own apartments, where she laid aside her sable garments, to intimate that henceforth, as the wife of another, she would forget the grief occasioned by the loss of her first husband. In observance of an old custom, as many of the lords as could approach near enough, were permitted to assist in unrobing her, by taking out a pin. She was then committed to her ladies, who, having attired her with becoming splendor, brought her to the ball-room, where there was great cheer and dancing till dinner-time. At dinner, Darnley appeared in his royal robes; and after a great flourish of trumpets, largess was proclaimed among the multitude who surrounded the palace. The Earls of Athol, Morton, and Crawford attended the queen as sewer, carver, and cup-bearer; and the Earls of Egling-

ton, Cassilis, and Glencairn performed the like offices for Darnley. When dinner was over, the dancing was renewed till supper-time, soon after which the company retired for the night."

Further messages were now exchanged between the neighboring queens, resulting only in further display of the envious hypocrisy of the one, and the straightforward intelligence of the other. Mary's honeymoon was full of vexatious diplomacy and military preparations. The Earls Bothwell and Sutherland were, of necessity, recalled from banishment; and Lord Gordon recovered the titles and possessions wrested from his father by the grasping Murray. The queen appointed a new provost at Edinburgh, in place of the unreliable one; and, summoning her subjects to arms, marched to Linlithgow, to Stirling and to Glasgow, her force accumulating at every step.

Murray, with an army of twelve hundred was at Paisley, five miles from Glasgow, but, fearing an encounter, hastened to Edinburgh, there to find that his selfish motives were well-known, and hardly one person ready to assist him. Thither the royal army, now numbering 5,000, returned in pursuit, and Murray hurried, at its approach, back to the vicinity of Glasgow, whither the queen again marched so immediately that Murray retired to the southern border, where, through the English Earl of Bedford, he received three thousand pounds and three hundred men from Elizabeth, who, with brazen deceit, had just assured Mary of her goodwill. The latter put forth a proclamation in which the real designs of Murray were set forth in plain words

18,000 soldiers soon gathered to her aid; the rebels fled from their approach and finally dispersed, leaving their leaders to take refuge in England. For a long time Elizabeth did not permit Murray to come into her presence, and at last made him and the Abbot of Kilwinning, on their knees and in the presence of the French and Spanish ambassadors, declare that she herself had taken no part in the Scottish rebellion,—to such degradation were the traitors compelled, instead of reaping their expected reward. After this, they lived at Newcastle for some time, in want and neglect.

In this campaign, the Queen of Scots, by common consent, exhibited great executive talent and admirable spirit. She "rode with her officers in a suit of light armor, carrying pistols at her saddle-bow." And Knox himself confesses that "her courage was manlike, and always increasing."

The revolt, thus suppressed, was but the prelude of Mary's henceforth uninterrupted misfortunes, all of which flowed chiefly from her ill-starred marriage. Darnley soon manifested a nature too gross and defective to bear his sudden elevation to power. He gave loose to intemperate and libidinous inclinations, and to his wilful temper; his manner towards his wife was often cruelly rude; his time was given to riotous companions; and the kingly title and equal power conferred on him by the generous love of the queen, together with many other favors, only fed his childish appetite for more, until he determined to usurp the supreme authority.

The Earl of Morton, who affected allegiance to the

queen, was ready to seize on the passions of her husband as instruments for the execution of his own purposes, which must be considered selfish ones for the most part, inasmuch as Mary's whole course, and all historical documents, evince no design in her to join the Continental league of princes, for the suppression of Protestantism by fire and sword. But she was resolved at a parliament, soon to meet, to secure the final expatriation of that Murray who, in the face of her offers of pardon, had persisted in rebellion, and had long shown himself a faithless and ungrateful dissembler. This resolution stirred up the disaffected to immediate action. Morton and others at once conspired with Darnley and the absent Murray, in a way that seemed to favor the separate interests of all concerned. The king was to be clothed with a right over the queen; Murray was to be restored, and the Reform party to have full sway. Thus was Darnley made a poor dupe, and bound, by written agreement, to go to any extreme, even, as the language of the compact evidently implied, to the wresting of liberty or life from his devoted wife and munificent queen.

The first step in this treason, was the infamous murder of Rizzio, the confidential secretary and faithful adviser of Mary. There is some proof that this was perpetrated, not merely through jealousy of Rizzio's long influence with the queen, but more immediately in revenge of his disclosure of this same plot, which, it is affirmed, he had accidentally overheard as one that purposed her imprisonment until the rebels secured their objects.

Rizzio was a native of Piedmont, and came to Scotland in 1561, as an attaché of the Savoyan embassy. He was retained by Mary on account of his musical talent, and, three years after, rose to be her French secretary. Advanced in years, and repulsive in features, he was accomplished in mind and manners, and in various ways serviceable to his mistress. She could trust no man, not even her husband; and, though two of her four Maries yet remained unmarried with her, it is not wonderful that she admitted the trusty Rizzio to a familiar companionship which has given some color to the indubitably false insinuations of her enemies. Besides these, it was reported that the Italian was a paid agent of the Pope—a report that would make his assassination a popular scene in the drama of iniquity to be acted by the traitors.

Saturday, the 9th of March, 1566, was fixed upon for the deed of blood. Morton introduced into Holyrood palace five hundred armed men as a safeguard. Lord Ruthven, a fierce man, and encased in a coat of mail beneath his robe, led a chosen few to Darnley's room, directly beneath a small private room where Mary was at supper, in company with a brother, a countess, and the secretary. By a secret stairway that led to this room from the lower one, Darnley, at eight o'clock, entered and sat down at the supper-table, next to the queen. His not returning, after a certain interval, was the preconcerted sign that his accomplices could do their work. Accordingly, as many as could crowd into the small chamber, suddenly appeared, one after another, their savage leader clanking his armor as he sat

down, without a word of salutation. Mary demanded an explanation. Ruthven declared that no evil was meant except to the villain near her, and fixed his ghastly eyes on the secretary, who was conspicuous in his dress of satin, velvet, damask, fur, and jewels. Mary heard the reply with calm courage, and called on Darnley to maintain her rights; then, seeing him move not, she commanded the intruders to leave, saying that parliament should investigate any charges against Rizzio. Ruthven now assailed the latter with a storm of invective, until, frightened from his senses, he rushed into the recess of a window, behind the person of the queen, and cried repeatedly in Italian—"Justice! justice!" In the confusion that followed, the table was overturned, all the lights but one extinguished, and swords and pistols flourished at random. At last, George Douglas grasped Darnley's dirk and, leaning over the queen, struck Rizzio, who was dragged out into the presence chamber, dispatched with fifty-six stabs, and afterwards thrown down the great stairway, with the king's weapon still in his side.

Several noblemen, then in the palace, were to have been captured, but they managed to escape by ropes from the windows, and aroused the provost of the city. The alarm-bell was sounded; hundreds of citizens ran to the palace, and called for the queen to show herself and convince them of her welfare. She was forcibly kept back, and Darnley dismissed the crowd. To her presence Ruthven returned, and there drank a glass of wine, and, to her rebuke for his conduct, replied in abusive words. All night she was held captive, suffer-

ing the while from illness brought on by terror and her condition as almost a mother. Next day, parliament was prorogued in Darnley's name; and, in the evening, Murray and the other exiled noblemen arrived at the palace.

The affair had succeeded; but how the queen should be disposed of was a perplexing question. To set her at liberty or put her to death, were equally dangerous, and to imprison her almost as much so. Darnley began to entertain misgivings, and, at his entreaty, the party agreed that Mary should be released, provided she would pardon all concerned. Alone with him, her strong mind and heart soon overpowered his feelings, and he consented to escape with her at midnight and fly to Dunbar castle, for their common safety against the lawless nobles who befriended in order to ruin him. There, her still loyal earls rallied around her, and, at her return with a suddenly collected army, they fled for their lives. She now found it advisable to pardon Murray and the leaders of the former rebellion, and to confine her indignation to the recent evildoers. Her whole reign, it has been said, was a series of plottings and pardons.

She became very melancholy, as well she might be, for various reasons. Her conjugal love had been betrayed; none of her associates were to be relied on, and Elizabeth still pursued her malevolent schemes, one of which was the sending of a man to Mary's court, who passed himself off as a Romish priest deputed by English Catholics, to offer her the crown of their country;—he proved to be an emissary of Elizabeth

herself, who had the face to demand his capture. His real character had already been discovered, and he was arrested in a way his mistress dreamed not of.

In June of this year, 1566, the queen gave birth to a son who afterwards became James First of England being the first sovereign who united the sceptres of that country and Scotland. In him were Mary's double title, and many hopes realized, though not until after her death, and, alas, after that tender infant over whom she now watched, when grown a young man, had repudiated in stinging words, his own mother in her sad captivity. The birth was a great matter of public rejoicing. The celebration continued long, the people, both of high and low degree, assembling in solemn thanksgiving. The infant had an earl for governor and his lady for governess; and was kept at Stirling castle.

Six months after, the child, remarkable for health and strength, was there baptized with extraordinary pomp. Ambassadors from all the chief courts of Europe came to attend the ceremony; sixty thousand dollars were levied to defray the cost of their entertainment and of the occasion; Queen Elizabeth sent a font of gold, worth five thousand dollars; and the baptism was duly performed after the Catholic ritual. The christened name was "Charles James, James Charles, Prince and Steward of Scotland, Duke of Rothesay, Earl of Carrick, Lord of the Isles, and Baron of Renfrew." Among many other provisions made for the royal babe, five ladies of rank were appointed "rockers" of his cradle; and though he as yet could taste

milk only, he had "a master-cook, a foreman, and three other servitors, and one for his pantry, one for his wine, and two for his ale-cellar." As a specimen of the presents given by Mary in honor of the event, may be mentioned a chain of diamonds worth three thousand dollars, given to the Duke of Bedford, Elizabeth's ambassador.

The most exciting scenes in the life of Mary, had already begun to rapidly unfold themselves. All that occurred so far, is but the first breath of the tempest. After the affair of Rizzio, Darnley found himself more than ever despised and slighted by the nobility; nor had he the cunning or the care to hide his resentment from them. He shunned the society of almost every one, accompanying the queen only a part of the time on her journeys after her confinement, and, for the rest, wandering restlessly from one place to another. Through all these months, his wife maintained the same kind manner to him, and paid him, indeed, all the more attention as a rebuke to the contemptuous lords. And he had the nobleness to recognize this in a marked way, and by declaring always that he had no complaint to make against her. He formed, or pretended, a plan to leave Scotland for the Continent; this may have been done to extort some concessions of power from her. When she was so sick with fever and convulsions, two months before the christening, that all hope of her recovery was given up, he was by her side, having flown to her at the first news of her serious illness. And when, immediately on her recovery, the proposal to divorce Darnley was made, at the

instigation of Bothwell, by her council, she instantly rejected the idea, from personal choice as well as for reasons of state.

This proposal was the first step in the bold and terrible part which Bothwell played. It led to scenes of horror than which history has few greater. That earl was now in his thirty-sixth year, and but nine months before had married Lady Jane Gordon, sister of the Earl of Huntly. The plan to effect a divorce between the queen and king, was the first sign of the purpose he had evidently formed to wear a crown himself as the husband of Mary. Never was a design more daring in itself, or in its execution. He so addressed himself to the selfish interests of the barons, that he secured their active or tacit support to any extremity of procedure against Darnley, still keeping his own ulterior purpose disguised. The king's death was resolved upon, or assented to, by all the chiefs.

At this crisis, Darnley was taken ill at Glasgow with the small pox. It has been asserted with much improbability, that it was poison rather than disease. The queen, full of sympathy and alarm, went immediately to take care of him. She found him recovering, and returned with him, in a vehicle, to Edinburgh. From the nature of his infectious disease, or from his aversion to the presence of the lords, he was lodged in a house, adjoining the southern wall of the city, and called Kirk-in-the-field. It had four rooms, of which an upper one was occupied by Darnley, and the one immediately beneath it by Mary, who spent much of her time, and often slept, there. She sat for hours by her

husband's bed, and occasionally entertained him with the songs and instrumental music of her band.

Little did the queen or Darnley dream of the volcano preparing beneath their feet, during the ten days they passed together in that house. We may imagine him subdued by sickness to calm thought and gentle feeling, and her renewing the ardor of first love to her handsome and wayward lover, in commiseration for his calamities. And well may he be an object of pity to all men;—he was but a boy of nineteen when wedded to a queen and raised to a kingly power that half maddened his naturally strong will. Now, he was aged twenty years only, and his heroic wife was but twenty-four. Men of age and wisdom had in every way endeavored to estrange the hearts of these two fair young beings, and were now busily plotting the destruction of one, or of both.

Bothwell lost no time. On Sunday night the 9th of February, 1567, the queen was to attend the marriage of two of her favorite servants, at Holyrood, and thus would not be at the Kirk-in-the-field. Duplicate keys of the house had been obtained; eight men were enlisted to do the deed. As the best plan to avoid recognition and detection, powder had been brought from Dunbar castle, two days before; with this, the house was to be blown up. This was of so great quantity that the men went twice with horses to transport it. The queen and three earls were in Darnley's room, while it was carried into her room beneath; and Bothwell himself, after overseeing the inhuman work, joined the party in the sick man's chamber, so self-possessed

and fearless was he. In the conversation there, it is said that Mary remarked "it was just about that time last year David Rizzio was killed"—a chance-word that might well have made the bold earl visibly shrink.

At eleven o'clock, she affectionately kissed her youthful husband, unconscious that she would never hear his voice again; then left, with the others, to attend the wedding. As she entered Holyrood House, she detected the smell of gunpowder, in passing a servant of Bothwell, and asked what it meant. An evasive answer was given and she said no more. Bothwell joined the dancing and masking party, then went to his own house, and exchanged his silver-embroidered doublet, of black satin, for a coarse dress and cloak. With his accomplices, he hurried to the scene of action, affixed a piece of lint to the powder, which lay in a heap on the floor, and, lighting the train, hastened to a garden close at hand, to await the catastrophe. For fifteen minutes, all was silent; and Bothwell was with difficulty restrained from going to examine the lighted match. But his patience was needed no longer. Suddenly the city echoed as with many thunders in one, and shook as with an earthquake. The doomed building was shivered to pieces; stones, ten feet in length and four in breadth, it is affirmed, "were found blown from the house a far way."

Bothwell made all speed, through bye-streets, for his lodgings, and retired to bed. In half an hour the news came to him that the king was killed. He donned the same dress he had worn in the presence of the queen, a few hours before, and, assuming great anger, went

with others to break the news to Mary, who was already distressed to know certainly of the rumor that had reached her. At daybreak, the guilty lords went to the scene, where they found a crowd gathered. One servant was rescued alive from the ruins; three others were killed, one of whom, together with Darnley, was discovered at a great distance—both dead, but with hardly a wound. Thus perished Henry Stuart, who bore the titles of Lord Darnley, Duke of Albany, and King of Scotland, after a reign, if it may be called such, of eighteen months. Young, imprudent, wilful and vicious, yet fascinating and accomplished, his union with Mary and his shocking death have attached to his name a lasting interest

The unhappy queen shut herself up and refused to see any one. Her account of the event, in a letter to her ambassador at Paris, is on record and is full of unaffected grief and horror. Believing that violence was intended to herself also, she removed to Edinburgh castle, for greater safety. Great rewards were offered for the detection of the murderers. Suspicions soon centred on Bothwell. At night, a placard was posted, charging the deed on him together with others, not excepting the queen as one who connived at the crime. The whole country was agitated with the mystery. Mary used every exertion to penetrate it, but she knew not whom to arrest, and was so worn out with trouble that she was prevailed on to journey for her health. According to the entreaty of Lennox, Darnley's father, she finally ordered a trial of Bothwell, in April. At this, Bothwell was acquitted, having taken care to

make it unsafe for Lennox to appear and support the charge, even if he could have found evidence to sustain it.

Bothwell's next achievement, was the procuring of a written bond, signed by nearly all the nobility of every party and creed, pledging their lives and goods, to aid his claims to Mary's hand. This was accomplished at a supper, to which he invited them, on the 20th of April. It must have required much preliminary electioneering, and is proof of very bold and subtle finesse; or perhaps the lords readily assented, in order the better to ruin Mary. The bond was secured for its effect on the queen at a future day, and for the present was kept from her knowledge. When questioned as to the report of her intended marriage with the earl, she said "there was no such thing in her mind." And when Bothwell soon after hinted his desire to her, she discouraged it altogether.

The time had come, therefore, for another high-handed act. The queen had been spending a few days at Stirling, and was to return on the 24th of April. Bothwell gathered a band of cavalry, numbering between five hundred and a thousand men, as if to suppress disturbances on the southern border, over which he ruled. But, changing his course, after proceeding a short distance, he intercepted Mary and her slender escort at Linlithgow, took the bride of her horse, and hastened to Dunbar castle. An abduction at all, under the circumstances, together with the unnecessary number of troopers employed, and the spirit of Mary's whole life and testimony, are some of the evidences

that this affair was not with her knowledge or consent, as has been maintained. Able writers have not only laboriously accused her of this, but have argued that she had already a criminal intimacy with Bothwell, and that too before the murder of her husband. All that we know of her, on undisputed record, and a great variety of circumstances that any reader of history may gather, utterly disprove the foul insinuations and assaults of partisan, or blind, writers.

At Dunbar castle, on the rocky sea-shore, Mary was held ten days, in a solitude to which none but Bothwell was admitted, not even her own servants. She saw no signs of an attempt by her subjects to deliver her; she found the nobles were pledged on the earl's side; he both supplicated her love in tender appeals, and declared that he would compel her to marry him, against her will, if necessary; Darnley, though only three months in his grave, had been one of the murderers of her faithful servant and secretary, and had before forfeited her love, so that she must have felt his death a relief, though a great shock to her sensibilities; there was not a man of influence, except her captor, on whom she could rely; her kingdom was full of trouble and violence; Bothwell was a man of shrewd mind, unflinching courage, and great energy; he had been acquitted at his trial, and had the written consent of all the peers, to his marriage with her; he was that sort of fierce lover which her whole temperament would lead her to admire and yield to; she was not a shrinking maiden; and, above all, she was wholly in his power, with no prospect of escape. What wonder

that she at last consented to be his bride, or that, having once consented and received his fond attentions, she afterwards, under less apparent necessity, adhered to her promise? But there is reason to believe that he went to the most guilty extremities of compulsion, so that her course subsequently became one of mere necessity. Meantime he and his injured wife both sued for a divorce, which was hurriedly granted by the courts.

Taken under guard to Edinburgh castle, which was in Bothwell's control, Mary was not permitted to appear in public, until the bans of marriage had been twice proclaimed. The ceremony took place in a very quiet way, and according to the Protestant form, to which the queen seems to have been reconciled only by a despairing state of mind, so unfaltering was her steadfastness in her peculiar faith, through a whole life. A sermon was preached on the occasion; and after it, at supper, Bothwell gave loose to his coarse hilarity, elated by his entire success.

But his success so far, was no less complete than was the conscious ruin of the Queen of Scots. So hopeless was she, it is declared that she threatened to commit suicide. Though she was reinstated in Holyrood palace, she was continually guarded by "two hundred harquebuziers," in the pay of her ravisher. His conduct to her was full of suspicion and rudeness; his "other wife," formally divorced, remained in his former residence, and, as it was believed, had an understanding with him; and to these sources of Mary's misery, were added the now apparently confirmed and trium-

phant accusations of many of her subjects, and a loss of the respect of other nations and royal courts.

Villainy ever overacts its part. Bothwell might have confirmed his triumph, by a prudent course. But, in his proud exultation, he took no care to allay the already active envy of the nobles; and he even boasted that if he could get Mary's child into his possession, the young prince would never have an opportunity to revenge the death of his father. Soon after, he proclaimed his intention to go with the queen to quell some troubles on the border; and called on the chiefs to appear with their forces, under arms, for this purpose. It was at once suspected that he had designs on the young prince at Stirling castle.

Accordingly, the "prince's lords," as they were thenceforth termed, gathered their retainers, as if in compliance with the call, but assembled at Stirling in great numbers, in open opposition to Bothwell. He, just then, learned that he could not rely on the keeper of the castle of Edinburgh, and fearing an attack from that quarter also, with the ready apprehension of an evil conscience, retired to Borthwick castle, seven miles south of the city. No sooner had he placed Mary there and collected all his force in defence, than he found himself surrounded by the swarming army of his adversaries. At night, he fled through their ranks, in company with Mary, whose fortunes were now thoroughly involved with his, and who thus escaped in the disguise of male attire. Arrived at Dunbar, he summoned all the queen's lieges in her name, to appear for her defence. An army of two thousand

men, moved by a feeling of loyalty, answered the call and were led forth by himself and Mary.

The opposing forces met at Carberry Hill; but neither seem disposed to engage the other in battle. The day was spent in negotiations, at one time for peace, at another for a decision by single combat, Bothwell having challenged any man of his own rank to meet him, and each party claiming that the other was in blame for the failure of this proposal. Finally the queen offered to place herself in the hands of her lords, and to pardon their seeming revolt, provided they would insure her free sovereignty. To frustrate her purpose, Bothwell, with characteristic desperation, attempted to shoot her messenger, and, not succeeding, retired angrily to Dunbar castle with a few followers.

The moment Mary surrendered herself to the nobles, for the sake, as she said, of saving the waste of christian blood and her people's lives,—was the turning point of his rash career. Not long after, he found it advisable to escape into the north of Scotland, where he held estates as the Duke of Orkney. Pursued thither by his enemies, and nearly captured as he was flying from them in a boat, it is related that he remained awhile in the Orkney Isles, committing piracies on the seas, and was at last taken to Denmark, or else voluntarily went thither to enlist the Danish king in his wretched cause. However that may be, it is believed he spent years in a Danish dungeon, and, at last, died insane, from the mad chafing of his proud, restless spirit, and the gnawings of conscience. His life was strange and wild as a dream: he was an embodiment

of the fiery passions of the age. In our times, noblemen are giving scientific lectures to the people or sitting as chairmen of peace conventions and missionary societies.

Mary's conduct at Carberry Hill can hardly be construed into any real love for Bothwell. Her army was so superior in numbers and position as to promise a sure victory. She would not have prevented a battle, or parted from him in such a manner, had she not desired to put herself out of his power. But her noble trust in her base noblemen, was destined to be betrayed. As she entered the city, she was preceded by a banner, whereon was painted the shocking picture of Darnley lying dead, and her child kneeling before it, with the words, "Judge and revenge my cause, O Lord." The populace pressed around, and insulted her with the most shameful exclamations, while she rode on, her face bowed down in tears. To her surprise, the lords led her past Holyrood; she called out to all her loyal subjects to interfere in her behalf; but she was taken to the provost's house.

The next day, she so worked upon the variable sympathies of the crowd, that her oppressors escorted her to the palace. This was but a feint of submission, or rather a step to a greater outrage. At midnight, Ruthven and Lindsay, the grim earls who were active in Rizzio's assassination, aroused her from sleep, disguised her in a coarse riding-dress, and, placing her on a horse, made all speed through the darkness until morning, when she found herself at Loch Leven castle, which was situated on a small island in the lake of that name,

north of Edinburgh. This was a place of great security, and the more so in this case, as it was the seat of Lady Douglas, the mother of Earl Murray, and closely connected with Lindsay and Morton, all of them, at heart, the foes of Mary. The full extent of the designs against her, was hidden from the unfortunate queen; it was represented that extreme care for her safety, in view of the power of Bothwell, was the reason for such treatment. But she could not doubt that some evil was intended. Her keeper, the Lady of Loch Leven, as she was more generally known, behaved harshly to her charge, and even taunted her with a pretension to the crown itself. She was kept, too, in close confinement; her rooms, occupying a bastion that overhung the waters of the lake, are still shown to travellers, though dilapidated, like the rest of the castle.

Thus far, the dominant party had not dared to publicly charge her with crime. Their declarations show that she was universally regarded as a helpless victim of the lord of Dunbar castle. Two great parties, however, soon began to define themselves, one for the queen, and the other for the prince. Morton, the leader of the latter, was at Edinburgh, with his supporters. Hamilton palace, near Glasgow, was the rendezvous of the queen's friends, among whom were Huntly, Argyle, Rothes, Livingstone, and Seaton, altogether representing a majority of the kingdom. The "prince's friends," as they termed themselves, began to publish many systematic falsehoods, criminating Mary, and these have been repeated and urged ever since. Their motives

are plain. They hoped, by dethroning her, both to escape punishment for their misdeeds, and to rise into greater power. And the queen's friends, knowing this, proposed that they should liberate her, on condition she would forever pardon them. But they had gone too far, to consent to this. Elizabeth, too, was busily instigating them against Mary; and Murray, who had long been at Paris, cautiously watching events in Scotland, lent them his encouragement.

The 25th of July, 1567, was perhaps the saddest of all the sad days of this hapless queen. Sir Robert Melville and Lord Lindsay came to make her abdicate her throne. Melville first saw her, and used his persuasive talent, to the utmost, but without effect. The savage Lindsay was next admitted; he at once broke forth in fierce threats, vowing to the unprotected queen that, if she did not immediately sign the papers of abdication brought with them, he would sign them with her blood, and cast her into the lake beneath the window. Mary had known his sanguinary part in the Rizzio tragedy; she now saw him about to draw his dagger, as she supposed; Melville adroitly whispered to her that acts done under compulsion would not be binding, if she ever should choose to disown them; in an agony of tears and terror, she put her name to the documents, wherein she was made to say that she freely resigned her crown, being wearied with the labors of government. Thus did this woman, whose honorable ambition was her ruling passion, suddenly find herself no more a sovereign.

Four days afterward, her son James, then one year

old, was crowned at Stirling. All commands were published in his name. Buchanan, one of Mary's bitterest enemies, was made his tutor; and from that time contempt for his own mother was carefully instilled into the child's mind. Murray soon returned to Scotland. With characteristic circumspection, he did not at first commit himself to either party. The regency, during James' minority, was urged upon him. He went to Loch Leven, and, counterfeiting great sympathy for Mary, prevailed on her to approve of his assuming that office, for her sake. At Edinburgh, he pretended much humility, and a regret that the choice had fallen upon him, but took the oaths of regent. He set himself energetically and carefully at work to suppress discontent, and to strengthen his power for a virtual reign, in James' name, that promised to endure many years. And, to make assurance doubly sure, love-letters were now forged and produced, purporting to be from Mary to Bothwell and implicating her in Darnley's murder. The summit of his ambition appeared to be attained. When Mary, a light-hearted girl of eighteen, in sunny France, received the respectful visits of her Scottish earls, little did she foresee how strangely the dark threads of the lives of two of them, were to be inwoven with the fair fibres of her own.

For the first seven months of her imprisonment, the gloom of the poor queen was unalleviated by one ray of hope. In four short months, an unparalleled series of misfortunes, wrongs and insults had fallen upon her. The lady of Loch Leven, a former dismissed courtezan of her father was bitter and malicious: one of the

chief servants of the castle was concerned in Rizzio's death, and declared he would gladly kill the queen. Her own servants were her only solace and protection; these were faithful and tender; yet, even with their aid, she had no chance of escape.

But in March, 1568, a new light shone into her prison. A son of the lady-keeper, George Douglas, aged twenty-five, and a relative of the family, William Douglas, seventeen years old, had entertained a very romantic interest in the beautiful and luckless Mary. They now arranged a plan for her escape. She clothed herself in the garments of her laundress, concealing her face, and, bundle in hand, passed out of the castle, and took the boat in waiting. But the boatmen discovered her delicate hands, and, despite her commands as their queen, took her back to the castle.

The resolute and chivalric George and William did not relinquish the idea of rescuing their lovely sovereign. Five weeks after, another scheme was formed and this time successfully carried out. On the 2d of May, William abstracted the keys of the castle from the family supper-table, where they had been laid, locked the whole household in as he passed out, helped Mary out of the one window into a boat prepared for her, threw the keys into the lake, and, with the assistance of Mary herself at the oars, soon placed her exultingly in the hands of several of her trusty lords who were waiting with a guard to receive her. Quickly mounting and riding rapidly with little rest, they arrived with her at Hamilton palace, early in the forenoon of the next day.

The whole land was aroused by the news of her escape. Multitudes of every grade gathered to her assistance, among them "nine earls, nine bishops, eighteen lords, and many barons and gentlemen." Six thousand soldiers were at her command before the week closed. She renounced her forced abdication, Melville himself appearing and testifying to the circumstances. Murray's friends began to silently withdraw from him. He was at Glasgow, near the headquarters of Mary. He saw the need of instant action, to arrest her intention to fortify herself in Dumbarton castle, which is situated on a lofty pyramid of rock, and was a place of impregnable strength. She was already on the way, with her troops.

Murray called together some four thousand men, and met the queen's army at Langside, two miles south of Glasgow. Both armies endeavored to gain a commanding hill. Murray, by the advice of a veteran, mounted his infantry behind the troopers' saddles, and reached the point first. A fierce battle ensued, for a long time doubtful, but at last decided by a reinforcement of Highlanders in favor of the regent. Mary watched the scene in unimaginable excitement, and, overwhelmed at the result, cried out that it were better for her not to have been born. There was no time for delay. With a few attendants, she put her excellent horsemanship to full proof, and never paused until she was sixty miles away to the south, at the abbey of Dundrennan.

She was advised to sail for France; but was too proud to enter as a fugitive the land she had reigned over in splendor, as the queen of a triple sceptre. Nor

would it do for her to apply for aid to a Catholic country; it would hazard her crown too much. She trusted that Elizabeth would at least give her refuge, and applied for it. Unable to wait for a reply, she made her way, by land and water, to the vicinity of the castle of Carlisle, in England. Men of rank came to meet her, and conducted her, with great respect, to the castle. Elizabeth sent hypocritical messages of sympathy; she privately exulted in the climax of her wishes, the apparent ruin of Mary; she did not know how far it was prudent to take advantage of her power, and waited to consult with Murray. With the excuse that Mary was in danger from her Scottish enemies, the castle was repaired, she at all times kept under guard, and her walks and rides finally prevented altogether. For the same ostensible reason, she was, not long after, removed farther south to Bolton castle, in the north of Yorkshire.

Elizabeth's course was soon settled. She conferred with Murray, who had dispersed the renewed gatherings of forces in Mary's cause, and busily entrenched himself in his ill-gotten authority. The plan was to bring the Queen of Scots to what amounted to a criminal trial, and, by foul means, make her stand condemned before the world. She was called on to appoint commissioners to meet those of Murray, and others named by Elizabeth, to settle all disputes between her and the regent. Against this she protested as a sovereign, who could not be placed on a level with rebels to herself; but was ultimately persuaded to thus vindicate her honor. The English queen, from first to last,

acted with a cunning as fiendish in its subtlety as in its malice. The commissioners met at York, on the 4th of October, 1568. Notwithstanding Murray's utmost efforts, the case seemed to be going against him. Elizabeth, to give her influence a more deadly certainty, removed the conference to Westminster; and received Murray to her presence, whereas she had cruelly and unjustly refused to see Mary, the royal defendant, as if her pretended purity could not come in contact with one on whom rested suspicions which Elizabeth herself, after the mock-trial even, declared to Mary she did not believe.

With her quick intelligence and decision, Mary instructed her commissioners to withdraw from the council, and thus dissolve it, because it was so evidently unfair to adjourn it to a great distance from the accused, and to admit the accuser to opportunities denied to herself. Before this order reached her friends, Murray had, as a last resort, brought forward the forged love-letters and sonnets, ascribed to Mary, and involving her in the death of Darnley. The evidences for their spuriousness need not be recounted; the way they were used, and, at other times, neglected to be used, by the usurpers of the queen's power, is enough to brand them as false. The conference was broken up; but Murray and his spinster dictator arranged a little scene, in which he was [illegible]led, and in defence brought forward an elaborate written statement of charges and proofs, which England might employ in various ways, and a reply to which was denied reception. Thus the whole infamous plot did not succeed;

but the great point was sufficiently gained, namely, to so overshadow the character of one of earth's noblest and purest heroines, that she could be held in lingering captivity.

The retribution that followed the perfidious actors in this history, is remarkable. Murray did not long enjoy his success; he was shot by Hamilton, in revenge of maddening injuries done to the family of the latter, by the troops of the former; and the tears Mary shed for him were witnesses to some good in his character, but more to the lofty magnanimity of her own. Lennox and Morton, who succeeded him, and other participators in the same events, after covering themselves with crime or cruelty or treachery, one by one met a violent death. They that took the sword perished by the sword.

Mary was but twenty-five when she entered England. In the first full bloom of body and mind, she was doomed to a thraldom of eighteen years, that gradually destroyed her spirits and health, and ended in the bloody vengeance of the axe. This portion of her life was as much more heroic than the days of her active achievements, as the virtues of endurance and resignation are more noble than executive talent. She ceased to be the acknowledged Queen of Scotland, but she gained the kingdom of her own ambitious and afflicted heart, and she was purified, like gold tried in the fire, for the kingdom of heaven. She was taken from one castle to another, and committed to the charge of one lord after another, in order that she might neither gain too much influence over her keepers, nor

carry out a plan of escape; her luxuries, comforts, attendants and friends were continually diminished, through the relentless hatred of her oppressor; and her communication with friends at a distance, was intercepted, as far as possible.

She employed herself in embroidery, reading and writing. Some of her poetical efforts are preserved, and are beautiful memorials of her genius, her grief, and her christian faith. And well did she need all resources to beguile her weary days, and make her forget awhile her discomfort. She had gradually ceased to be remembered, and her strong party at home was by degrees suppressed and thinned by death. Her hair turned prematurely gray with sorrow; her strength from want of exercise, miserable fare, and bad accommodations, failed her; a painful symptom of disease, in her left side, began also to grow upon her.

She thus describes her residence at Tutbury, in 1680:—"This edifice, detached from the walls about twenty feet, is sunk so low that the rampart of earth behind the wall is level with the highest part of the building, so that here the sun can never penetrate, neither does any pure air ever visit this habitation, on which descend drizzling damps and eternal fogs, to such excess that not an article of furniture can be placed beneath the roof but in four days it becomes covered with green mold. I leave you to judge in what manner such humidity must act upon the human frame; and, to say everything in one word, the apartments are in general more like dungeons for the vilest criminals than suited to persons of a station far inferior to mine, inasmuch

as I do not believe there is a lord or gentleman, or even yeoman in the kingdom, who would patiently endure the penance of living in so wretched a habitation. With regard to accommodation, I have for my own person but two miserable little chambers, so intensely cold during the night, that but for ramparts and intrenchments of tapestry and curtains, it would be impossible to prolong my existence; and of those who have set up with me during my illness, not one has escaped malady. * * * * * For taking air and exercise I have but a quarter of an acre behind the stables." To aggravate her miseries a poor priest of her faith was hung before her window. These accounts are translated from her letters in French. She who was the glory of the Louvre and the pride of Holyrood, was at last the neglected prisoner of a decayed hunting-lodge in the midst of an English forest.

Many conspiracies were formed, and attempts made, to release her and restore her to her throne. The chief of these was by the Duke of Norfolk, an English noble, and the most powerful subject in Europe. He proposed secretly for Mary's hand, and was assured that, though on general grounds she was averse to another marriage, yet she would favor his project and his suit. For this he was, on discovery, imprisoned nine months in the Tower of London. When released, he set about his scheme with all the more determination. Spain and Rome were to aid his cause, the Duke of Alva to land with an army, the English Catholics to rise, and the government to be overturned. But a second discovery of his purpose, sent him to the block. He died

like a hero. Mary disclaimed all knowledge of his treasonable designs towards Elizabeth, though she admitted his efforts to release herself; and she was not, therefore, made to suffer on his account.

Simple devotion to a lovely and suffering queen, and private ambition, were not the only causes of disquiet in England. From whatever motive trouble was made, it inevitably seized upon Mary's name as its rallying word. Hence an association of nobles was formed and sanctioned by Parliament, for the purpose of prosecuting to death any person for whom, as well as by whom, any movement against the government was set on foot. Never was there a more absurdly unjust course of procedure adopted. It became a law, and soon had occasion of execution against its real object, the Queen of Scots. In 1586, a new conspiracy was headed by Anthony Babington, a young man of wealth in Derbyshire, who had heard much of Mary while he was at Paris. He was to be aided in the same manner as the Duke of Norfolk. Some letters passed between him and Mary, but there is no evidence of her initiation into the treasonable part of the plan. It was discovered. Fourteen of the leaders were executed, six of whom were pledged to assassinate the English Queen. Before the news had reached Mary, she was officially informed that she was to be held to trial as an accomplice. The nation was so greatly excited that Elizabeth saw that she might prudently go to any extremity against her admired prisoner.

Mary denied the jurisdiction of another monarch over her; but, as before, she was persuaded to submit

to trial, lest her refusal would be a tacit acknowledgement of guilt. The mockery of a court was held at Fotheringay castle, in its great hall, with much pomp. The "daughter of a hundred kings" appeared, worn out with confinement and grief, but still resolute, calm and discerning, before the greatest lawyers and politicians of the realm, and so ably answered their arguments that, on the testimony of her enemies who describe the scene, she confounded her prosecutors. The old artifice was again used; the court was adjourned to a distance from her, at Westminster; and there, of course, she was condemned.

The shameless tyrant of England made a great show of reluctance to sign the death-warrant, and waited to see what effect the verdict would have abroad. The King of France interposed feebly. The King of Scotland would have saved his mother, but was falsely counselled, and too timid, though now nineteen years of age. The warrant was signed; and the man to whom it was given was subsequently imprisoned for life, on the hypocritical plea that he had received royal instructions not to have it executed. And the man who was the keeper of the doomed victim, was enjoined by Elizabeth to secretly murder his prisoner, before the sentence could be carried into effect, but he declined the wickedness. His name is Sir Amias Paulet. Mary requested that her servants might witness her constancy in death, and that her body might be buried according to the rites of her church, or carried to France; but no reply is known to have been made.

On the afternoon of the 7th of February, 1587, the

earls who were to carry out the sentence, reached Mary's prison, at Fotheringay. They respectfully disclosed their business. She heard them calmly, as they read the death-warrant. She expressed a cheerful willingness to die, and made solemn oath, on the Bible, that she was innocent of the charge for which she was to suffer. She inquired about her son and the condition of things abroad, concerning which she had been kept in ignorance. When she found that the execution was to take place at eight o'clock, the next morning, she manifested some emotion, but soon regained her serenity. From the first, however, her attendants, consisting of six waiting-maids, a physician, surgeon, apothecary, and four male servants, were extremely agitated, and, when the lords retired, made great lamentations. She knelt with them and prayed.

At supper, the last repast with her household, she ate lightly, conversed but little, looked smilingly, and drank the health of all around her, calling them by name. Then she carefully disposed of all her money, furniture and jewels, forgetting none of her friends near her or at a distance. After this, she wrote letters and her will, which occupied two large sheets, and is a fine memento of her strong and lucid intellect and of her noble heart. At two o'clock in the morning she retired to her bed, and rose at daybreak, gathered her little company of adherents, and continued in prayer, until a knock at the door announced the fated hour. No priest was allowed her; her attendants were forbidden to see her die; but, on further entreaty, four males and two females of these, were permitted to ac-

company her. To Melvil, the chief of her train, she said, weeping:—"Tell my son that I thought of him in my last moments, and that I have never yielded, either in word or deed, to aught that might lead to his prejudice; desire him to preserve the memory of his unfortunate parent, and may he be a thousand times more happy and more prosperous than she has been."

She perished in the room that had been the scene of her trial. A scaffold, carpeted with black, was at one end, and on it were two English earls and the executioners. Thither she was led, Melvil bearing the train of her royal robe. She was dressed in state. "She wore a gown of black silk, bordered with crimson velvet, over which was a satin mantle; a long veil of white crape, stiffened with wire, and edged with rich lace, hung down almost to the ground; round her neck was suspended an ivory crucifix." The ruins of her former stately and blooming self, she was still beautiful and dignified. The warrant of death was read aloud; she trembled not, nor changed her sublime tranquillity of countenance. The Dean of Peterboro' stepped forth from the two hundred spectators and soldiers, and began to lecture her on points of doctrine. She turned from him, knelt, and prayed aloud for her enemies, and for the comfort of the Holy Spirit. Rising, her veil and necklace were removed. The cross, she was about to give to Jane Kennedy, but the executioner snatched it away as a part of his customary spoils. Her eyes were bound with a gold-embroidered handkerchief, her head laid on the block, and from her lips breathed the words—"O Lord, in thee have I

hoped, and into thy hands I commit my spirit." Three awkward blows of the axe severed her neck; her head was held up to the gaze of the dumb crowd; the executioner cried—"God save Elizabeth Queen of England!" The Earl of Kent responded, "Thus perish all her enemies." Her remains were left rolled up in "old green baize, taken from a billiard-table," afterwards buried with display in the Peterboro' cathedral, and finally, a quarter of a century after, placed in a splendid tomb at Westminster Abbey, by her son James, who removed every vestige of the scene of her trial and death, Fotheringay castle.

Mary reached the age of forty-five years. Her active life was between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five. No queen ever possessed higher talents or virtues. Her faults were the noble ones of a warm, trustful heart and of ardent youth. She confided in the treacherous too often; she had not learned that there are always many persons utterly dead to every claim of reason, honor and generosity. Reigning in maturer years, she would have vindicated her commanding intellect. As her enemies were often detestable in the face of their truer belief, so was she tolerant, deeply religious and grandly upright, in spite of her superstitious creed. Her character was frank and beautifully proportionate. Never would mere brilliancy of person and of mind, have excited such glowing friendships, such bitter envies, such lasting admiration and world-wide sympathy.

CATHERINE OF RUSSIA.



Catherine of Russia.

"Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile;
And cry content to that which grieves my heart;
And wet my cheek with artificial tears;
And frame my face to all occasions."—SHAKSPEARE.

THE long and conspicuous reign of Catherine II. was one of great tragical interest, and signalized by memorable events. Her mind was subtle and vigorous but it is impossible to regard her character with any other feelings than those of disgust and pity. She presented herself to the world, under a mask of benevolence, sincerity, wisdom, and piety, beneath which lurked detestable hypocrisy, licentiousness, vanity, and an ambition that aspired to great actions and reforms, for the sake of renown, rather than the good of mankind. ANXIOUS to out-figure her "great" predecessors in the eyes of posterity, she selected her historian, and charged him not to record the assistance of any one in the accomplishment of certain events, but to give the entire credit to her own wisdom and courage. She would have succeeding generations accept her as a model empress!—she who began her reign

with the secret assassination of the three rightful heirs to the throne, and ended it, with the unjust and execrable division of Poland.

In order to understand the steps, by which she, a comparatively obscure princess, acquired the crown of the Russias, it is necessary to refer to the reign of her immediate predecessor.

Elizabeth, the youngest daughter of Peter the Great, was proclaimed empress in 1741, by means of a revolt which deposed her cousin Anne and the infant Prince Ivan, for whom she acted as regent. The unfortunate Ivan was immured in the dungeon of Schlusselburgh, and his parents imprisoned in a fortress on the shores of the Arctic ocean.

Although Elizabeth was an amiable, gentle, beautiful woman, possessed of winning manners, and a humanity that prompted her to take a vow—"Never to put a subject to death upon any provocation whatever," yet through the influence of favorites, and the intoxication of unlimited power, her reign was marked by injustice, and atrocious cruelties, and she became timid, weak, intemperate, and notoriously licentious. She selected for her successor, Peter, the son of her eldest sister. In order to have him under her immediate superintendence, she caused him to be brought from Holstein, where his education was progressing under the enlightened Brumner. By some strange caprice, she supplied him with a narrow-minded, illiterate tutor, and to prevent any revolution in his favor, kept him almost a prisoner, surrounded by spies and ignorant persons who engaged him in amusements and frivolous

occupations that assisted to suppress whatever talent and vigor, or energy of character, he possessed.

Some estimable persons, and ladies of the court at Petersburg, remonstrated with the empress for her singular treatment of one who should be better fitted to occupy the throne, but she turned a deaf ear to their intercessions. One of her attendants ventured to suggest the evil that such an education was producing upon the character of the grand duke. "If your majesty," said this courageous friend, "do not permit the prince to know anything of what is necessary for governing the country, what do you think will become of him? and what do you think will become of the empire?" Elizabeth, turning sternly to her attendant, said in a measured, threatening tone, "Joanna, *knowest thou the road to Siberia?*" These words were sufficient to silence future remonstrances.

In 1747, Elizabeth determined to select a spouse for Peter; she was guided in her choice by the King of Prussia, who recommended a daughter of the Prince of Anhalt-Zerbst. She was inclined to look favorably upon this alliance, from the fact that she had once sincerely loved an uncle of the princess, and after his death resolved never to marry.

Princess Sophia Agusta Frederica was born at Stettin, May 2d, 1729. Her father was commander-in chief in the Prussian service, and governor of the town and fortress of Stettin. Her mother was a woman of distinguished beauty, prudence and good sense; she took upon herself the education of Sophia, who received the familiar nick-name of Fiéke among her compan-

ions. These were selected without reference to their rank, for her mother endeavored to cultivate the simplest manners, to suppress pride, a predominant characteristic of Sophia, and to insist upon her respectfully saluting ladies of distinction, who visited the house. Among her play-fellows she invariably took the principal part, often bringing into exercise an imperious, commanding temper. She was educated in the Lutheran religion, was early instructed from the best authors, and was disposed to study and reflection. Her seclusion was occasionally varied by excursions and visits to Hamburgh and Berlin, in company with her mother; these visits fitted her for an after appearance at court.

At the suggestion of the King of Prussia, the Princess of Zerbst repaired to Petersburg with her daughter, hoping by means of Sophia's attractions and the reminiscences of Elizabeth's affection for her brother, to secure an alliance with Peter. They were cordially received by the empress; the grand duke was quickly an admirer of the young princess, who, now in her sixteenth year, added lively manners to an agreeable, if not handsome face. She as readily regarded him favorably, for at this time his countenance was fresh, good-humored and pleasing, and his person of good stature and finely formed. With such mutual goodwill, therefore, but little time was required to make and accept proposals of marriage. As a necessary preliminary, Sophia adopted the Greek religion, and received the name of Catherine Alexiena. Magnificent preparations were made for the approaching nuptials, but in the midst of this fair sailing, the grand duke was at

tacked with a violent fever, which soon divulged a malignant form of the small-pox. He recovered in a few weeks, but his face was for some time distorted and actually hideous with the marks of a disease which disfigured him for life.

Catherine, who had been carefully kept in distant apartments, was prepared by her mother for the change in the appearance of her royal lover, and warned not to betray the aversion she might feel on seeing him, lest the fine air-castles they had been building should be blown away at a breath. Catherine promised to conceal her emotions, and attired as becomingly as possible, was conducted to the presence of the grand duke. She played her part well; with consummate art she approached Peter in her usual lively and graceful way, threw her arms about his neck and kissed his cheek, apparently with devoted affection. She had no sooner gained her own apartments, however, than she fell senseless, and remained unconscious for three hours. This extreme repugnance, which she had so successfully dissembled, did not interfere for a moment with the ambitious designs that already outweighed every other consideration.

The marriage was accordingly solemnized in 1747. Catherine retained an outward show of affection and respect, as long as she thought necessary, but she soon felt her decided superiority. Talented, accomplished, speaking several languages with facility, dignified and winning in her deportment, she easily and becomingly filled her distinguished position, while Peter, who had good sense and a kind confiding heart, had been spoiled

by a base education, lacked polish and intelligence, and blushed at his inferiority in the presence of his wife. He regarded her with pride, and admired the facility and fitness with which she acted the grand duchess.

Determined to over-rule and deprive him of the expected succession by placing the crown upon her own brow, she was easily induced to engage in the conspiracies formed against him by persons, who preferred to see the ambitious Catherine upon the throne. Every possible means were taken to blacken the character of the grand duke in the eyes of Elizabeth. Slanderous reports were daily conveyed to her by one of her ladies of honor, who was engaged in the intrigues of the court. On one occasion when she lamented the intemperate habits of the prince, the empress shocked at this new charge, insisted she would not believe it, till proved. The artful attendant took the first opportunity to dine with Peter, and, by secretly putting an opiate in his wine, succeeded in prevailing upon him to unconsciously drink to excess; when he was sufficiently intoxicated the deceitful woman hastened to call the empress. Bestucheff, the great chancellor, superintended these manœuvres by writing directions each day, on scraps of paper, indicating the course of conduct each interested person was to pursue. These he enclosed in a snuff-box with a double bottom, and, under pretence of offering snuff, succeeded in conveying them to those for whom they were intended, without observation.

Soon after the marriage of Peter, the empress presented him with the palace of Oranienbaum, at some

distance from Petersburg; there he preferred to remain, in freedom from his aunt's continual scrutiny and reproaches. For his amusement he formed a guard of Holstein soldiers, and instructed them for several hours, each day, in the Prussian exercises. He also gathered about him those who had talent for music or the drama, besides a number of dissipated companions. Knowing his passion for imitating everything Prussian, they persuaded him to gamble, drink and engage in other vices, assuring him that every officer in Prussia did the same.

In the meantime Catherine, wearied with the solitude of this country palace and entertaining no affection for her husband, received the admiration of Soltikoff, the prince's chamberlain, a man of polished address and attractive appearance. Elizabeth soon heard the consequent scandal, and made her displeasure evident, though not fitted to reprove the misconduct for which she was notorious herself. By artful representations, Catherine was reinstated in her favor, but the empress had frequent occasion to reprimand both of her belligerent wards, and seemed seriously to think of appointing Paul, the infant son of Catherine, her successor, with a regent to reign during his minority. Fearing this, Catherine assiduously applied herself to regaining the good-will of the empress, exalted herself in the eyes of the people by attending church daily with a devout air, during the illness of the empress, and assisted the intriguing party that favored her schemes by placing Peter in an odious light before the courtiers and the populace.

At Elizabeth's death, which occurred early in 1762, in a fit of intoxication, she was made to repeat words of the attending priest that expressed affection for the grand duke and duchess and named them her successors. As soon as the royal message reached Peter, which "commanded him to live long,"—the Russian form of announcing death, he passed in state through the streets of Petersburg, causing himself to be proclaimed emperor, under the name of Peter III. Notwithstanding the contempt which the conspirators had sought to bring upon him, he was enthusiastically received by the people.

He began his reign with popular measures. One of his first acts was to recall a multitude of state prisoners, exiled to Siberia by the tyrannical and suspicious temper of Elizabeth. He took no revenge upon his enemies, permitted the nobility to travel abroad at their pleasure, and allowed them to join the military service or not, as they chose. He also abolished the secret tribunal which had long been a terror to the Russians. Every one was in transports of delight with the new emperor, who had suddenly become a wise, dignified, temperate prince. His affection for Catherine returned, and he treated her with the utmost kindness and attention, forgetting her unfaithfulness and coldness. She however withheld the advice and guidance she was capable of giving, and which Peter looked for. Wearied with her repulsive coldness and imperious harshness, surrounded by a deceitful court, with not a single friend to whom he could turn with confidence, and bewildered with cares for which his education and

life had not prepared him, he returned to his vicious habits, unable with his blunt perceptions to detect, or even suspect, the conspiracies formed against him. In fact he was too much engaged in plots of his own to perceive that any others were in progress. Jealous and suspicious of his wife, he had thoughts of displacing her and her heir, and naming for his successor Prince Ivan, who, for more than twenty years, had been immured in a dungeon. Peter secretly visited the unhappy prince, and soon after had him brought privately to Petersburg and concealed in an obscure house.

Catherine, whom Peter had dismissed to the palace of Peterhoff, occupied her leisure and retirement in instigating and perfecting plots against the emperor, while she appeared to take part in none of them. The Princess Dashkoff, then only eighteen, quick, witty, courageous, learned, and with remarkable talent for intrigue, remained at court for the purpose of keeping Catherine informed of every circumstance that transpired. It was not only an attachment for the empress that induced her to such a course, but jealousy towards a sister who was the openly acknowledged favorite of the emperor, and a base ambition to be the leader of a faction.

The other principal personages were Count Panin, preceptor to the young prince, a man of obscure birth, and a character in which obstinacy and cunning were predominant; Gregory Orloff, Catherine's last lover, noted for courage and beauty, and his brother Alexey, both of them officers in the guards. Another, Cyril Razumoffsky, the hetman or commander of the Cossacks, having much influence at court and possessed of

immense wealth, besides being a favorite among the troops, was an important assistant. By the secret machinations of all these haughty heads put together the conspiracy was ripe for execution. Peter III., who was nearly ready to put himself at the head of a waiting army, destined to war against Denmark, was to be seized on his arrival at Peterhoff, where he expected to celebrate a festival previous to his departure for Denmark. He was now engaged in revels at his country palace of Oranienbaum.

Catherine meanwhile lived in daily fear and unendurable anxiety lest her schemes should be discovered. Even her dreams were haunted with guilty terrors; she frequently paced the floor of her apartments, half the night, for sleep fled from her frightened eyelids.

An unexpected occurrence hastened the execution of the conspirators' designs. Passick, a lieutenant in the guards, had gained the soldiers of his company. One of them, supposing nothing was done without the concurrence of the captain, innocently asked him on what day they were to take up arms against the emperor. The captain concealed his surprise, and cunningly drew from the unsuspecting soldier the whole secret. Passick was immediately arrested and put under guard, but he managed to write hastily upon a slip of paper, "Proceed to execution this instant or we are undone!" and gave it to a spy, who hurried with it to the Princess Dashkoff. She quickly informed the conspirators, and, though late at night, she assumed man's apparel, and went out to meet them upon an unfrequented bridge, where their plans were quickly formed.

The empress had vacated the palace at Peterhoff, to leave the apartments free for the festival; she occupied a summer-house in the garden of the palace, at the extremity of which was a canal, connected with the Neva, that gave private access to the gardens, by means of a small boat fastened there. Catherine was sleeping here at midnight, when she was suddenly aroused, and beheld a soldier standing at her bedside. "Your majesty has not a moment to lose; get ready to follow me!" said he. Terrified and astonished, the empress arose, called her attendant Ivanovna, and dressed in haste. The soldier returned for them; they followed him to a carriage that stood waiting, and found Alexey Orloff, impatient for their appearance. The empress and her maid were placed in the vehicle; Alexey took the reins and set off at full speed for Petersburg, twenty miles distant. Suddenly the horses stopped and fell down, and no efforts of Alexey and his companion could urge them on. Their danger was every moment increasing; it was still night, and several miles were yet to be traversed; the empress was finally obliged to leave the carriage, and they resolved to pursue their way on foot. Impatient to reach the city, and filled with terror, they fled rather than walked along the road, not knowing what moment they might be pursued. They had not gone far before they met a light country cart. Alexey Orloff seized the poor peasant's horses, and the empress and her maid sprang into the rough vehicle; leaving the owner standing aghast in the midst of the road, they sped away to the capital.

Catherine, worn out with fatigue and excitement, ar

rived at seven in the morning, but without taking rest, proceeded to the quarter of the soldiers. Seeing but few who issued from the barracks with clamorous greeting she hesitated a moment, trembling; an instant's thought suggested a deception by which to gain the whole detachment. In a speech, she assured them that the Czar, her husband, had attempted to murder her and her son that very night; that she had just escaped, and now threw herself on their protection. The incensed soldiers, believing what she said, swore to defend her; the cry of "Long live the Empress Catherine!" went up with enthusiastic demonstrations; the Orloffs secured a like reception from their regiments, and no one dared to stop the singular proceedings, except Villebois, General of the Artillery, who attempted to remonstrate. Catherine turned round, and, in an imperious tone, demanded what he intended to do. Confused and confounded with her commanding manner, he could only stammer out, "To obey your majesty!" and immediately delivered the arsenals and magazines of the city into her hands. It had required but two hours to accomplish this feat, and, without bloodshed, Catherine saw herself surrounded by two thousand warriors, besides the inhabitants of Petersburg, who imitated the movements of the soldiers.

In the afternoon she repaired to the church of Kafan, where the Archbishop of Novogorod, in sacerdotal robes, accompanied by numerous priests, wearing long beards, was ready to receive her at the altar. He placed the crown upon her head, proclaimed her the sovereign of the Russias, as Catherine II. and the grand duke Paul

Petrovitch her successor. The shouts of the multitude who crowded the church were hushed by the chant of the Te Deum that solemnly swelled above the vast assemblage. The ceremony concluded, the empress repaired to the palace that had been occupied by Elizabeth, and for several hours received the crowds who thronged the apartments to take the oath of allegiance. The chancellor Vorontzoff, father of the Princess Dashkoff, but a firm adherent to the emperor's cause, ventured to warn Catherine of the danger to which she exposed herself. She replied with insulting impudence and hypocritical innocence, "You see how it is; I really cannot do otherwise; I am only yielding to the ardent sensibility of the nation!" The chancellor was attended to his own house by a guard! At six in the evening, Catherine, crowned with oak-leaves and with a sword in her hand, mounted her horse, and, accompanied by Princess Dashkoff and the hetman Razumoffsky, placed herself at the head of the troops at Petersburg, and went out to meet those who were encamped at a distance, in order to secure their adherence before Peter should command their attendance upon himself.

During all these rapid and singular movements, Peter III. in unsuspecting ignorance, set out for the expected festivities of Peterhoff, with the ladies and courtiers who had been revelling at his palace of Oranienbaum. While riding gaily along the road to Peterhoff, they were met by one of Catherine's attendants, who said the empress had escaped and was nowhere to be found. Peter, confounded and unbelieving, hastened to the palace, searched the apartments, fled from

one place to another in the greatest fright, questioned all whom he met, but was unable to solve the mystery. While all about him were filled with gloomy forebodings, a countryman rode rapidly up to the group, made a profound inclination of the body, and, without uttering a word, drew from the bosom of his caftan a sealed note and presented it to the emperor. This revealed the occurrences at Petersburg, and his wife's duplicity.

The terror of the emperor increased every moment, but the tears of the women about him and the advice of his young courtiers, availed him nothing. Munich, whom he had released from exile in Siberia, presented himself and suggested the only practicable course to pursue, telling him to put himself at the head of such troops as were left and march to Petersburg, where the sight of the emperor might effect a counter-revolution. But the news that Catherine, with her army, was already marching towards Peterhoff, so frightened the cowardly emperor that he accepted the last advice of Munich, threw himself into a yacht, precipitately followed by the weeping women and unmanly courtiers, and went to Cronstadt, an important port in the gulf of Finland, which Munich knew would afford him ample means of defence, if the inhabitants and garrison still adhered to the emperor's cause. Catherine had been too quick for them. They no sooner arrived in port than the sentinels cried out, "Who comes there?" "The emperor," was the reply. "Long live the Empress Catherine," rang out from the soldiers, who threatened to sink the yacht if they did not put off in

an instant. Munich entreated Peter to spring upon shore, and all might yet be his; but, like a terrified child, he ran into the cabin and hid himself among the terrified women. Nothing could be done but row the infatuated, imbecile prince back to Oranienbaum.

Here he wrote a letter to the empress, promising submission and acknowledging his misconduct. She deigned him no answer, but with her army approached his palace. At first he ordered a horse, intending to fly to the frontiers of Poland, but, always irresolute, he changed his plan and directed his fortress to be dismantled and his Holstein guard to retire to a distance, that Catherine might be touched by his entire surrender. She caused him to be seized, however, and placed in close confinement, till he wrote and signed a declaration that he was not capable of reigning and that he voluntarily abdicated the throne. Even this did not serve to secure his liberty. The same night he was conducted by a strong guard to Ropscha, a small imperial palace, about fourteen miles from Petersburg. In despair at his sad prospects of imprisonment, he sent a message to Catherine, entreating her to send an old negro buffoon who had often amused him, a favorite dog, his violin, a Bible, and a few romances. She maintained a scornful silence.

Catherine had been crowned empress; she had published a manifesto, declaring her motives to have been a tender love for her people, and anxiety for the preservation of the holy Greek religion; she had used every means to beguile and deceive the troops, who were necessary to her success: but she still felt inse-

cure. She was alarmed at the murmurings and resistance of various distant towns and cities, which would have declared for Peter III. had he succeeded in presenting himself before them. A career of guilt once commenced leads to manifold crimes. Probably Catherine, in her first design of seizing the crown, had no thought of imbruing her hands in the blood of those who, as descendants of Peter the Great and rightful heirs to the throne, were revered in the eyes of the people. Harassed by constant fears of insurrection and unwilling to resign what she had so dexterously grasped, she listened to the whispered suggestions of the fiendish courtiers who had thus far assisted her and connived at, or at least did not prevent, the assassination of Peter III., in order to remove one so obnoxious to her repose.

This act was accomplished with such secrecy and deception, that the emperor's disappearance long remained a mystery, though no one hesitated to cast suspicion on Catherine. The revolting details have since been revealed. Alexey Orloff, noted for his strength and brutality, undertook with two companions the execution of the deed. Seven days after the empress had been crowned, which occurred June 28th, 1762, Alexey repaired to the palace where Peter was confined, and, as he had often done before, dined with the emperor. Lieutenant Passek, who was present, assisted him in introducing poison into the wine poured out for Peter. The unsuspecting emperor drank freely and presently was seized with violent pain. Recognizing the design, he called for milk to allay his sufferings, and mingling

his cries of agony with reproaches. They again pressed him to swallow more of the fatal beverage, but he resisted with all his strength. His valet, hearing the noise, rushed in. Peter threw himself in his arms, exclaiming faintly, "It was not enough to deprive me of the throne of Russia!—I must now be murdered!" The valet attempted to defend him, but Orloff with his giant strength easily thrust him from the room, and returned to his victim. The emperor fought with the strength of despair, but after a fierce and terrible struggle he was thrown to the floor and strangled with a napkin, snatched from the dinner-table.

Alexey Orloff immediately mounted his horse and rode at full speed to Petersburg, to inform the empress. On his arrival he found her just going to make her appearance at court. She maintained her composure, ease, and usual gayety, dined in public, and in the evening again held a court. The following day while she was dining with the foreign ministers and a few courtiers, a messenger was ushered in with great ceremony and announced the tidings of the emperor's death. Catherine immediately arose from table, and, with her handkerchief at her eyes, hastened to shut herself in her own apartments, where she remained for several days, as if overwhelmed with sorrow. During that time, she caused a manifesto to be published, which, after mentioning his illness, declared that "in obedience to the divine command, by which we are enjoined to preserve the life of our neighbor, we ordered that Peter should be furnished with everything that might be judged necessary to restore his health." It

also expressed her great affliction, but, despite this fabric of falsehoods and Catherine's artful assumption of grief, no one was so stupid as to believe what she asserted, though no one dared say a word upon the matter, and that was all the empress wished. The remains of Peter were brought to the capital and buried with great pomp.

Her next movement was to send Ivan back to prison, and at the same time she gave orders to put him to death, if any attempt was made to deliver him. There were many who sympathized with the unfortunate prince, fated to spend a life-time, from infancy to manhood, in dungeons and fortresses where he was subjected to every manner of suffering. Ivan is described as having fine light hair, regular features, an extremely fair complexion, a figure of commanding height and fine proportions, and a voice sweet and touchingly mournful in its accents. A conspiracy was set on foot to rescue him and place him upon the throne, headed by an officer named Mirovitch, who forced his way into the fortress of Schlusselburg where Ivan was confined, determined to deliver him. The guards immediately assassinated the defenceless prince and flung his body before Mirovitch, who immediately threw down his sword and surrendered. All who were engaged in this conspiracy were imprisoned, knouted, or sent to Siberia.

Catherine, now relieved from those who could cause her the most uneasiness, turned her attention to measures which would secure the applause of her subjects, and give her the fame she was ambitious to gain

abroad. She no longer needed the services of the Princess Dashkoff, who had become odious to her, notwithstanding her sacrifices of family and of herself in the cause of her friend. Catherine was not capable of friendship. She made tools of those whom she flattered with her confidence. Princess Dashkoff, in the beginning of the revolution, had put on the uniform of the guards, and now asked, as a recompense for her services, the title of colonel of a regiment; to this the empress scornfully replied that "the academy would suit her better than a military corps." The princess resented her ingratitude and spoke of it among her friends, with the bold independence natural to her; but for such imprudence she was ordered to retire to Moscow.

The archbishop of Novogorod, who had also materially assisted in Catherine's designs, was disappointed in his expected reward, and dismissed with a warning as to how he vented his rage. These and similar occurrences caused discontent and irritation among the people, which took so serious a turn, that it was thought for a time Catherine would be hurled from the throne she had usurped; but her courage and presence of mind never forsook her. She inflicted such terrible punishments upon the ringleaders, as effectually prevented any farther demonstrations of dissatisfaction.

Among the first acts of her reign was the confirmation of the two principal edicts of her predecessor, which had given him such popularity at his accession; but she took good care to appropriate all the credit to herself. With a policy that consulted the low state of

the finances, she also ratified the treaties that had been made with Denmark and Prussia; by thus securing peace, she was enabled to turn her attention to the improvement and aggrandizement of Russia. She instituted many wise and admirable regulations that secured the highest encomiums from other nations, though it is said she was undeserving her celebrity as a law-giver, since her famous code "consisted of a tissue of paragraphs taken principally from Montesquieu's 'Esprit des Loix,' and Beccaria's treatise on crime and punishment, and other well-known writers." She laid claim to her code, as having originated it herself, and complacently received the adulations of all Europe.

She certainly deserves credit, however, for her energy and skill in devising and prosecuting arrangements for the founding of colleges and hospitals on a grand scale, in the principal cities; for the establishment of a foundling and lying-in hospital, under the most benevolent and salutary regulations, and for the magnificent seminaries she endowed at Petersburg, one for the education of five hundred young ladies, the other a military school for young men, both of which are still the pride of Petersburg. She also invited foreigners from every country, whether professional or scientific men, artisans, mechanics, or common laborers—an invitation which quickly populated the deserts of Russia with a host who loudly murmured their discontent after they arrived, and regretted their foolishness in abandoning better homes.

All this, and more, was accomplished in the first year and a half of Catherine's reign. She added to

her own reputation abroad for sagacity and wisdom, by assisting at all the deliberations of the councils, read the despatches from her ambassadors, dictated or wrote the answers, and attended to all the minutia of foreign affairs. She often had interviews with Munich, who suggested to her the plan of driving the Turks from Constantinople, and with Bestucheff, a man of profound policy, who had the experience of grand chancellor in Elizabeth's reign, and who kept Catherine informed of the politics and resources of the European courts. In her interviews with foreign ministers, she assured them of her independence and courage, told them the world must not judge of her yet, that she had scarcely begun her reign and would surprise Europe in time with her great exploits, and assured them she "should behave with the princes of other nations like a finished coquette."

But in the midst of all her occupations, the empress did not forget her old favorites or neglect to find new ones. In this she imitated the profligate example of Elizabeth. Gregory Orloff, brother of Alexey, she seemed to entertain a sincere affection for, although he did not unite polished manners with beauty of person. He was ambitious and hoped the empress would give him her hand, and thus elevate him to the dignity of a sovereign. Catherine would only consent to a concealed marriage, but that was not sufficient for the haughty, but low-born Gregory. Fearful she would degrade her rank by marrying a man whom every one detested, her turbulent subjects concocted new conspiracies. While on a visit to Moscow, Catherine discovered one of these

plots, and alarmed for her safety returned immediately to Petersburg, entering that city with a pompous and magnificent display, which she intended should awe the disaffected.

She believed that the Princess Dashkoff influenced some of these intrigues, and determined to conceal the dislike she bore her, and invited her to court again. She wrote a flattering and deceitful letter, asking her knowledge of the conspiracies, which was not calculated however to blind the quick-witted princess, who had too much occasion to know Catherine's artfulness, to trust her words. To the long and affectionate letter of the empress, the wounded friend replied with daring haughtiness, in a few words. "Madam," wrote she, "I have heard nothing; but if I had heard anything, I should take good care how I spoke of it. What is it you require of me? That I should expire on a scaffold? I am ready to mount it!" Catherine was chagrined at this display of spirit, but did not take revenge and left the princess in disgrace, to travel about Europe; she everywhere attracted attention by her singular and bold manners. After her anger towards the empress had subsided, she returned to Russia, and Catherine, thinking it best to conciliate one so cognizant of her crimes, appointed her president of the academy. Here she presided with the whims and temper of a virago, deprived the professors of fuel in winter, from avaricious motives, and commanded them as she would have done a regiment of soldiers. Wrapped in rich furs, she seated herself in the midst of the shivering professors, dictating to them what they knew better than

she, till they were tempted to abandon the country where the empress was content to have but the shell of science and literature, without the kernel.

Renown was Catherine's sole aim. For that she continued to endow colleges and academies of science and art, which often proceeded no further than the selection of a site, or, if they were built, rarely afforded anything besides opportunities for grand and bombastic speeches from the empress. She encouraged the arts, inviting artists to her court, and paid most extravagant prices for pictures, though without the least taste to judge of their merits or defects. Her end was accomplished, however, so long as the recipients of her generous encouragement sounded her fame. Many of the pictures decorated the walls of her palaces, being "fitted together without frames, so as to cover on each side the whole of the walls, without the smallest attention to disposition or general effect." When a place could not conveniently be filled, the pictures were cut to suit the vacancy!

Catherine prided herself upon the generosity of her gifts to those who visited her court, and to those who performed important services. She maintained a magnificence in her movements and decorations, that exceeded all the courts of Europe, and added to the glory of her achievements by founding cities as well as colleges, which those who visited her vainly looked for! Many of them were never to be found, for the very good reason that she was satisfied to designate a site, give a name, and see it swell the list of her boasted cities, though it after all existed only in her imagination. Joseph II. once accompanied her to lay the

foundations of a new city. On his return he dryly remarked, "The empress and I have this day achieved a great work; she has laid the first stone of a great city, and I have laid the *last!*" He was just in his surmise. The city can nowhere be found except upon some of the maps of Russia.

While thus engaged at home, she did not neglect to increase her power abroad. Poland, for many years, had gradually extended its possessions by the inter marriage of Polish princesses with the heirs of royal domains in Russia. Catherine, therefore, in a measure ruled the election of kings in that republic. Upon the death of Agustus III. she contrived, partly by the force of arms and partly by cunning policy, to secure the election of one of her old favorites, Count Poniasofsky, a man who is described as having but small capacity to govern, rather weak than gentle, possessing a mind that was better calculated to shine in social intercourse than to sway men of cultivation. "Tall, well-made, of a figure at once commanding and agreeable," he could more skilfully play the lover than the courtier. He was rather forced upon than accepted by the Poles, who loudly murmured at the accession of one who was neither distinguished by birth nor any brilliant achievements. Soon after his election, difficulties commenced in Poland, which, by causing innumerable divisions of parties, weakened and exposed it to the rapacious robbery of Russia and Prussia.

In 1563 a law had been passed which granted equal rights to all religious persuasions, whether Greek, Lutheran, or Catholic. In 1763, however, the Catholics

had obtained a decided superiority, and excluded from the diets all those who did not adopt their faith. This occasioned serious contention; the various parties received the name of dissidents, and applied to Russia for assistance in claiming their rights. Catherine sent an army under the command of Prince Repnin, who immediately seized the principal persons in the diet, and exiled them to Siberia. The king himself, through the instigation of Orloff, was treated with great indignity. Prince Repnin commanded like a despot in Warsaw, and the Poles began to be amazed at the dangerous assistance they had sought, and beheld their country overrun with Russian soldiery, from whom they had no power to extricate themselves. They could only submit to the terms the empress chose to grant them. She already proposed the recovery of those parts of Poland which had been annexed from Russia; but her plans were not yet fully formed; she contented herself for a few years to use her domineering influence over a nation that she was in honor bound to protect and not to oppress.

In 1768 Turkey declared war against Russia in consequence of the oppression of Poland. The latter, suffering all the horrors of a war partly civil, partly religious, and partly foreign, and its haughty, brave nobles, unwilling to brook the outrages of Russia, applied to Turkey for relief. Catherine, with undaunted courage, accepted the challenge, prepared an army and powerful fleets, and speedily sent them against her enemies. While they gained victories along the Danube, the Pruth, and sailed triumphant on the Euxine, Cath

erine was occupied at home in vast preparations to attack them even in the isles of Greece. Her dock-yards were filled with workmen who busily constructed ships of war; her cities resounded with the clang of metal, moulded and shaped into death-dealing weapons, by the hands of skilful artisans; her politicians were engaged in exciting debates as to the expediency of the undertaking; her foreign ministers and emissaries were directed to secure the non-interference of other nations, and permission to enter their ports. Her fleets were manned not only by the most experienced officers of her own empire, but notable Englishmen, Danes, and Dutch, were enlisted in her service. Admiral Spiridoff commanded the fleet, but he and all the armies were under the orders of Alexey Orloff, who had been appointed general.

While these fleets and armies were sweeping victoriously through the Archipelago, and harassing the borders of the Turkish empire, Catherine, always industrious in intrigues, kept up a secret correspondence with Frederic of Prussia, pertaining to Poland. They meditated the partition of that nation; an interview, however, was necessary to perfect the design. Unwilling that other monarchs should discover their infamous intentions, and knowing their motives could not be concealed if an ostentatious visit was made by either party, they decided to resort to stratagem. Prince Henry, the brother of Frederic, received instructions to go to Russia with full powers to concert the desired measures with the empress. It was given out that he intended making a visit to his sister, Queen of Sweden,

and should return to Prussia by way of Denmark. While at Stockholm he received pressing invitations from Catherine to visit her at Petersburg, in which she expressed her anxiety to entertain so illustrious a prince. As if it had not all been managed beforehand, Henry expressed unexpected pleasure, and, with an apparent change of his plans, set out for Petersburg, accompanied by a brilliant suite. He was received with flattering attentions by the minister, Count Panin, and conducted in great state to the palace prepared for him. The first day of his arrival was passed with the most ceremonious etiquette, after which a series of entertainments were given that in magnificence outdid all the courts of Europe.

One of these entertainments was given at the summer-palace called Tzarskoselo. It was situated at a distance of twenty four versts, or sixteen miles, from Petersburg, in an open country, diversified with low, picturesque hills and forests. The road to it was lighted by more than a thousand lamps, and every verst marked by a column of marble, jaspar, or granite. All along there were views of elegant country-seats and gardens, gothic palaces with their lofty towers and turrets, Chinese temples crested upon high artificial rocks, villages built in the same style, fanciful bridges, and every other device by which the route could be made attractive and enchanting. The palace itself was immense and dazzling; within and without were profuse gilded ornaments. Every portion of the interior was fitted up in the richest and costliest style. The extensive gardens were ornamented by artificial lakes

dotted with charming wooded islands, from one of which rose a Turkish mosque, from another an elegant structure for musical performances, while from others shot up tall columns or Egyptian pyramids. Miniature towns and villages, a hermitage, superb baths, and picturesque ruins, completed this luxurious resort, that, springing up in the midst of the bleak deserts of Russia, was the realization of a Titania's kingdom.

To this magnificent and showy palace, the empress conducted Prince Henry in an immense sledge, followed by two thousand others containing a great number of ladies and the nobility, all in masks and fancy dresses. The amusements along the road consisted of some novel display at every verst. Fire-works in every possible variety and unimagined beauty, houses built to represent the style of different nations and enlivened with people dressed in corresponding costumes, shepherds and shepherdesses exhibiting national dances, and, at a little distance from the palace, an artificial volcano representing an eruption of Mount Vesuvius. The festivities at the palace were equally ingenious and startling. At table everything was arranged with such magician-like effect that when one wished to change his plate, he had but to tap the centre and it fell through the table and floor, and was immediately replaced by another that came up by the same means, replenished with whatever he desired.

By such displays Catherine sought to amuse her royal guest, and blind her subjects and the world at large, as to the secret purpose which all this show successfully masked. Henry looked on without appearing

to be in the least diverted; he maintained a sober and dignified bearing, looking on the frivolous and expensive sports as mere child's play, but covered his disdain under an air of abstracted indifference. His dress and appearance occasioned infinite amusement to the Russians. His hair was worn in a high toupée, and his apparel sometimes consisted of "a light blue frock with silver frogs, a red waistcoat and blue breeches."

In his interviews with Catherine, their disguised intentions were cautiously discussed. They decided upon the dismemberment of Poland, and Henry went so far as to assign to Austria, Turkey, Prussia and Russia, the spoils which should fall to the share of each. Catherine promised to frighten Turkey and flatter England into acquiescence; said she, "Do you take upon you to buy over Austria, that she may amuse France!" Thus did this unscrupulous monarch devise and carry out a robbery, with as hypocritical and innocent a face as had carried her through the connived assassination of her husband. The treaty, however, was not signed for some years.

Soon after Henry's departure early in 1771, Count Alexey Orloff returned from his victories, laden with triumphant laurels which fixed upon him the eyes of all Russia. He received honors and titles from his sovereign, and, in the succeeding festivities, resigned his giant strength to the ease and repose of courtly luxury. His ferocity, cruelty, and coarseness of manner, were better fitted for the horrors of war than the refinement and etiquette of court; his huge arm knew better how to strike the assassin's deadly blow, than to

shield the unfortunate; his soul was in its most grateful element when revelling in the consciousness of a victim's torment.

At his request, Catherine provided him with ample means to prosecute his conquests in the Archipelago. He left Petersburg, loaded with assurances of the favor of the empress, and went to join the squadron prepared for him at Leghorn. While in Italy, he executed a commission from the empress requiring two pictures to be painted in representation of the burning of the Turkish fleet in the previous expedition. Orloff did not hesitate to have a score of ships in the harbor set on fire or blown up, in order that the painter might do justice to his subject. He had another commission from Catherine which he performed with equal villainy. She had reason to fear the entire downfall of her throne as long as any descendants of Peter the Great existed: one remained upon whom her eye was fixed; with her usual secrecy and false-heartedness she laid a snare for the fair and unsuspecting girl whose shadow was a hateful ghost in the pathway of the guilty empress.

The empress Elizabeth, by a clandestine marriage with Razumoffsky, had three children; the youngest a girl named princess Tarrakanoff and protected by the Polish Prince Radzivil. He conveyed her to Rome, where she had been educated and kept in seclusion under the care of a watchful governess. Alexey Orloff succeeded in ferreting out her concealment, and, by the most devoted attention and deceitful representations, won the affections of the princess and obtained her consent to a marriage. The ceremony was performed by

villains in the disguise of priests. The innocent and confiding Tarrakanoff, believing him to be her veritable husband, accompanied him to Pisa, where a sumptuous palace was prepared for her reception. He was constantly at her side, in order to prevent any one from instilling suspicion into her mind. She accepted his attentions as proof of his affection, and returned it with a fond tenderness that, with her youth and beauty, would have swerved any heart but his from its cruel purpose. Several days passed in festivities, when the princess asked to see the Russian fleet that was soon to convey away the count. He was delighted to gratify her, and accordingly she was escorted to a boat prepared with magnificent awnings to receive her, and, accompanied by a suite of ladies and several Russian officers, put off from the shore in the midst of enthusiastic shouts and lively strains of music. Arrived at one of the principal ships, a splendid chair was lowered that she might without inconvenience be conveyed on board. Amused with the novelty, she stept gaily on deck, but was immediately seized and handcuffed; tears and entreaties were unavailing; in vain she supplicated at the feet of her betrayer; she was torn away and carried a prisoner down into the hold, and the following day conveyed to Russia. Catherine gave secret orders to confine her in the fortress of Petersburg, and it was afterwards surmised that she was drowned in her dungeon by the rising of the waters of the river that rolled at the foot of the tower walls; but her fate remained one of the whispered mysteries of the Russian court.

In 1771 an event occurred which took the Russians by surprise, and cast an odium upon Catherine's administration that nothing could efface. The inhabitants of a province lying on the Volga, north of Astracan, were driven to desperation by the cruelty and injustice of the governor placed over them. They were a peaceful, hospitable people, originally from Chinese Tartary, and until within a few years had preserved their independence. Their religion and customs continued unchanged; they roamed about the steppes with their usual aversion to permanent dwellings, and also from the necessity of furnishing herbage for their hordes of cattle. Much oppression from the emissaries of the empress and an unheard-of indignity offered to a venerable old man, greatly beloved by his tribe, so incensed them that they resolved to abandon the Russian dominions and return to their ancient possessions at the foot of the mountains of Thibet. A report was also circulated among them that a revered Calmuck priest, who died three years before, had sent them a message in the name of their gods to take possession of their ancient territories. They obeyed, and in a well-ordered march went secretly and silently on their perilous journey,—an immense troop, with their wives, children and servants, hordes of cattle, goods of every description, tents, and household utensils.

So noiseless had been their departure that no intimation of it whatever reached Petersburg, till they had gained two days' march. Catherine immediately sent troops to arrest the fugitives, but they searched in vain through the bleak deserts, till, suffering from

thirst and hunger in these unwatered, barren, and depopulated regions, they were obliged to abandon the unavailing pursuit. The Chinese emperor received and protected "his children," and when the exasperated empress demanded him to deliver up her runaway subjects, he scornfully refused to comply and daringly commented on her tyranny. This Catherine never could forgive. She was used to conciliatory language from all the nations of Europe, and this bold defiance, and the dictatorial tone he used on several occasions, inspired her with a hatred that would not permit China to be favorably mentioned in her presence. Upon her application for a renewal of the treaty regarding commerce between the two nations, he provokingly replied to her envoys, "Let your mistress learn to keep old treaties, and then it will be time enough to apply for new ones!" Catherine could only dissemble her mortification and anger; she had not the means to punish him for his audacity, whatever were her inclinations. The war with Turkey, her policy in regard to Poland, and the equipment of extensive fleets, had exhausted her treasury. Peace however was declared, in 1774, which ceded to Catherine several provinces, and gave her vessels the free navigation of the Black Sea and the Archipelago; this opened an immense source of commerce and wealth to her empire Marshal Romantzoff, her greatest general, received the glory of the triumphs on the borders of Turkey, and Alexey Orloff was showered with honors for his victories in the Archipelago, though the credit given the

latter was entirely due to the skill of the English admirals, Elphinstone, Greig, and Dugdale.

While all these events were progressing, Catherine was employed at home in improving and enriching her cities and public works. Canals, connecting the several rivers in and near Petersburg, were embanked with granite; sumptuous bridges were thrown across them; magnificent palaces were built and public offices sprang up without number, while close beside them were squalid hovels with the most wretched occupants, and in front ran streets filled with mire and dirt.

Catherine, in her palace, was the same intriguing, deceitful woman she had been in the beginning of her reign. Profligate, fitful and tyrannical, she changed her favorites as readily as her mask, lavishing the most costly gifts upon them at one moment, and the next moment sending them into exile. She seemed to retain an affection for Gregory Orloff; she created him a prince, but Count Panin, her minister and governor of the grand duke Paul Petrovitch, constantly employed his influence against the complete ascendency of Orloff. Count Panin occupied the most important posts in the empire, and continued to retain them until his death; his prosperity was probably owing more to Catherine's reliance upon his integrity than any brilliant talents she could have imagined him to possess. The admission of a new favorite, Potemkin, who gained complete rule over Catherine, drove both Panin and Orloff to despair. Count Panin absented himself from court, and, it is said, died from chagrin and grief at the loss of his influence. Gregory Orloff died in the

ame year, 1783, at Moscow, in a state of frightful insanity. The loss of a young and beautiful wife, whom he regarded with the tenderest love, occasioned a melancholy that was deeply aggravated by the loss of the empress' favor. His last days were spent in the ravings of delirium; he imagined that the ghost of Peter III. was continually pursuing him with avenging darts.

Thus Catherine was relieved from the presence of two men who had assisted in elevating her to the throne, and whose dangerous possession of her secrets gave them a fearful hold upon her that she was glad to shake off. Paul Petrovitch was Panin's most sincere mourner; he really loved his preceptor, and with the greater strength because his affections were driven from every object upon which he would have centered them, by his tyrannical mother. She kept him under continual surveillance, and concealed him from the public eye as completely as possible, fearful of the affection entertained for him by the people, and dreading a revolution which might place him upon his rightful throne. Although arrived at manhood, he was never allowed to enter the army, or even to visit a fleet; his travels were limited, his movements closely watched and strictly reported, and Catherine always provided him with an escort of her own choosing. She condescended to select him a wife, but took good care to find one who would be too simple to engage in intrigues. He was married to a daughter of the landgrave of Hesse-Darmstadt; as was the custom, she adopted the Greek religion, and received the name of Natalia Alexierna.

The empress had reason afterwards to suspect her of engaging in political plots, and her death, which occurred a year or two after she became grand duchess, cast another dark imputation upon Catherine.

She was scarcely cold in her grave, before the empress selected a new spouse for her son. A niece of the King of Prussia became the consort of the grand duke, under the name of Maria Feodorovna, and with him ascended the throne twenty years afterwards. As the kings and princes of various nations had successively visited the court of Petersburg, Catherine thought she could no longer deny a return of these distinctions, in permitting the grand duke and his bride to visit some of the courts of Europe. She confided them to the care of one of her sworn creatures, and had despatches daily brought her by a courier, giving a minute account of everything that transpired. While at Paris, the people were more struck with Paul's excessive ugliness than anything else. One day at the Tuilleries, Louis XVI. asked him if he had any person in his suite who was particularly attached to him? Paul replied with a significance which was understood by the courtiers, "If my mother thought that I had but a dog belonging to me that loved me, to-morrow it would be flung into the Seine with a stone around its neck." He was just feeling the bitterness of having a friend exiled to Siberia for life, for the offence of writing to him an account of the transactions at Petersburg during his absence. It was truly a magnanimous trait in Catherine that she permitted her son to exist at all!

Orloff and Panin were entirely forgotten in the brilliant reign of the favorite who had supplanted them. Potemkin was a most extraordinary man, and it was his caprices, his intense imagination that was forever devising some unheard-of scheme, and his audacity that secured the ascendency he obtained over Catherine as her favorite, her confidant, and her minister. The most opposite qualities were united in him. At one moment he was generous, at another avaricious. Active yet indolent, timid and bold, condescending and haughty, politic and indiscreet, unread yet able to astonish a scholar, an artist, artisan, or divine in conversation, promising everything but rarely performing, always chasing after some gigantic plan which he spurned in disgust when attained—altogether he was a freak of nature, and embodied all the good and bad qualities of man without reason or conscience to guide him. At one moment he announced his intention of becoming King of Poland, and, at the next, threatened to turn monk; one day he would call all the principal officers to his presence, and talk of war; the next, begin a series of magnificent entertainments without the least cause. He would throw all the cabinets of Europe in a ferment by his purpose of partitioning some empire, and laugh at them at his leisure, while indolently reclining among a company of ladies. Distinguished officers attended him in the capacity of servants, and he would not hesitate to despatch one of them more than a thousand miles for a certain kind of soup that could only be made at Petersburg. Think of an officer riding thirteen hundred miles at the speed

of life and death, to bear a tureen of soup to his master! It was those imperious whims, his energetic will, and defiance of every obstruction to what he took it in his head to accomplish, that secured Catherine's favor. She trusted her armies to his generalship; but her historian significantly suggests, "it is not to be inferred from thence that all went on well, but all *went on* and the empress desired nothing more."

It was in compliance with his persuasions that Catherine was induced to visit Crimea and the other provinces that had been ceded to Russia in the treaty with the Turkish emperor. In the beginning of 1787, she left Petersburg in grand state, accompanied by all the ladies of her suite, her favorite aid-de-camp, Momonoff, the French and Austrian ambassadors, all enveloped in costly furs, and seated in spacious sledges, by which they were conveyed with lightning rapidity over the ice and snow. Immense fires, kindled along the roads, created artificial day; at every post was an ample relay of fresh horses; and when requiring repose they stopped at palaces, built for the occasion, which equalled those at Petersburg in splendor. Here the empress held entertainments and feasted her flatterers, while, without, poor peasants were assembled to gaze in silent wonder upon the magic structure, shivering and pinched in the icy air, the white frost covering their shaggy heads and unshaven beards.

Joseph II. of Austria joined the stately cavalcade; at Kanieff, Stanislaus Agustus, King of Poland, and distinguished Polish nobles, swelled the royal train. Catherine had not met her old lover for twenty-three

years, and for once her imperturbable countenance betrayed agitation. Poniatoffsky, however, retained his composure and did homage to the empress for the crown she had bestowed upon him, with as little emotion as if they had been strangers. This royal *cortège* sailed down the Dnieper in a fleet of fifty galleys. Potemkin had spared no expense and no device by which to astonish and impress the beholders with the state of the countries through which they passed. He dressed up shepherds and shepherdesses to attend choice flocks along the banks of the river; palaces and whole villages were erected to give life to the scenery: peasants were handsomely attired; troops were newly equipped; Tartars were clothed and disciplined; wildernesses were converted into blooming gardens—everything, that human ingenuity could invent, had been gathered here to make the sterile deserts and the wide tracts that had been laid waste in the rapacious wars, assume the appearance of populous, thriving provinces. The people furnished with holiday dresses, and engaged with music and dancing, were made to appear gay, happy, and contented, while those very regions were desolate and groaning with famine and oppression. It was an apt illustration of her whole reign—a dazzling display which she flattered herself would blind posterity to her hideous defects—empty and heartless like everything that emanated from her or her minions.

Six months were occupied in this unexampled tour, which resulted in nothing but a renewal of the war with the Turks. Hostilities commenced near the close of the same year, 1787, and were encouraged by Prince

Potemkin, who, though he seemed to have every possible desire granted, lacked one thing more to give him the happiness he was always in pursuit of, yet never found. He had never received the order of St. George; his could not be obtained till he commanded an army and gained a victory. Thousands of human beings were thrown into the scale with a riband and star. Potemkin must be gratified with the possession of the toy.

An army of one hundred and fifty thousand men, under the command of the celebrated generals, Romantzoff, Repnin, and Suvaroff, commenced hostilities against the Ottoman empire and, during two years, passed from city to city, reducing them to ashes and inhumanly massacring the inhabitants, of whatever age or sex. The fierce Potemkin spared nothing. The lives of his troops were of no account. He simply gave orders from his sumptuous tents, and if everything was not gained that he commanded, he was ready to press his iron heel upon the necks of his own soldiers. Catherine, equally insensible to the rapine, bloodshed and horrors of war, gave balls and tournaments at her capital, distributed costly gifts among the conquerors, and gave thanks in the churches for their bloody victories.

In 1790, Potemkin sat with his armies before Ismail. Seven months passed, at the end of which the besieged still firmly and bravely held out. Potemkin, impatient at the long resistance, ordered it to be taken in three days. Suvaroff obeyed, and addressing his men with the brutal words—"My brothers, no quarter! Provisions are dear!" he began the assault. The Russians

were twice repulsed, which added to their ferocity when they afterwards succeeded in scaling the ramparts and gained possession of the city. All the inhabitants were slain, till blood ran in torrents through the streets.

Suvaroff immediately wrote to the empress with only these words: "The haughty Ismail is at your feet." Potemkin hastened to Petersburg to gain a reward for victories he no more had gained than those for which Alexey Orloff had been enriched. Catherine however rewarded him with the coveted riband and star, and bestowed upon him a magnificent palace and a coat laced with diamonds. All he desired was now attained, but instead of the happiness he expected to attain he found himself the most miserable of men. Suvaroff and the accompanying generals proudly laid their laurels at the feet of the empress, who smiled upon them and bestowed estates and glittering jewels on the heroes, as if they were not all bathed in the blood of oppressed victims.

This war had cost the lives of more than six hundred thousand men, the destruction of many cities, and the exhaustion of the Russian treasury, while nothing permanent had been gained by either nation. A treaty was soon concluded, but Potemkin did not live to see it accomplished. In the midst of his pleasures and his vices, he was suddenly seized with dangerous illness, and with his usual waywardness, refused the advice of physicians and set out upon a journey. While travelling between Yassy and Nicholaief, he was too ill to proceed, and, being taken out of his carriage, was laid

upon the grass under a tree, where he quickly expired. Not far from the spot rested the remains of the good Howard, "As if," says Dr. Clarke, "the hand of destiny had directed two persons, in whom were exemplified the extremes of virtue and vice, to one common spot, in order that the contrast might remain a lesson for mankind."

In 1792, Catherine declared war against Poland, to which she assigned various petty pretexts, while in reality, it was the result of her own long meditated division of that country. Her new favorites and ministers gladly acquiesced in a measure that promised them a large share in the rich spoils of the unhappy Poles. Frederic of Prussia, acting in concert with the empress, despatched an army to unite with the Russian legions, and together they over-ran the plains of Poland. At Warsaw the diet had received the declaration of war with stern calmness, succeeded by a burst of enthusiasm excited by a patriotic determination to free themselves from the Russian yoke, defend their homes, and save their nation from oblivion. An army was hastily summoned and placed under the command of Joseph Poniatoffsky, a man ill-fitted for such a responsible post. Nothing but disasters accompanied his efforts: the Russians were everywhere triumphant; the defenders of Poland were dispersed, their estates confiscated, their families reduced to penury and servitude.

While Poland thus lay bleeding and panting at the feet of the conquerors, Kosciusko, whose name is dear to the lovers of liberty, sprang up from the despairing hosts, girded on the warrior's armor, and, with the glo-

rious resolve of rescuing his countrymen and his nation from the haughty victors, gathered about him the few bold spirits, who dared to offer themselves as a shield to Poland. Peasants, whom he caused to be freed from servitude, augmented his little army; he was chosen their general. Inspired with the patriotic fire of the brave leader, the enthusiastic army swept all before them. Had their king and his partisans united with their efforts, Poland might still have had a place among nations; but the dissensions that, since the accession of Stanislaus Agustus, had rendered united action impossible, occasioned the final triumph of Russia and Prussia.

Catherine had sent fresh troops, and Frederic stationed himself at the head of his own forces during the last engagement. The Poles were overpowered, the army cut to pieces, and the brave Kosciusko fell wounded and senseless in the thickest of the battle. He was carried a prisoner to Petersburg, confined in a dungeon till the death of Catherine, and then brought forth by Paul and loaded with honors. The emperor offered him employment in the Russian service, which he declined. It is said that Paul presented him with his own sword, in admiration for the noble Pole, but Kosciusko replied, "I no longer need a sword, since I have no longer a country." His soul glowed with the love of liberty; melancholy and oppressed at the sight of Poland in chains, he sought the shores of young America, and generously devoted his noble and exalted powers to her cause. He was too pure a jewel for a Russian setting. Leaving his revered name associated

with the loved Washington and La Fayette in the struggle for American liberty, he repaired to Switzerland, where he died in 1817. The Poles just awakened to his inestimable worth, conveyed his remains to his native land, and almost divine honors were paid to his memory.

To return to the events of 1794. Catherine displaced Stanislaus Agustus, who had not been adroit enough to secure the confidence of either party; she sent him to Grodno, condemned to live obscurely on a pension granted by her, and created Prince Repnin governor of the provinces that fell to her share in the infamous division of Poland.

The following year, the empress added another rich province to her empire. Courland, by her intricate and unscrupulous stratagems, was secured without having recourse to arms, and those who resisted her usurpations were immediately deprived of their estates and sent to Siberia. The remainder were frightened into submission. The death of Frederic of Prussia deprived her of an assistant in her plots, and gave her an enemy in his successor. She threatened him with war; at the same time she turned her covetous eyes upon Persia, designing its sceptre for Alexander, one of her grandsons. For Constantine, another of Paul's sons, she intended to extend her conquests in Turkey, and seat him upon the Ottoman throne. Sweden she determined should fall to Alexandrina, her favorite, and beautiful grand-daughter. This princess is described as "just fifteen, tall, well formed, with noble and regular features, a profusion of fine hair, and eyes that

beamed with intelligence and sensibility. In person, mind, and manners, Alexandrina was one of the most lovely and accomplished princesses in Europe."

Catherine set her heart upon making her queen of Sweden. To accomplish it, she succeeded in prevailing upon Gustavus Adolphus, the young King of Sweden, to visit her court. He repaired to Petersburg, accompanied by the regent, his ministers, and a brilliant suite; an arrival that occasioned a gorgeous display on the part of Catherine. Gustavus Adolphus was nearly eighteen, of elegant stature, agreeable face, free and graceful manners, that were calculated to captivate a free heart. At their presentation, Gustavus and Alexandrina were equally won by the unexpected beauty and grace of the other; the charms of the Russian belle overcame his affection for the princess of Mecklenburgh, to whom he was affianced; the engagement was easily broken off, and the fascinating king was soon the accepted suitor of the happy Alexandrina. Articles of marriage were drawn up; the day for the betrothment appointed, and splendid preparations for its celebration occupied all the court.

The day arrived, and Catherine, with her officers and attendants, occupied the presence-chamber in a style that equalled, if not outvied, Oriental magnificence; the Swedish suite in splendid court-dresses, waited upon their king, and the brilliant circle was completed by the manly presence of the royal groom and the lovely bride, bewitchingly veiled in a mist of costly lace. The chancellor Markoff commenced reading the contract, when, to the surprise of the imperial family,

Gustavus interrupted him and observed that the laws of Sweden required that the princess should change her religion, without which agreement he could not sign the contract. The empress remonstrated, flattered, almost entreated, but the young king was immovable. Not willing to sacrifice her dignity to farther efforts, she coldly arose and with unaltered countenance, majestically moved out of the apartment, followed by the pale bride and all her attendants.

Nothing more was said upon the subject. The following day the Swedish king and his suite quitted Petersburg. Alexandrina, who was the keenest sufferer, had been led to her apartments, when she fainted away, and afterwards gave up to a melancholy, that was not diverted by her marriage with the Archduke of Austria. She fell into a decline, and died at the age of nineteen.

The mortification and disappointment of Catherine, had as fatal and a more sudden effect, because of her struggle to suppress her anger and chagrin in the presence of curious spectators. Her temper was too imperious to endure graciously such a slight. Whether it was the occasion of her death or not, she was soon after seized with a fit of apoplexy, that terminated her life, the 9th of November, 1796. At the height of her guilty grandeur, in the midst of premeditated injustice, her hand raised with threatened violence against unoffending nations, this wicked empress was summoned into eternity without a moment's warning. "A happy death!" said her subjects. "Happy," perhaps, because her soul had made its exit as completely veiled as she had struggled to keep it during her life.

The grand duke was immediately proclaimed emperor under the title of Paul I. His first duty was to direct the imposing ceremonials of the empress' interment. He directed the remains of his father Peter III. to be disinterred and brought to Petersburg from the church of the monastery of St. Alexander Nefsky, where they had quietly reposed for more than thirty years. His coffin was placed beside that of the empress, and his crown, which the unfortunate monarch had never worn, was brought from Moscow and placed above him; over both lay a kind of true-love-knot with the inscription, "Divided in life, united in death."

Paul, probably from motives of revenge, ordered Alexey Orloff, who resided at Moscow, and Baratinsky, his assistant in the murder of the deceased emperor, to stand one on each side of the corpse of Peter as *chief mourners*. In the state-chamber of the palace, draped with sable hangings, lighted with tapers and filled with courtiers in gloomiest black, these two appointed mourners were obliged to station themselves beside their mouldered victim. Alexey Orloff was too strongly nerved to be overcome by this mode of vengeance; but Baratinsky, more sensitive, sank under the doleful task, and it was only by repeatedly applying stimulants, that he could be made to keep his station during the three long hours of ceremonials.

Count Orloff afterwards *received permission to travel, without asking it*, which is the Russian form of dismissing or disgracing a favorite, who returns to court at the peril of breathing the icy air of Siberia.

Catherine II. reigned thirty-four years—years full

of glory and shame to Russia. Few of her works remained permanently, and much of the good she accomplished was soon overturned under the short and cruel administration of Paul. She was neither loved nor hated by the Russians. So accustomed are they to tyranny, that they submissively and meekly yield to whatever their sovereign chooses to enforce. Notwithstanding Catherine's severity and imperious airs, she was not a tyrant in her own palace, but free, easy, and gay. She is described as "preserving her grace and majesty to the last period of her life. She was of moderate stature, but well proportioned; and as she carried her head very high, she appeared rather tall. She had an open brow, an aquiline nose, an agreeable mouth, and her chin, though long, was not mis-shapen. Her hair was auburn, her eyebrows black and rather thick; and her blue eyes had a gentleness which was often affected, but oftener still betrayed pride. Her physiognomy was not deficient in expression; but that expression never discovered what was passing in the soul of Catherine, or rather it served her the better to disguise it." She wore the Russian costume, that being the most becoming to her; green was the color most in vogue with the Russians, and she usually adopted it. Her hair, slightly powdered, flowed upon her shoulders and was surmounted by a small cap covered with diamonds, which gave a coquettish finish to her costume.

With a different husband and a more enlightened people, it is hard to say what her fame and fate would have been. As it was, a brazen face and ready dagger were all that she ever needed, and for her use of these

alone is she to be credited, in seizing and maintaining her great power. She deserves praise for encouraging the literature of her own country, and for tolerating all religions; in these respects she was nobly unlike many of her compeers. But her private life was disgraced by a licentiousness that she hardly attempted to conceal; and she expended enough energy in empty and ludicrous affectations of enterprise, to have made her realm prosperous and glorious in reality instead of occasional appearance.

MARIE ANTOINETTE.



Marie Antoinette.

"My hair is gray, but not with years,
For it grew white
In a single night,
As men's have grown from sudden fears."—BYRON.

THE first French Revolution, like the superlative vices it both sprang from and gave birth to, was "a monster of frightful mien;" but it cannot be said of it, as of vice, that

"Seen too oft, familiar with its face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace"—

the revolting theme, as one congenial to any sympathies of our nature. There is such a thing as human nature, and such a thing as French nature, said a great writer; and nothing but a French temperament, that still delights in "blue-fire and bloody-bone" fiction, can often relish such a dish of horrors as the Reign of Terror,—at least it must be a jaded Parisian sensualism that needs such an incentive to mental appetite. The craving for the horrible that, like the inclination to fix a fascinated gaze on the face of the dead, or to ap-

proach and leap from a precipice, is a strange attribute of mind, finds this portion of earth's history too nauseating to be many times perused. The ingredients collected by the Witches of Macbeth "for a charm of powerful trouble," of which the most palatable were

> "Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,
> Lizard's leg and owlet's wing,"—

are mere child's confectionery in the comparison. The tortures of the Hindoo and of the American savage, are tender mercies when contrasted with the "red fool-fury of the Seine." And besides the disgusting and stupefying nature of the details, they are too familiar to every one in this reading age, to make a repicturing of them pardonable. No subject has been so often rehearsed; and it is necessarily and sufficiently brought into view in the accounts of other heroines of the period, so that the events accompanying Marie Antoinette's agonies may be now dismissed with a glance. Into her cup, all the blackest drops of those dreadful years seem to have been pressed. So protracted, intense and every way sharpened were her sufferings, and so indescribable was the monster Revolution that slowly crushed her in its coils, that no language can represent the reality, except it be Pollok's unequalled painting of the Undying Worm—a passage of poetry well worth examining in this connection.

> "One I remarked
> Attentively; but how shall I describe
> What nought resembles else my eye hath seen?
> Of worm or serpent kind it something looked,

But monstrous, with *a thousand snaky heads*,
Eyed each with double orbs of glaring wrath,
And with as many tails, that twisted out
In horrid *revolution*, tipped with stings;
And *all its mouths*, that wide and darkly gaped,
And breathed most poisonous breath, had each a sting
Forked, and long, and venomous, and sharp;
And, in its writhings infinite, it grasped
Malignantly what seemed a heart, swollen vast,
And quivering with torture most intense;
And still the heart, with anguish throbbing high
Made effort to escape, but could not; for
Howe'er it turned, and *oft* it vainly turned,
These complicated foldings held it fast.
And still the monstrous beast with sting of head
Or tail transpierced it, bleeding evermore."

Such was Marie Antoinette's high-throbbing heart, and such was the mob of Paris, an unimaginable dragon, headed by mad tribunals.

No connected sketch of the life of this unfortunate queen is intended; a few scenes in that life of wonderful vicissitudes will be given. The influences that surrounded her early years, may be gathered from the biography of Maria Theresa, her imperial mother, who gave birth to this daughter in the palace at Vienna, Nov. 2d, 1755. The day was also memorable for the great earthquake at Lisbon, which, like the terrible thunder-storm that followed Marie Antoinette's marriage, was regarded by her as an evil omen, and certainly was a fit emblem of the earthquake and storm of political revolution which buried the splendors and joys of her reign in ruin, misery, and death.

Fair-haired, beautiful, and joyous, Marie grew up in

the peace and freedom of her early home. She was surrounded by brothers and sisters of remarkable loveliness and promise, who were enough company for her in all the occupations or sports of childhood and youth. The imperial nursery was their kingdom, where they ruled even their governesses and preceptors, and were safe from all intrusion. Their handsome and gay father, the emperor Francis of Austria, visited them only to mingle in their gayeties, and receive their noisy, familiar caresses; him they loved, and deeply mourned his death, as of one who was numbered in their happy band. He died when Marie, his favorite daughter, was ten years old; and before he set out on the journey from which he never returned alive, he ordered his coachman to wait, until she was called, and he had again embraced her affectionately.

The young princes and princesses regarded their masculine and heroic mother with little feeling except that of distant awe. She was too much occupied with her wars and affairs of state, to think much of her family. But once a week did she visit them, with much the same business spirit that she reviewed her troops or inspected her public asylums. In the same way that one glances at a morning paper, or that she inquired the foreign news of her minister, she questioned her family physician, each morning, in regard to the health of her children; and she only deigned to see them when a sickness was reported, or when she occasionally gathered them at her dinner-table, in order to impress some ambassador with the idea that she herself superintended their education.

The teachers of Marie Antoinette were more solicitous to win her favor, from interested motives, than to advance her in knowledge. As feigned proofs of her proficiency, they exhibited to the empress the exercises in composition which they had first written in pencil for Marie to trace afterwards in ink, or sketches of drawing which she had never touched with her own hand; and they taught her Latin sentences which she did not understand, but calmly recited to visitors at court, on occasions of presentation, as if she were able to converse in that language. Metastasio, her Italian instructor, was alone faithful to his charge; he was so agreeable and assiduous that she could speak and write the soft, musical language of Dante and Tasso, with fluent elegance. She at length gained much facility in French conversation; but, through all her life she was forced to lament her deficiency in every solid acquirement.

After her engagement to the dauphin of France, two French actors, of superficial character, were employed to perfect her in elocution and singing; and when these were dismissed as incompetent, the Abbé de Vermond was sent from Paris, to be her tutor. He seems to have accomplished little else than the encouraging of her naturally unrestrained, frolicsome and capricious disposition, and the instilling into her mind a lasting and fun-loving contempt of the ceremonious French court to which she was destined. After her arrival there, no effort of hers was sufficient to subdue her uncontrollable vivacity, the teachings of the Abbé, and the fashionable freedom of manners she had learned

at Vienna; nor could she then find time or patience, notwithstanding her earnest attempts, to master the elements of history, philosophy, the English language, or even her native German, whereof she knew little, the Italian being the court speech of the Austrian capital. But what was lost in preparation for after life, was gained in the careless and unchecked happiness of youth, which was almost the only unclouded sunshine of a life that gradually darkened to the deepest horrors. Unconscious of their subsequent splendid or wretched fate, she and her brothers and sisters, pouted their "full Austrian lips" in mock vexation, or tossed their golden ringlets in mimic bravery, laughed, chattered, and romped at their will through the apartments that were their little realm, or sported among the trees, fountains and lakes of the gardens of Schoenbrun.

Fifteen years of life bloomed in the cheek and sparkled in the eyes of Marie when she bade a formal adieu to her dignified mother, and a sad farewell to her comrades and youthful scenes; her grief was relieved only by anticipations of the magnificence that awaited her as bride to the heir apparent of the French throne. At the borders of her adopted land, an embassy awaited to receive her, and to conduct her to the bridegroom, who was to meet her at Compiègne. "A superb pavilion," writes Madame Campan, "had been prepared upon the frontiers near Kell: it consisted of a vast saloon, connected with two apartments, one of which was assigned to the lords and ladies of the court of Vienna, and the other to the suite of the dauphiness composed of the Countess de Noailles, her lady of hon

or; the Duchess de Cosse, her tire-woman; four ladies of the bed-chamber; the Count de Saulx Tavannes, first gentleman usher; the Count de Tessé, first equerry; the Bishop of Chartres, chief almoner; the officers of the body-guards and the pages. When the dauphiness had been entirely undressed, even to her body-linen and stockings, in order that she might retain nothing belonging to a foreign court (an etiquette always observed on such an occasion), the doors were opened; the young princess came forward, looking round for the Countess de Noailles; then, rushing into her arms, she implored her, with tears in her eyes, and with a heartfelt sincerity, to direct her, to advise her, and to be in every respect her guide and support. It was impossible to refrain from admiring her aërial deportment:—her smile was sufficient to win the heart; and in this enchanting being, in whom the splendor of French gayety shone forth,—an indescribable but august serenity—perhaps also the somewhat proud position of her head and shoulders, betrayed the daughter of the Cæsars."

Passing thus through the central pavilion to the smaller tent occupied by her new friends, she was arrayed in the costliest robes that France could command. With a dazzling escort of nobility and soldiery, with music and the ringing of village bells, with illuminations by night and processions of flower-strewing maidens by day, the bride was hastened to the presence of the royal court, which had come to Compiègne to meet her, and to accompany her to Versailles. There the wedding took place, on the 16th of May, 1770. The

utmost ingenuity of the most luxurious people in their most luxurious age, was exhausted in the pomp and pleasures of the occasion.

The beauty and deportment of Marie Antoinette added greatly to the enthusiasm of the scene. An eye witness declares that "the dauphiness, then fifteen years of age, beaming with freshness, appeared to all eyes more than beautiful. Her walk partook at once of the noble character of the princesses of her house, and of the graces of the French; her eyes were mild—her smile lovely. Louis XV. (the reigning monarch) was enchanted with the young dauphiness; all his conversation was about her graces, her vivacity, and the aptness of her repartees. She was yet more successful with the royal family, when they beheld her shorn of the splendor of the diamonds with which she had been adorned during the earliest days of her marriage When clothed in a light dress of taffety, she was compared to the Venus di Medicis, and the Atalanta of the Marly gardens. Poets sang her charms, painters attempted to copy her features. An ingenious idea of one of the latter, was rewarded by Louis XV. The painter's fancy led him to place the portrait of Marie Antoinette in the heart of a full-blown rose."

She was not indeed regular in feature, but had enough loveliness to justify such superlative praise from her contemporaries. Her figure was tall and graceful; her movements had the ease and majesty of her mother when she excited the Hungarians to arms; her neck was proud and swan-like; her hair a light auburn, soft and lustrous; her forehead high, with

finely arched brows; and these, with eyes of luminous blue, full-blown lips and good teeth, not to mention the brilliant expression which is the true charm of a countenance, more than compensated for such defects as too prominent a nose and cheek-bones. Her lively wit and impulsiveness was her crowning attraction, though it occasioned her much trouble, through the misrepresentation of enemies and her unavoidable infringements of uncongenial etiquette.

Her husband was her opposite in everything but kindness and sincerity. He was grandson to Louis XV., the voluptuous king who then held an oppressive sceptre. Plain in person, he was awkward, diffident, coldly unimpassioned in temperament, and devoted to retirement and books. Though afterwards a loving husband and tender father, he was, at first and for years, totally insensible to the glowing charms of his wife, never showing her a single mark of special affection, nor acting towards her in any respect as a husband. She bore this treatment with outward composure but inward grief and indignation. It was this unaccountable absence of love on his part, and her despair at the odium that would fall upon her if she never gave an heir to the crown, that led her, uneducated as she was, to a frivolous life of amusement and extravagance, which was greatly exaggerated by the scandalous reports of her foes. And it was all this, together with a national hatred towards Austria, fomented by factions of the nobility, that led to the wreaking of popular vengeance on an innocent king and queen, for the wrongs of centuries.

Eight years of nominally married life passed before

Marie Antoinette became a mother and gave herself to serious cares. During this long period she was equally forced and disposed to banish her private misery by every expedient of recreation. Four years after her marriage, her husband and herself had succeeded to the throne, he being twenty-four years of age and she twenty. When the news of the death of Louis XV. was brought to them, they were overwhelmed with the sudden responsibility that had fallen on them, and, kneeling, cried, "O God, guide us, protect us; we are too young to govern." But Marie, now a queen, had still no resource but in the dissipations of royalty. For her, the palace of St. Cloud was provided at an expense of a million dollars, and a yearly income of eighty thousand dollars was appropriated to her use. She had every temptation to live a butterfly life amidst all the sweets that were profusely offered to her taste; and, although she established several hospitals and made some provision for the poor, in the vicinity of the gorgeous palace and grounds at Versailles, yet she yielded to the enticements of fashionable folly, willing thus to drown her three-fold mortification at her ignorance, the indifference of the king and the calumnies of her adversaries. Her mind was natively vigorous and gifted, but was suffered to run to waste.

Besides St. Cloud, a small palace called the little Trianon, within the bounds of Versailles, was given to her. It was of Roman architecture, exquisitely fitted up, and situated among sequestered gardens, in the adornment of which all the strange genius of the times had been displayed. Hither Marie often fled from the

balls, operas, festivities and tedious punctilio of the court, to enjoy intervals of quiet and liberty. Arrayed in a loose white robe, and straw hat, and with a switch in her hand, she tripped lightly over the fresh green sward, and among a little band of friends, acted th amateur farmer's wife, or dairy-maid; the exterior of a thatched building was made to represent a barn, while the interior was a brilliant ball-room, for select private parties.

The fashions at this period manifested the spirit of the land and the age, in which Marie's fortune was cast. At the commencement of her reign, the hair, full of powder and pomatum, was erected to a height that almost doubled the apparent stature of the ladies. Caricatures were published, representing hair-dressers as ascending to these towers of hair by means of ladders. Hooped dresses were worn, distended like balloons. But the story of Paul and Virginia, in which the simple dress of the heroine is described, so captivated all hearts that a great revolution in dress was effected; plain robes of white muslin and straw hats succeeded. Afterwards, as the Revolution advanced, the Grecian and Roman costumes were exactly copied, in honor of the ancient republics. This, however, was after the queen's imprisonment, when she was reduced to the one dress which she happened to wear at the time of her capture.

As an instance of the fêtes given by the queen, and the manner in which every deed of hers was misrepresented, may be quoted the description of a scene at the Petit Trianon, on the occasion of a visit from her broth-

er, the Emperor Joseph of Austria. "The art with which the English garden was lighted, not illuminated, produced a charming effect: earthen lamps concealed by painted green boards, threw a light upon the beds of shrubs and flowers, and brought out their several tints in the most varied and pleasing manner. Several hundred burning fagots in the moat behind the temple of Love, kept up a blaze of light, which rendered the spot the most brilliant in the garden. After all, the evening's entertainment was indebted to the good taste of the artists; yet it was much talked of. The uninvited courtiers were dissatisfied; and the people, who never forgive any fêtes but those they share in, contributed greatly to the envious exaggerations which were circulated as to the cost of this little affair, which were so ludicrously absurd, as to state that the fagots burnt in the moat required the destruction of a whole forest. The queen, being informed of these reports, was determined to know exactly how much wood had been consumed; and she found that fifteen hundred fagots had sufficed to keep up the fire until four o'clock in the morning." But neither in this case nor in any other, did any contradiction of ill-natured stories serve to disabuse the public mind.

The king took no part in the diversions of his consort, and this gave color to the gross charges circulated against her. He was a man of good features, yet with a melancholy look; his walk was a plodding one; his hair and dress disorderly, however neatly arranged by his attendants, and his voice was harsh and shrill. Marie would gladly have nestled herself in his affection

had he proffered it, notwithstanding his ungainly appearance and stolid manners. He gave himself much to study, was versed in history and English literature, familiar with geography, and fond of drawing and coloring maps. He had also an unaristocratic liking for mechanic arts, such as masonry and lock-making, and would employ himself with a locksmith in his private room, from which he would often come into the queen's presence, with his hands blackened with this work. But he was a man of upright and benevolent intentions and regular habits. Whether the queen were to attend a party or concert, or not, he always retired to sleep at precisely ten o'clock. In all church observances, he was very conscientious, as also in his endeavors to reform abuses of government. And, after a few years, he gradually warmed towards his wife, so that he became at length an exemplary, tender husband and father. He was worthy of a better fate than that which awaited him.

Such were the king and queen of France, on whom fell the iniquities of a long line of sovereigns. They became the parents of four children, two of whom died in infancy, leaving Maria Theresa and Louis Charles, two bright and beautiful children, the first of whom was eleven years old and the last eight, when the tempest of the Revolution burst upon the royal family.

This event was chiefly due to ages of wrong, to the influence of the American Revolution, and to the plotting factions of French nobles and statesmen, who inflamed the populace, and brought destruction on themselves as well as their good king. But there were

many incidents in the queen's life which, perverted by busy scandal, hastened the fearful denouement. The chief of these was the famous affair of the diamond necklace.

Marie was fond of jewelry. Louis XV. had given her a necklace of pearls, each of which was as large as a filbert, and all remarkably alike; and the crown-jewels she used of course. She had also bracelets that cost forty thousand dollars. Bachmer, the crown-jeweler, had gratified her with ear-rings, composed of pear-shaped diamonds, and worth seventy thousand dollars. He now determined to outdo himself; he travelled over Europe, bought up the rarest diamonds, and made a necklace in which he expended a fortune of three hundred and twenty thousand dollars. This he offered to the queen, but, to his astonishment, her taste had become more simple, and her sense of economy was too strong for the temptation. By no means could he induce her to purchase his *chef-d'œuvre*, in which all his hopes were at stake.

Meanwhile the Countess Lamotte, a relative, yet enemy of the royal family, and a dissolute woman, forged a promissory note, in the queen's name, for the amount of the necklace, and palmed off the deception on Cardinal de Rohan, who thus procured the jewels for the countess; she disposed of them in some way, and began to live in a style of great extravagance. The sovereigns believed the cardinal to be an accomplice in the fraud. He and the countess were tried; he was acquitted, and, doubtless to show an indignity to her royal blood, she was sentenced by the tribunal to be

whipped, branded, and imprisoned for life;—afterwards she perished tragically in London. But it was industriously reported that the queen was privy to the whole plot against the jeweler, and the dark suspicion exasperated many against Marie Antoinette.

Besides this, from her first entrance into France, innumerable tales were spread to her prejudice. From the hour of her marriage, Madame du Barri, the transcendently fascinating courtezan of Louis XV., jealous of the influence of the fair young Austrian, did all in her power to injure her. The old, formal dowagers, in their hoop dresses and black caps, who waited on the dauphiness, were shocked at her youthful improprieties, and became her implacable enemies, their spite being specially increased by the irrepressible smiles of Marie when, on state occasions, her friend—a roguish young marchioness—made sport of the solemn ladies by playing pranks behind their backs. The Austrian's girlish mirthfulness and non-conformity to the absurd etiquette of the court, was improved to the utmost by all lovers of form or haters of Austrian supremacy. After she assumed the crown, she abolished the custom of admitting the people to see the royal family dine, a moving crowd having always been permitted to enter the palace, and gaze at their sovereigns at table, from behind a railing, as if it were a show of feeding wild animals;—the denial of this privilege was a grudge against the queen. Her want of education likewise exposed her to the animadversions of the intellectual society of Paris, and this was heightened by her natural choice of not the best-informed ladies for her favor

ites. Her villa of Little Trianon was falsely said to have been named by her Little Vienna, while it was reported that she hated France and sighed for her native land. She once brought home a peasant child, who had been run over by her carriage; this child was actually declared to be an illegitimate son of her own, whom she had introduced into the palace by such an expedient. At another time, her royal chariot broke down on the way to the opera, obliging her to take a hackney-coach; this was maliciously construed into an apology for some nightly assignation. So also, at a levee, she expressed admiration for a heron's plume worn by the unprincipled Duke de Lauzun; he gallantly presented it to her, and she, not to offend him, once appeared with it in public—enough to feed the greedy appetite of impure rumor for a long while. At the gardens of Marly, with a company of ladies and gentlemen, she took a ride at night to the hills, to see the sun rise; and this adventure was pronounced a covert plan of licentiousness. After an unusual fall of snow, she got up a sleigh-ride in the streets of Paris, with rich equipages, to the surprise of all the people, who accused her of a design to introduce Austrian customs. In private theatricals she performed as an actress, and in private parties she gleefully engaged in such simple sports as blind-man's buff, to the general indignation of all sticklers for dignity. In short, there was no end of the stories set afloat by cunning persons, and every incident was converted into caricature, a defamatory picture, or a song to be sung by the street-beggars. She was even insulted often to her face,

when she imprudently assumed a mask and mingled with promenaders on the avenues.

After a reign of nineteen years, the slowly gathering storm that long had darkened over the heads of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, broke in the thundering tread, the lightning violence, and torrent rush of the mobs of 1789. Tattered, haggard, and drunken crowds, emerging from the dens of Paris, raged through the streets, armed with pikes, clubs, and every instrument that could be converted into a weapon of attack. The king insisted on gentle measures, and, when his troops were driven from the city, he collected his army around him at Versailles. The capital was abandoned to the infuriated people, who levelled the Bastile to the ground, and sacked every house they chose to invade. It is in vain to follow the course of events, and attempt to give the scenes of the revolution in detail. The eye need be fastened now upon the queen alone, in all the awful trials through which she passed to the scaffold. A few brief paragraphs only are required to set forth her heroic portrait, on the dark and confused background of that reign of terror.

From the first, the determination of her mother was kindled within her: she vainly urged the king to take decided steps to force down the rebellion. When he was absent on his dangerous and fruitless visit to the National Assembly at Paris, she prepared to follow him to the last extremity. On his return, at a banquet of the military officers, she, together with him, excited as wild enthusiasm as did her mother among the Hungarians at Presburg. And when the monster mob

rushed from the city, dragged its mighty bulk along the road to Versailles, to coil its slimy and bristling convolutions around the palace itself and shake its thousands of hissing tongues in the very sanctuary of royalty, she, urged to fly with her children, would not desert her lord, but said, "Nothing shall induce me, in such an extremity, to be separated from my husband. I know that they seek my life. But I am the daughter of Maria Theresa, and have not learned to fear death."

It was the evening of a dismal, rainy day, when the delirious and countless multitude reached Versailles, to hold its hideous orgies all night in the gardens and cottages. Assured of protection by La Fayette, commander of the Guard, the queen, when it was nearly daylight the next day, endeavored to get an hour's repose. But she had hardly closed her eyes before the swarming ruffians broke into the palace, and thundered at the door of her chamber; she had barely escaped to the apartments of the king, when they shivered the door of her own, and plunged their pikes and knives into her empty bed.

The next day, her courage rose to sublimity. Beholding her trusty soldiers butchered in the courtyard of the palace, she undauntedly presented herself at the windows, while bullets were flying around her; and she refused the protection of a friend who threw himself before her; she declared that the king could not afford to lose so faithful a subject as he. The crowd called for her to show herself in the balcony; she came forward with her children, thinking to move their sym-

pathy; they at once roared forth the cry—"Away with the children!" Without an instant's hesitation, or a change of color in her face, she sent away the children, and stood alone in the balcony, lifting her eyes to God, with clasped hands, and resigned to fall the next moment as a ransom for her family. A dead silence struck the mad concourse; they were overwhelmed at her sublime self-sacrifice, and suddenly from every throat went up the shout, "Live the queen!—live the queen!"

With a purposeless phrenzy, the poor, misguided, famished, and intoxicated mob, demanded that the king should return with them to the city. The queen would not be parted from him, and beyond all description was that ride of theirs to Paris, borne along as they were for seven hours by a flood of desperate creatures, who loaded them with abuse, endangered their lives by frequent shots, and shocked them by the bloody heads of the slaughtered guard, carried on pikes, and thrust before the windows of their carriage. Thirty thousand madmen, armed with every possible weapon, surrounded the cortege, and women, crazed with poverty, crime, and rum, were seated on the cannon that were rolled along, and sang ribald songs in ridicule of the queen. The feelings of a mother were too strong in her for any dismay on her own account; she held her boy on her knee, and tried to soothe his terrors.

For two years the sovereigns were little more than prisoners in the palaces of the Tuilleries and St. Cloud. The National Guard surrounded them, day and night, ostensibly to protect, but really to hold them captive

and constantly were they threatened with assassination. Marie Antoinette in vain entreated her husband to use active measures to assert his authority, or else to fly to the frontiers. He possessed a calm and indomitable courage in endurance, but had none for action, and he believed that repeated concessions to the demands of the people would at last satisfy them. And so she devoted herself to the instruction of her children, or employed herself with embroidery, maintaining a serene and cheerful fortitude during all those months of alarm.

Many plans for their secret escape were formed by their friends. These plots were either divulged and the instigators beheaded, or, if nearly successful, were defeated by the inaction of Louis. At length the case became too desperate for even his passive nature. He and his wife were falsely accused of exciting the rally of the allied powers, who were now collecting an army that threatened to march upon Paris and suppress the revolution with fire and sword. The royal family were openly denounced in the National Assembly, as traitors to their country.

The scheme of flight was matured, after long and anxious deliberation. The royal family retired as usual, on the night of the 20th of June 1791, at eleven o'clock. No sooner were they in their rooms than they disguised themselves, and, departing by the rear doors of the palace and taking separate routes through the obscurest streets of Paris, they sought the rendezvous appointed for them to take the coaches prepared. The queen, leading her daughter and accompanied by

one of her body-guard, arrived soon at the place agreed upon, but had to wait a long time in extreme anxiety for the king, who had lost his way. In silent and agonizing apprehension they met, entered their carriages, and were rapidly driven, with relays of horses, all that night and the next day, to Varennes, one hundred and eighty miles from Paris. Before reaching that town, they had been recognized and the news of their approach sent in advance. The circumstances cannot be rehearsed; a crowd collected; the king declared himself and appealed to the people, but vainly. They had arrived there in the evening; all night the queen remained in the mayor's house; it was the night of her intensest agony, and, in the morning, her hair, which before was a beautiful brown, was found to have turned white in consequence of her indescribable misery.

The return to Paris, the next day and night after their arrest, was a repetition of the terrible journey to Versailles, only now it was eighteen times the distance, and their distress was heightened by utter exhaustion and hopelessness. Riotous crowds thronged the road, cursing and jeering the captives, or attempting to fall upon them like greedy wolves; and old men, who ventured a look or gesture of respect towards their king, were massacred before his eyes, without mercy. Amidst suffocating multitudes, dust and heat, and fainting with thirst and terror at more daring menaces, they entered the city; as the doors of the palace closed upon them, an universal cry of rage rent the air and was prolonged to their ears like reverberating thunder

Guards kept their eyes upon the queen every moment, day and night, to the outrage of her modesty and to the disgrace of humanity. The king for days was struck dumb with despair; and at last Marie cast herself, with her children, before him, saying, "We may all perish, but let us at least perish like sovereigns, and not wait to be strangled unresistingly upon the very floor of our apartments." And Madame Elizabeth, sister of the king, the other heroine of these scenes and a most saintly woman, assisted in cheering the unfortunate monarch.

And bravely did he arouse himself and face the brutal mob that broke into the palace-prison the next year, to revenge themselves for his refusal to authorize a persecution of the priests. They came with banners, one of which was a doll hung up by the neck and beneath it the words—"To the gibbet with the Austrian." They wrenched down the doors and rioted through the splendid apartments, destroying everything in their way, and pressed upon the king and queen, who were only saved by maintaining extraordinary composure, and uttering some popular expressions; some sentiment of the sacredness of royal persons seemed to have remained, and held back the frantic concourse like a magic spell. For hours the family were exposed to the rush and gaze of the populace, until the president of the Assembly succeeded in dispersing them.

Further attempts to poison or assassinate the queen were made, and many insults endured by her. It is in vain to enumerate them; it is adding the same colors to the terrific picture. The mob, in August, 1792, de-

manded that the king should be dethroned, and again attacked the Tuileries, at which they pointed their loaded cannon. An officer urged the family to take refuge in the National Assembly; Marie resisted the proposal, and seizing the officer's pistols, placed them in the hands of Louis, and said, "Now, sire, is the time to show yourself, and if we must perish, let us perish with glory." But, subdued at the sight of her children, she consented to go. Fearful was their passage through the blood-thirsty crowd, while their friends were butchered, and long were the hours of suspense, as they sat in a box behind the seat of the president of the Assembly. But they never trembled nor quailed. The queen gazed steadfastly and indignantly, like the very statue of outraged majesty, at the excited assembly.

The king was dethroned, and, with his family, was imprisoned in the monastery of the Feuillants. Afterwards they were incarcerated in a gloomy fortress called the Temple. The reign of terror was at its height, and nothing but the strength of their dungeon saved them from the foaming desire of the city to add their royal blood to the streams of human gore that deluged the streets. Months passed; their few comforts were gradually withdrawn; one by one they were separated; the king was executed: her son was taken from the queen, and so abused in his confinement that he afterwards became insane and died; and on the 14th of Oct. 1793, four months after her husband's death, Marie Antoinette fell a victim to the busy and dread guillotine.

When they tore her son from her, she resisted the

cruelty with furious desperation. And when they took her from her daughter, she accidentally struck her own forehead against the door, and, to the question whether she was hurt, she said with the preternatural calmness of an utterly broken heart,—"Oh no! nothing now can further hurt me." In the damp, dark, loathsome, under-ground dungeon of the Conciergerie—the place of the doomed—the daughter of Maria Thersea, the admired and gay queen of St. Cloud and Versailles, awaited her fate. She had stood up before the vociferous and exulting spectators, at the tribunal, and heard her sentence without the quivering of a nerve, and without stooping to offer a word of defence, though the most groundless charges were uttered against her; and now she knelt in her cell, prayed, and then slept as tranquilly, as if she were reposing on the satin damask of her Petit Trianon, after a stroll among flowers and fountains.

Two hours of slumber passed; she was awakened, and dressed in the only fine garments that she had preserved amidst her soiled array. She wore a white loose robe, pure as her innocence, with a cap and black ribbon on her head. The day was cold and misty; at eleven o'clock her hands were bound, she was placed in a rough cart, and jolted along through the crowd that cried, "Down with the Austrian!" One glance at that scene of her pleasures and woes—the Tuileries, and she ascended the scaffold, knelt, and said, "Lord, enlighten and soften the hearts of my executioners. Adieu forever, my children; I go to join your father." Her children, in their distant dungeons, heard not the

words, but we may trust they were heard in heaven. The glittering yet blood-stained blade fell; the executioner lifted her head by the prematurely white hair, and the air echoed to the cry, "Vive la République!" In her grave, where now stands the church of the Madeleine, were buried thirty-eight years of as joyous youth, splendid pleasures, and awful tortures as ever fell to the lot of a mortal. Hers was a wild, beautiful and noble nature, gentle yet tameless, ensnared from first to last in an unparalleled series of events, and slowly tortured to life's close by miseries which a superhuman ingenuity could not have more terribly devised than did her enemies.

MADAME ROLAND.



Madame Roland.

"The mind is its own place."—Milto.

Great events are the pedestals that bear aloft noble and beautiful characters, which might else lie low in obscurity; nay, they are the chisel strokes which give bold prominence to characters that might otherwise have been unskilfully shaped, or destined to grace only a hidden niche. The revolutions that have repeatedly convulsed France must necessarily have furnished numerous subjects for history. Though there are many whose career was longer and more brilliant, there are few, if any, who came forth from the lower ranks of life and secured, by their talent, such influence over intelligent minds as was gained by Madame Roland. Gifted with a vivid imagination balanced by strong good sense, quick perceptions, and clear reasoning powers, and inspired by an ambition to emulate the old Roman heroines in the achievement of some great and virtuous deed, it is not surprising that she should have soared above the humble sphere in which her girlhood was placed, even had not her father's bitter denuncia-

tions against the all-powerful aristocracy, or the spirit which pervaded the lower classes before the outburst of the revolution, given shape and direction to her aspirations.

Jeanne Manon Roland was born in 1754, in an humble home on the Quai des Orfevres, Paris. Her father, called Gratien Phlippon, was an engraver and daily superintended the thrifty shop with its busy workmen, which was the source of his limited fortune. By industry, economy, and the assistance of a prudent wife, he had secured comfortable apartments above the shop, where they lived as happily as his restless, fretful disposition would allow. At the time of Manon's birth he had grown discontented with his lot in life; hatred burned in his heart towards the pampered nobility who rolled in wealth, while he and his fellow-laborers, were made to yield an unjust portion of their hard earnings to support the luxury of arrogant superiors.

Madame Phlippon had no sympathy with the feverish discontent of her more ambitious husband. Of a cheerful, placid temperament, she was satisfied to remain in the position in which God had placed her, and with the faith and fortitude of a Christian, performed in unquestioning readiness whatever she found for her hands to do. Thus to a virtuous, pious mother, and an infidel father was given a young spirit, ready for the moulding hand of good or evil. Had Manon been one of several children, she might have been left more to her mother's guidance and instruction, but the only surviving child of eight, lively and precocious, pretty and winning, her father took her into his arms and

heart, made her the constant companion of his leisure hours, and as she grew older, carried or led her through the streets of Paris, listening with delight to her childish comments on the passers-by. Proud of the bright little Manon, he was maddened with resentment and envy at the sight of gilded coaches in which lolled richly-dressed ladies, and children muffled in expensive garments fastened with jewels, any one of which would have given a coveted education to the poor artisan's daughter. Phlippon gave vent to his anger in vociferous words which Manon did not comprehend, though they left a vague idea of an injured father, and a dislike to dashing chariots and finely-dressed people, as the cause of his distress. The reflective mind of the little philosopher soon grasped and studied out the lessons her father gave. Before she reached the age when children are most occupied with pastimes, her head was full of the arrogance of royalty and nobility, and of schemes to fraternize and obtain equality among mankind.

With no playmates, no pure air, green fields, forests and gay songsters, to impart the freedom and abandonment of childhood; with no diversion except daily walks in a crowded city with her father, who always took these occasions to teach her the wrongs of the oppressed poor, and too young to be of assistance to her mother at home, her busy mind found occupation, delight and rest from her father's nervous suggestions, in stealing away to her quiet little chamber and forgetting all the world in the perusal of her library, though this was so limited that she could number the books upon

her fingers any day. Plutarch's Lives, was her especial delight—a book she read and re-read with an avidity that stored nearly the whole of it in her memory. Her soul was awake to all that was beautiful or sublime, whether manifested in the works of nature, art, or the deeds of mankind. These pursuits did not interfere with her usefulness in the household. She was cheerfully obedient to her mother's commands and uncomplainingly laid down a pet book when her assistance was required in domestic duties. Thus she became skilled in culinary arts, of which she said in her after life, "I can prepare my own dinner with as much address as Philopœmen cut wood," and congratulated herself that her judicious mother had prepared her for the vicissitudes that marked her maturer years.

Madame Phlippon's high tone of piety, together with her gentle instructions, soon won Manon's confidence. She readily perceived the superiority of a religion that cultivated peace, fortitude, and uprightness in its possessor, in strong contrast with the overbearing impatience, and fretful repinings which her father's principles infused into his daily life. She chose the former, and for months religion was predominant in her pensive meditations, till her active mind was wrought up to an unendurable state of excitement. The cloister presented itself to her ardent imagination as the only method of attaining the saintly purity to which she aspired, and as a place of holiness and retirement most suitable for preparation for her first Christian communion. One evening she threw herself in tears at her

mother's feet, beseeching her to send her to a convent. Madame Phlippon was deeply affected at the request. She did not hesitate to gratify a zeal, equally commended by the father, who desired to give Manon such an education as she could only obtain in a convent.

After some difficulty in making a choice of the numerous religious houses, the convent of the sisterhood of the Congregation in Paris, was decided upon, as being conducted with less strictness and fewer of the extravagances of Catholic worship than most of the nunneries. Manon was accompanied thither by her good mother. The thought of the long parting from her beloved mother brought torrents of tears, and when the moment of separation arrived, the sensitive but courageous child was overcome with grief. In the memoirs that she penned while confined in prison, she says of this separation, "While pressing my dear mother in my arms at the moment of parting with her for the first time in my life, I thought my heart would have broken; but I was acting in obedience to the voice of God, and passed the threshold of the cloister offering up to him with tears the great sacrifice I was capable of making. This was on the 7th of May, 1765, when I was eleven years and two months old. In the gloom of a prison, in the midst of those political commotions which ravage my country, and sweep away all that is dear to me, how shall I recall to my mind, and how describe, that period of rapture and tranquillity? What lively colors can express the soft emotions of a young heart endued with tenderness and sensibility, greedy of happiness, beginning to be alive to the feel-

ings of nature and perceiving the Deity alone? The first night I spent at the convent was a night of agitation. I was no longer under the paternal roof, I was at a distance from that kind mother, who was doubtless thinking of me with affectionate emotion. A dim light suffused itself through the room in which I had been put to bed, with four children of my own age. I stole softly from my couch, and drew near the window, the light of the moon enabling me to distinguish the garden, which it overlooked. The deepest silence prevailed, and I listened to it, if I may use the expression, with a sort of respect. Lofty trees cast their gigantic shadows along the ground, and promised a secure asylum to peaceful meditation. I lifted up my eyes to the heavens; they were unclouded and serene. I imagined I felt the presence of the Deity smiling on my sacrifice, and already offering me a reward in the consolatory peace of a celestial abode. Tears of delight flowed gently down my cheeks. I repeated my vows with holy ecstacy, and went to bed again to take the slumber of God's chosen children."

Here, in the society of young girls of various ages, Manon remained for a year. Her womanly conduct and intellectual acquirements very soon gained her the favor and affection of the whole sisterhood and the association of the young ladies placed under their tuition. She never mingled in the sports of younger companions, nor the recreations of older ones, much preferring to steal away by herself in some remote corner of the garden, with her books, or, pacing the avenues, to enjoy in quiet rapture the sight of blooming flowers

quivering leaves, or trailing branches of the shade-trees, and the fleecy clouds flitting over the blue space above her, narrowly bounded by the high convent walls. Every other moment was busily employed with her books. Romances, legends, lives of the saints, biography, travels, history, political philosophy, poetry — nothing escaped the grasp of her active mind. The nuns, to whose care she was committed, were proud of her progress. Her music and drawing masters were equally profuse in the praises of a pupil who never allowed an obstacle to check her rapid advance. Caressed, loved, and commended without measure, she had good sense enough not to be spoiled. She was the especial favorite of an antiquated sister of seventy years, whose diminutive figure, preciseness of manner, and affectation of sanctity, which nevertheless concealed a warm heart, made an indelible impression on the lively imagination of her thoughtful pupil. She led her away to her own dimly-lighted cell, and there chatted for hours with the young listener, who received the old nun's lessons or tales with an avidity redoubled by the solitude of the cell. Her influence assisted to sharpen Manon's already too active emotions, and imparted such a degree of intensity to her religious fervor, that when the season for communion arrived, the child was so overcome, that she could not support herself, and was carried to the altar by the nuns.

Everything within the convent contributed to nourish and increase the unhealthy excitement of Manon's sensitive nature. The event of a young girl taking the white veil occurred some months after her entrance

into the convent. The sight of the church and altar decorated with flowers, and enriched with silken draperies, the brilliant lights, the gayly dressed crowd that assembled to witness the ceremony, above all, the entombed bride, with her white veil, rolling volumes of dark hair, the crown of roses, the pale, beautiful downcast face, excited the sympathy of the affectionate Manon; and when the bridal dress was exchanged for one of sombre hue, her head dismantled of its crowning beauty, and her form extended with folded hands, beneath a black pall—the excited child, imagining herself in the place of the victim, could no longer repress her emotions, and burst into an uncontrollable paroxysm of tears. Such scenes, the daily sights and sounds of vesper bells, the hooded monks and shrouded nuns in the taper-lighted chapel, the gloomy burials at night by torchlight, were all fitted to oppress the child's spirit with awe, and fill her with yearnings for secluded holiness and death, instead of healthy, active exertion in behalf of mankind. It was an excessive and mistaken religious zeal, which she threw off with its imposing and beguiling rites, for the other extreme of philosophy and infidelity, when arrived at womanhood.

There was but one among the inmates of the convent, who Manon singled out as her friend and confidant,—one for whom she always maintained an unchanged attachment. The usual quiet routine of convent life was broken one day by the arrival of two young ladies—an event that excited the curiosity of the young girls, shut out from the world. "Who are

they? What are they like?" were questions that sped unanswered from lip to lip of a group in the garden, bent upon a scrutiny of the two young ladies led thither by the superior. One was eighteen; finely formed, of proud but easy carriage, with a face that had strong claims to beauty when not disfigured by an expression of discontent and fretfulness. She had previously completed her convent education, but was returned by her mother in order to put in check her ungovernable temper, and to accompany her younger, more amiable, and timid sister. The latter, fourteen, with a modest air and sweet countenance bathed in tears, attracted the sympathy and love of the impressible Manon the moment their eyes met. From the day of Sophia's arrival the two were inseparable. Sophia was henceforth the receptacle of all the dreams, the aspirations, and the philosophical musings of the mature child, wearied and overburdened with the pent-up thoughts and emotions daily crowding into her mind and heart. This was not a transient, school-girl friendship; it was one sustained in an unfailing correspondence after their separation. Madame Roland owed as much of the facility and clearness of expression visible in her writings, to the frequent letters she early exchanged with her friend, as to the habitual practice of taking notes from the books she perused, and interlining them with her own thoughts and opinions.

When the year of her stay at the convent had expired, her mother placed her under the care of her grandmother Philipon, a graceful, good-humored little woman of sixty-five years, still possessing agreeable

manners, and an occasional mirthfulness that made her a favorite with the young. But her prominent characteristic was the precision with which she enforced and observed decorum; the little courtesies and elegances of manner were of the highest importance in her judgment. Her unpretending pleasant home was on the banks of the Seine, commanding a lively view of the winding river, and a wide landscape beyond. This was a charming retreat, where Manon could indulge in her meditative, studious habits, to her heart's content. Every morning she attended mass with her great-aunt, Angelica, "a worthy maiden, asthmatic and devout, as virtuous as an angel and as simple as a child," and entirely devoted to her elder sister with whom she lived. A third sister, Madame Besnard, came frequently to visit them, always keeping up an air of ceremony and formality that greatly exceeded even Madame Phlippon. Manon was most frequently the theme of their conversation, Madame Besnard insisting with a shrug of the shoulders the child would be spoiled, while the good Angelica, meek, quiet, and pale, busy with her spectacles and knitting, assured the two precise old ladies that Manon had good sense enough to take care of herself—and continued to pet her as before.

Madame Phlippon was so delighted and proud of her grand-daughter's accomplishments, that she was induced to display her talent and prettiness before a wealthy lady of whose children she had formerly been governess. Accordingly Manon was decked in holiday dress, and the greatest preparation and care be

stowed upon her appearance. Arriving at the mansion, they were greeted by the servants with the greatest respect, and as they passed on, the maids, attracted by the long dark ringlets and blooming cheeks of the young visitor, ventured to compliment her. Manon's pride rose at the familiarity, and without replying she followed her ceremonious grandmother to the elegant apartments of Madame Boismorel. The lady received them in a cold condescending tone of voice, without rising, and continued the embroidery upon which she was engaged. She addressed her dignified visitor with the flippant title of Mademoiselle, and openly remarked upon Manon's blooming face. The indignant girl's countenance was suffused with blushes, and her heart swelled with scorn and resentment that her venerated grandmother should be regarded with so little respect, and that she herself, conscious of superior worth, and aspiring to the nobleness of a Roman maiden, should be looked down upon by this arrogant lady, and treated as an equal by her servants. Manon was glad when the interview terminated, and retreated with her pulse throbbing and her face crimsoned with mortified pride and anger. Again under their own humble roof, she returned to her studies, her head teeming with speculations upon the inequality of rank, that awakened from their long sleep the prejudices of her childhood.

At the expiration of a year Manon returned to the parental roof. Her music and dancing masters were recalled, and she resumed her studies with more assiduity than ever. Every book within her reach was carefully perused. Locke, Pascal, Burlamaque, Mon-

tesquieu, Voltaire, were familiar authors. An occasional poem or a romance relieved her severer studies. The long winter evenings she spent beside her mother with her needlework, or read aloud, to which however she had a decided aversion, as it prevented the close inquiry and study she indulged when poring over the pages by herself. She had the use of a library belonging to the Abbé le Jay, a warm-hearted old man with little else to recommend him, but with whom Gratien Phlippon and his family spent their Sabbath evenings. The Abbé's household was superintended by a distant relative, Mademoiselle d'Hannaches. She was a source of infinite amusement to the discerning Manon. Advanced in years, yet preserving a youthful style of dress, tall, thin, and sallow, with a shrill voice forever recounting her pedigree, of which she was intolerably proud, possessing no talent but for a stingy economy and scolding, she was destined to become one of Manon's attachés, and as inseparable as her own shadow for a year and a half. The Abbé le Jay terminating his own life, left his poor relative without a home. Madame Phlippon had compassion for her solitary condition, and offered her an asylum till the suit she had instituted for the recovery of an uncle's property was decided. During this time Manon was her secretary; she wrote letters and petitions for her, and often accompanied her when she went to intercede with influential persons. Mademoiselle d'Hannaches was extremely illiterate and ill-bred; she therefore depended upon Manon's ready tact on all occasions, but when they went together on these errands, the young philosopher

was filled with disgust and contempt, on seeing the obsequious attentions her whimsical, ignorant friend received, the moment the ready names of her long line of titled ancestry dropped from her nimble tongue, with as good effect as if they had been pearls falling from the lips of Beauty, while she, the one of true nobility, stood unnoticed and slighted, feeling her superiority, and revolving in her busy mind the absurd and unjust institutions of society.

At fifteen Manon was graceful and pleasing; her face was attractive from its varying expression, frank, lively and tender, often lofty and serious; the irregularity of her features was atoned for by her clear fresh complexion and the brilliancy of her hazel eyes. Modest and reserved, an inferior person would scarcely have suspected her strong talents, but when she came in contact with cultivated minds she was transformed from a timid blushing maiden to a brilliant, self-possessed woman, with a soul that beamed through every feature, giving animation and indisputable beauty to a face that otherwise would have been plain.

Thinking to amuse her, Madame Phlippon decided upon a trip to Versailles accompanied by Mademoiselle d'Hannaches and an uncle, an amiable young clergyman, as an escort. They occupied apartments in the palace, which happened to be vacated by one of the dauphiness' women, and amused themselves with being spectators of the royal public and private dinners, and witnessing some of the splendors of palace-life.

Mademoiselle d'Hannaches, by her forward airs and noisy thrusting of her pedigree in the face of every one

who opposed her passage, drew attention upon the little party, wherever they went, much to Manon's mortification. She looked thoughtfully upon the gaily-dressed crowds about her, despised the fawning courtiers, and gazed with indignation upon the grand fêtes, the brilliant equipages and the luxuriant apartments of the palace, contrasting them with the squalid homes and the pale emaciated crowds that went forth in daily labor, and from whom was wrenched half their scanty pittance to support this splendor. Neither could her high spirit brook the notice of menials and the slights of court sycophants, whom she felt to be immeasurably beneath her. Instead of being amused with the daily show, she wandered away to the gardens to forget her disgust in admiration of the flowers and the statues that graced them, yet even there, was tormented with thoughts of despotism and oppression, and sighed that she had not been born a Grecian maiden. Her mother, observing Manon's abstraction, asked how she enjoyed the visit? "I shall be glad when it is ended," was her characteristic reply, "else, in a few more days, I shall so detest all the persons I see that I shall not know what to do with my hatred." "Why what harm have these persons done you?" said Madame Phlippon. "They make me feel injustice and look upon absurdity," replied the young sage. She was happy to be buried again in the retirement of her own home.

Sophia Cannet, her friend of the convent, having arrived at Paris with her brother, drew Manon more into society, and enabled her to meet people of rank, whose ignorance and supercilious airs, she often had occasion

to despise, and also gave her friends among authors and people of distinguished talent. She had attained an age and attractiveness that could not escape attention, and thenceforth Manon had numberless suitors, who, according to the customs of France, were first obliged to apply to her parents; an embarrassing ceremony that was most frequently performed by letter-writing. In consequence, suitors were often dismissed by her father, whom she had never seen. She was satisfied to judge of them by the tone of the application, and concurred in the dismission of one tradesman after another, often writing the replies herself, which were carefully copied and sent by her father. When a wealthy jeweller appeared, Philippon was caught by the glitter of his occupation and his promising prospects of accumulating a large fortune. He urged upon Manon, the expediency of accepting this suitor, but she was dissatisfied with his attainments and assured her parents she could only be happy with one whom she could look upon as her equal or superior. This refusal occasioned the beginning of the estrangement between herself and father, which was never reconciled.

Upon the appearance of a young physician, her parents thought the aspiring Manon would not hesitate to accept one of a profession, that involved some degree of learning. Her mother, whose declining health made her anxious to see her daughter happily provided with a home, concerted with the young doctor, to win Manon's affections. A first interview was carefully arranged. Madame P. conducted her daughter, as if unpremeditated, to the house of a friend, where the enam-

ored suitor happened in by chance, of course. The profuse compliments of the inexperienced physician and the sly hints and meaning smiles of the ladies who accompanied him, soon betrayed the whole plan to the penetrating Manon and caused her to look with infinite contempt upon the silly artifices of her admirer. She consented however to her mother's urgent entreaties to receive his visits and decide more leisurely, but a farther acquaintance betrayed his superficial acquirements, and the girl, whose intellect was to be won instead of her heart, gave him as decided a refusal as those who had gone before. In vain her father raged and stormed, and even the tender, sad pleadings of her invalid mother could not change her determination. "Do not reject a husband," said her mother, "who it is true does not possess the refinement you desire, but who will love you and with whom you can be happy." "As happy as *you* have been," exclaimed Manon in her excitement, referring to the utter disunion of spirit between her father and mother. Madame Phlippon's face was pale with painful emotion, and she never urged the subject again.

Not long after, Manon returned hastily from a visit, filled with presentiments of evil, and found her mother suddenly ill, and unable to speak. A priest was summoned to perform the last rites, and Manon sobbing violently stood by the death-bed holding a taper. Her mother smiled upon her and smoothed her cheek affectionately, till overcome with the intensity of her grief, she fell senseless to the floor, the light was extinguished and when she again recovered, her mother was no more

The violence of her unchecked sorrow occasioned an illness from which her recovery was long doubtful An excursion and soothing visit with her aunt Angelica somewhat restored her cheerfulness, but her home was no longer what it had been. Her father was rapidly pursuing a career of dissipation, to which his infidel principles gave loose reins. His business neglected, his little fortune rapidly vanishing, ensnared in the toils of one not endeared by sacred ties and whom he installed in the quiet household—all contributed to repel his daughter's affection. She endeavored to forget her grief and her melancholy in her retired chamber, where nearly all her time was passed, absorbed in books, and writing manuscripts which never met any eyes but her own.

While thus solitary and desponding, a letter from her early friend Sophia, announced a visitor of whom she had often heard. Roland de la Platière belonged to an opulent family of Amiens, and held the important office of inspector of manufactures. During his leisure he had written several treatises on political economy that had gained him some celebrity in the world. He was fond of study, and was something of a philosopher. In his frequent visits to the house of M. Cannet, he had seen Manon's portrait, and often listened to Sophia's eulogies upon her accomplished friend, and had read her letters. His interest was excited in the enthusiastic and talented girl, and he entreated a letter of introduction, that he might be enabled to see her during his occasional trips to Paris. He accordingly presented himself at the first opportunity. Manon was prepared

to judge of him by the sketch justly drawn by Sophia. "You will receive this letter," wrote her friend, "by the hand of the philosopher of whom I have so often written you. M. Roland is an enlightened man, of antique manners, without reproach, except for his passion for the ancients, his contempt for the moderns, and his too high estimation of himself."

Manon found herself in the presence of one who she describes as tall, slender, and well-formed, but negligent in his carriage, and with that stiffness which is often contracted by study; yet his manners were simple and easy, and without possessing the fashionable graces, he combined the politeness of a well-bred man with the gravity of a philosopher. He was thin, with a complexion much tanned. His broad, intellectual brow, covered with but few hairs, added to the imposing attractiveness of regular features. When listening, his countenance expressed deep thoughtfulness and often sadness, but once interested and animated in conversation, his face was lighted with lively and winning smiles. His voice was masculine; his language monotonous and harsh, but the sentiments he expressed, so perfectly accorded with Manon's views that she felt herself attracted by a sympathy as new as it was delightful. Though his severe and practical mind admitted none of the beautiful dreams or the visionary world that added so much to Manon's happiness, there was yet that sameness of high ambition to be the benefactor of the human race, a conscious superiority over those whose rank gave them higher places, and a contempt for the frivolous pursuits of life, that perfectly harmon-

ized their minds, though the heart of neither was touched. Manon regarded him as a superior being—an oracle to whom she was willing to submit her judgment: while he, flattered by the succumbing of her brilliant mind to his, regarded her with placid and paternal admiration.

Upon M. Roland's departure from Paris, he left with his new friend voluminous manuscripts containing a journal of recent travels in Germany, with sage reflections that rendered them doubly interesting to Manon. In their perusal she became initiated in his thoughts and feelings to a far greater extent than conversation could ever have afforded her. Eighteen months elapsed before they met again. In the meantime, Roland travelled through Italy, Switzerland, Sicily and Malta, writing copious notes and forwarding them at regular intervals to Manon, who studied them with an avidity and interest that prepared her to hail his return with joy and veneration nearly allied to worship. Yet there was not a spark of love glowing in her bosom—it was only her intellect that singled him out from the rest of the world.

Several years passed in friendly correspondence, or interviews, during which they discussed political reforms, philosophy and science, and various literary projects, with a frankness, confidence and pleasure that, before they were aware of it, each became necessary to the other's happiness. M. Roland at length declared his attachment. Manon frankly acknowledged that she esteemed him more highly than any one she ever met, yet her circumstances were so humble, her father's

errors would be a source of disgrace and mortification, and the well-known pride of the Roland family, who might feel dishonored by the alliance, were reasons for which her proud spirit shrank from a union otherwise unobjectionable. M. Roland would not yield to these representations and finally elicited her consent. From that moment the reliance, trust, and affection she had not known since her mother's death, again nestled in her heart and she was happy. M. Roland returned to Amiens and then addressed a letter to her father to obtain his consent to their marriage. M. Phlippon replied in an insulting tone and bluntly refused him. Manon surprised and grieved, immediately wrote to her revered friend and besought him to think no more of the affair, and not to expose himself to farther affronts by new solicitations. At the same time she assured her father she would marry no one else; secured a small remnant of her mother's fortune and retired to the same convent where a year of her childhood had passed.

In a narrow little room, close under the roof where the snow lay piled up, or the rain pattered dismally; without a companion, obliged to live with the strictest frugality, with no friendly voice to dispel the settled silence,—here Manon lived, enjoying a peaceful, quiet happiness, in the midst of literary labors, that no mere seeker of pleasure ever found in the delirious whirl of gayety, or in luxurious idleness. The comfortless surroundings of uncurtained windows, bare floor, dim light and scanty fire, could not depress her spirit, but rather lent new and stronger wings to an imagination

that continually roamed to the ends of the earth or far back into by-gone ages, and brought therefrom abundant lessons to revolve. Disciplined by the peculiar circumstances of her life and accustomed to live within herself, she was least alone when alone.

She daily prepared her own frugal food; never went out except on the occasion of a weekly visit to her father's house to mend his linen and to have a care for his interests, and received no visitors beside one of the sisters in the convent, who was limited to an hour in the evening. Who would have dreamed in passing the quiet convent that by the light shining dimly from the high window under the eaves, sat a solitary maiden unconsciously pruning her intellect for a bold, patriotic appeal that was to shake the throne of France; unknowingly preparing herself to sway the deliberations of statesmen, and destined to tread in stately and conscious worth the halls of a palace! She lost no time in useless repinings, but applied herself vigorously and diligently to the cultivation of such talents as God had committed to her, without questioning the future, dark and gloomy enough to her lonely eyes. It was unfortunate that she had no guide to lead her out of the mazes in which she had lost her way after rejecting the Catholic creed, as hollow and heartless, with the outward forms but not the essence of spirituality. Yet she dared reveal her doubts to no one, and still preserved outward conformity to her mother's belief.

Here M. Roland again visited her, at the expiration of five or six months. He presented himself at the convent one day, and beheld Manon's pale face behind

the grating, which, with the sweet sound of her voice, revived the affection that had nearly died out when he ceased to think of her as his intended bride. Touched by her lonely condition and her faithfulness to him, he urgently renewed his suit. Manon hesitated. She no longer cherished the romantic love with which she regarded him at their last parting, and her pride and vanity were wounded, that he had endured a refusal he knew to be against her inclination, with such un-lover-like apathy. Farther consideration, however, suggested the compliment his deliberate decision paid her, and the sacrifice of family considerations his renewed offer implied. Manon no longer deliberated; she resolutely placed her hand in his, and though more intellect than heart went with it, M. Roland was satisfied and happy.

Their marriage occurred in 1780. Manon, still youthful at twenty-five, was at length wedded to an austere, self-confident, over-bearing man, twenty years her senior. The first year was spent in Paris, entirely occupied in the preparation of a work on the arts, in which Madame Roland untiringly assisted her husband. Her only recreation was attending a course of lectures on natural history and botany. She secluded herself from her friends, not from her own choice, but because her imperious husband demanded it; he wished to absorb her attention and affection entirely in himself.

The succeeding four years were passed at Amiens, occupied as before in literary pursuits, to which Madame Roland lent her own pen with a brilliancy of style that gave an additional reputation to Roland's works. The birth of a daughter divided her cares and

pursuits, but she had become so indispensable to her husband, that for the sake of her grateful presence he was quite ready to submit to the mischievous play of little fingers among his books and papers. The sunny face of Eudora peeping out from her long flaxen ringlets, now and then laughingly thrust between her father's face and his endless manuscripts, did much towards softening his habitual sternness. Madame Roland too, centred in this sweet child the affections that were but rudely and selfishly cherished by her exacting husband.

It was in the course of this stay at Amiens, that M. Roland applied for letters patent of nobility, wishing to resume the title of his ancestry now that his wealth was sufficient to support such rank. His wife was not unwilling to bear the gracious title of *Lady* Roland, in spite of her previous contempt of titled nobility and meditations upon the inequality of mankind. It was a temptation, neither of them would have rejected, had their application been successful.

In 1785 M. Roland removed to the city of Lyons. The family occupied a winter residence in town, but passed the summers upon a fine paternal estate a few miles from Lyons. La Platière was a rural retreat lying in the valley of the Saone, at the foot of the mountains of Beaujolais. It was a wild, romantic region, intersected with deep gorges, and watered by impetuous torrents that leaped and foamed down the mountain-sides, then rushing noisily through the fertile valley, swelled the wide-rolling Saone to overflowing. Fruitful vineyards grew purple in the warm sheltered valley, and the smooth green meadows were dotted with flocks

of white sheep guarded by shepherds. In the midst of these meadows and vineyards stretched the La Platière farm, with its sleek cattle, its dove-cotes, fish-ponds, gardens and groups of willows with their long sweeping boughs and tall prim poplars shading the solid square stone house and its numberless outhouses. The mansion, spacious and airy, had nothing to recommend it in the way of ornamental architecture. A plain front, the roof projecting and nearly flat, regular windows, and a plain portico at the entrance, told more of unpretending comfort than taste or display.

Madame Roland, accustomed only to a life among brick and mortar, regarded La Platière with enthusiastic admiration; she could scarcely find words to express her joy on finding herself possessed of such a secluded, charming retreat as she had often pictured in her dreams. But every cup has its drop of gall. M. Roland's mother and brother still occupied the estate; one, proud, tyrannical, and possessing the enviable characteristics of a shrew; the other, gruff, coarse and surly, kept discord perpetually awake. The mother's turbulent spirit was soon hushed in the unregretted sleep of death; an event that decided the Roland family to occupy their estate throughout the year.

Five years of undisturbed happiness succeeded. Madame Roland's time was divided between the systematic regulation of domestic duties, the education of their only and idolized child Eudora, and the reception of much company, attracted by the scientific celebrity of M. Roland. Beside all these time-consuming demands, she secured two hours during the day to pass

in her husband's study, assisting him in his literary pursuits with her ready and popular pen, that gained him many an eulogium. Happy in lending her talents to secure his renown rather than her own, and capable of an entire devotion to his comfort and happiness, more from a sense of duty and veneration than the promptings of love, she passed those five years in an uninterrupted tranquillity that seemed a rest to her tried spirit, a preparation, a gathering of strength, for the tempestuous life that followed.

In 1790, the low but fearful rumblings of the political storm that had long been gathering over France, boomed through the cities, along the valleys, echoed through the mountain hamlets, and sounded in the ears of those hidden in distant and obscure retreats. M. Roland and his wife, aroused at the welcome tones of the first murmurings of liberty, hastened to Lyons where the contest had arisen with powerful excitement. Madame Roland's saloons were thrown open, and the most prominent of the revolutionary party gathered there to discuss the principles to be adopted. Madame Roland engaged in their councils, guided their decisions by eloquent and burning words that fell from her lips with irresistible fascination; her ardor stimulated their zeal, her impassioned appeals fired them with new and daring efforts to shake off the oppressive yoke of kingly aristocracy. Thus conspicuously arrayed against the royalists, M. Roland's name was upon every lip, with praises on one side, and bitter denunciations on the other—a hostility that nerved his wife with a stronger enthusiasm

and absorbed all the powers of her indefatigable mind in the one idea and aim of universal freedom.

Louis XVI., irresolute and yielding, attempted to conciliate the stormy populace and to avert the accumulating vengeance of years from his devoted head. But the iniquities of his predecessors and the surrounding nobility were destined to be visited on this monarch, too weak, too undiscerning, to arrest the furious passions he blindly tampered with. To appease the multitude he convened the National Assembly. This body consisted of the nobility, the higher clergy and representatives from all parts of the nation. M. Roland, the favorite and leading man of the revolutionary party in the city of Lyons, was elected their representative, by a large majority. On the 20th of February 1791, he repaired to Paris with his wife, who a few years before sat a homeless obscure maiden in a desolate garret, but now brilliant, wealthy, and influential, was the worshipped heroine of the republican party. She daily attended the sittings of the Assembly and listened with intense interest to the exciting debates. The refined and courtly bearing, the polished and cultivated language of the royalists, struck her favorably in contrast with the course plebeian manners, and illiterate speech of the democrats, but though her tastes would have inclined her to the former, the latter involved her principles, and the contrast only served to increase her ardent wish for the education and refinement of the lower classes.

Before the close of the first sitting of the Assembly the nobility were vanquished, and the royal family were compelled to abandon their palaces at Versailles

and remain in Paris. The contest assumed a new phase, being sustained between the Girondists and Jacobins, one party intent upon the preservation of the throne, limited in its power by a free constitution, the other fiercely bent upon the overthrow of the altar, the throne, the distinctions of nobility, and every barrier that prevented the entire equality of all classes. M. Roland and his wife zealously supported the former. The leading and most intelligent of the Girondists assembled four evenings in the week, at the house of M. Roland, attracted by his integrity and calm deliberate wisdom, as well as by the more fascinating conversational powers of his brilliant wife, to whose opinions they paid the most sincere and flattering deference.

Among those who frequented her saloons, was a young lawyer of repulsive appearance, stupid and awkward, possessed of an obstinate temper, utterly devoid of sensitiveness, caring as little for applause as the hisses of contempt with which his long, dry speeches were invariably received in the Assembly. Madame Roland alone discovered genius in the sullen, moody young man. She saw the energy, the rock-like fixedness of purpose, the hatred of luxury and aristocracy, that would make him a favorite with the multitude, and feeling him to be a dangerous enemy, yet not a friend to be trusted, she welcomed him to her circle more from policy than choice. He listened entranced to the eloquent voice and clear reasoning of the intrepid Madame Roland and bowed in awe to her high-souled principles, yet was ready to aim a deadly blow at them and at her who gave them utterance.

when ambition or interest suggested. This was *Robespierre.*

Abbott says of his admiration of that accomplished woman, "He studied Madame Roland with even more of stoical apathy, than another man would study a book which he admires. The next day he would give utterance in the Assembly, not only to the sentiments but even to the very words and phrases which he had carefully garnered from the exuberant diction of his eloquent instructress. Occasionally, every eye would be riveted upon him, and every ear attentive, as he gave utterance to some lofty sentiment, in impassioned language, which had been heard before, in sweeter tones, from more persuasive lips." On one occasion, in the early part of his career, having laid himself under the displeasure of the multitude and exposed to accusation from the Assembly, Madame Roland found him a place of security, and plead for him with an influential member of the Assembly, till his defence was promised. Robespierre escaped to become the assassin of his benefactors.

In September 1791, the Assembly was dissolved and M. Roland and his wife retired from Paris. The two or three months of seclusion that succeeded, rather inspired them for new efforts, than made them forget the perils of France. A new Assembly convened in November, and though the previous members could not be re-elected, M. and Madame Roland determined to return to Paris and share the danger and excitement daily increasing in the metropolis. The most influential and learned men from all parts of the nation gath-

ered there to watch the shaping of events that every moment assumed a more threatening aspect. Clubs were formed to discuss the momentous questions of the times, and every evening various private saloons were the scenes of exciting and intensely interesting debate.

The position and influence of the Rolands is thus described. "M. Roland was grave, taciturn, oracular. He had no brilliance of talent to excite envy. He displayed no ostentation in dress, or equipage, or manners, to provoke the desire in others to humble him. His reputation for stoical virtue gave a wide sweep to his influence. His very silence invested him with a mysterious wisdom. Consequently, no one feared him as a rival, and he was freely thrust forward as the unobjectionable head of a party by all who hoped through him to promote their own interests. He was what we call in America an *available* candidate. Madame Roland, on the contrary, was animated and brilliant. Her genius was universally admired. Her bold suggestions, her shrewd counsel, her lively repartee, her capability of cutting sarcasm, rarely exercised, her deep and impassioned benevolence, her unvarying cheerfulness, the sincerity and enthusiasm of her philanthropy, and the unrivalled brilliance of her conversational powers, made her the centre of a system around which the brightest intellects were revolving. Vergniaud, Petion, Brissot, and others whose names were then comparatively unknown, but whose fame has since resounded through the civilized world, loved to do her homage."

With such elements of popularity, it is not surprising

that they were elevated to a position in which the prisoner king was obliged to place them to appease the stormy populace. Murders were nightly committed, the terrified nobles were hastily escaping with their families, confusion and death reigned everywhere. There was no expedient left the monarch, but to accede to the demands of the people, dismiss his ministry, and replace it by Republican candidates. M. Roland was immediately selected by the Girondists as Minister of the Interior, a post scarcely inferior to the crown itself, and especially elevated at this moment when only the shadow of authority remained with the king.

M. Roland and his wife immediately occupied the palace which had been the recipient of Neckar but a short time before, and furnished by him with regal splendor. At last the scornful Manon was the mistress of one of those magnificent palaces, was elevated to an equality with kings and princes, and rolled through the thoroughfares of Paris in one of the very gilded coaches that had excited her childish contempt. Madame Roland however was in a position that rightly belonged to her, and which she filled with unaffected grace and dignity. She found full scope for her abundant talents, so assiduously cultivated in her youth, and opportunity for the magnanimous exercise of her forgiving and generous temper.

On one occasion, after leaving her elegant dining-hall, where she had entertained the greatest men in France, she found in the saloon an old man, who, with profound respect, begged an interview with the Minister of the Interior. She discovered in him a

haughty aristocrat, who many years before had humiliated her proud spirit, by leaving her, on the occasion of a visit, to dine with the menials. She exulted in her own thoughts at the reversed position in which they now stood, but generously restrained any manifestation of her triumph.

From all the splendid apartments of the palace, Madame Roland selected a small, retired room, furnished as a library, and where she spent nearly all her time. Here gathered the influential members of the Assembly, discussing the momentous affairs of state, occasionally turning to consult her, while she sat at a little distance at a small work-table, occupied with her needle or pen. Here she wrote the proclamations, the state papers, and the letters which were presented to the King and Assembly in M. Roland's name, securing to him the enthusiastic admiration alone due to herself.

The Jacobin party were every day increasing in strength, and ready to pour from the cellars and haunts of vice with which Paris was thronged, numberless advocates of their ferocious measures. The king had already been insulted in his palace by the mob. The royalists had fled to Coblentz, and were preparing to march with the Prussian army to reinstate the French monarch; a movement which filled both the Girondists and Jacobins with alarm. Louis, irresolute and vacillating, took no decided measures. He endeavored to conciliate all parties, and thus gained the confidence and support of none. At this crisis, Madame Roland, in behalf of the Girondists and in

the name of the minister, addressed a bold and eloquent letter to the king, demanded him to proclaim war against the emigrants, and take instant measures to prevent their meditated attack, in union with the Prussians, upon Paris. By thus co-operating with the Girondists, his crown might be saved, though his power would be limited; while, if he opposed them, his downfall and horrible anarchy must ensue. The letter, written with glowing and impassioned eloquence, was given by M. Roland to the king on the 11th of June, 1792. Its proposed decree was too unpalatable to the monarch, the truth which it contained too plain for the royal ear. He commented upon it by peremptorily dismissing M. Roland from office.

"Here am I dismissed from office," exclaimed the deposed minister to his wife on entering her library. "Present your letter to the Assembly, that the nation may see for what counsel you have been dismissed," replied the intrepid Madame Roland. The letter was presented. It received unbounded applause from the Assembly, and was ordered to be printed and scattered throughout every department in France. It was a fire brand thrown among combustibles. The rapturous applause of millions followed the hero to the obscure retreat which Madame Roland selected in a retired street of the metropolis. But here they were sought out and their apartments thronged with the admiring adherents of both parties.

The Girondists, now no longer willing to support the king, openly proposed the establishment of a republic. Danger hourly increased. The populace incensed at

the removal of M. Roland, attacked the Tuileries, insulted the monarch and the royal family, and in every possible way vented their rage and hatred. Louis was obliged to consent to the reinstatement of the republican minister, and again M. Roland and his wife occupied the magnificent palace from which they had suddenly been expelled.

The arrest and imprisonment of Louis XVI. soon after, caused M. Roland to send in his resignation to the Assembly, since the office he held was virtually annulled. He could now have escaped with his wife from the frightful scenes daily enacting in the streets of Paris, but her courageous spirit would not recoil from danger or death, so long as a hope remained of rescuing France from threatened anarchy.

The rapid approach of the Prussian army terrified all parties. The Jacobins, having obtained the ascendency of power in Paris, and determined to save themselves from the vengeance of the advancing army, ordered every man in Paris capable of bearing arms, to prepare to advance to the frontiers and repulse the emigrant royalists and their allies. In order to ensure this decree, and to rid themselves of all who were secretly ready to fall upon them when encouraged by the near approach of the army, the gates of Paris were closed, and at night every house in the metropolis was entered by parties of Jacobins, its apartments and most secret recesses searched, victims dragged forth from every possible place of concealment and horribly murdered. Every one who gave the slightest suspicion of favoring the royalists were instantly put to death. The inno

cent and guilty perished together. Homes were deluged with the blood of helpless and innocent victims. Fathers perished with their helpless children, beautiful women were dragged to the guillotine, the prisons were crowded with trembling victims, who were one after another beheaded in the court-yards, till the pavements ran with blood. Fiends, thirsting for the hearts' blood of both friend and foe, prowled through the streets, sheathing their daggers in human flesh at every step. This frightful massacre continued till every royalist had fallen.

And now the phrensied Jacobins fixed their bloody fangs upon the Girondists. A fierce struggle for supremacy in the Convention ensued. It was more than a political reaching after power—more than patriotic fervor that inspired the eloquent addresses at the tribune—it was a struggle for life. One party or the other must lay their heads beneath the axe. The Jacobins attempted to strike a deadly blow at the Girondists, by bringing an accusation against their inspiring genius—Madame Roland. A spy was employed to ingratiate himself in her confidence and by perverting her expressions, obtain her accusation and bring her to the scaffold. She quickly penetrated his designs and scornfully repulsed his friendship. He however charged her with carrying on a secret correspondence with exiled royalists, and she was summoned before the tribunal.

A vast assemblage awaited the entrance of the woman whose fame had sounded throughout Europe, and whose influence had so strongly wielded the Assembly.

Every one was anxious and curious to behold the wonderful being who, retaining a feminine seclusion, yet breathed through manly lips a thrilling patriotism worthy of a Roman orator. At the instant she appeared a respectful silence pervaded the assemblage. Old men and young, friend and enemy, even Robespierre and Marat, watched with undisguised admiration the majestic bearing, yet womanly loveliness and modesty, with which this noble woman advanced and stood before the bar. Her replies to the president were full of dignity and frankness, uttered in sweet clear tones that fell with a magical effect upon the listeners. Every answer exposed more clearly the villany and falsehood of her accuser, and when she tremulously began her own defence, gathering courage as she spoke, till the eloquence and fervor of her exalted spirit was showered in words of fire upon the Assembly, there was not an eye but was riveted upon her, not an ear but strove to catch every syllable that fell from her lips. They sat silent and entranced, and when her voice ceased, shouts of approval rose on every side. She was acquitted both by friend and foe, and even the heartless bloodhound whose life she had saved, and who was soon to drag her to the scaffold, could not withhold a smile of approval and admiration as she glided triumphantly from among them.

Four or five months of turmoil, of hatred, of frightful anarchy, heightened the unbridled and murderous passions of the populace. The Jacobins governed the Assembly, the mob governed the Jacobins. The deliberations of the Convention were guided by the thou-

sands of assassins who, with upheld daggers, crowded the lobbies, and surrounded the building in hoarse tumult. The death of Louis XVI. was demanded, and in the midst of an exciting scene every Girondist was obliged to ascend the tribune and pronounce "*death*" upon the king, or feel the cold steel sliding quickly into his own heart. This submission did not cool the unquenchable hatred of the mob. Conspiracies were repeatedly formed to assassinate the Girondists, at one moment almost beneath the gleaming weapons in the Convention, at another roused only in time to bar their doors against creeping demons, waiting the stroke of a certain hour to plunge the deadly knife in their bosoms.

Madame Roland, exposed to the execrations of the populace because of her well-known position among the Girondists, was entreated to seek safety. Some devoted friends brought her the dress of a peasant girl, urging her to assume the disguise and fly with her daughter, that her husband might follow her unencumbered. But she spurned to save herself thus. Throwing the dress from her, she exclaimed, "I am ashamed to resort to any such expedient. I will neither disguise myself, nor make any attempt at secret escape. My enemies may find me always in my place. If I am assassinated, it shall be in my own home. I owe my country an example of firmness and I will give it."

At M. Roland's resignation, they had again retired to an obscure dwelling in the Rue de la Harpe. Here in a solitary room they still received the agitated supporters of the Republic, in vain attempting to devise

measures to stem the overwhelming tide deluging France, and gradually circling into a dizzy whirlpool that was finally to engulph both the assassin and the victim. Each day the circles grew narrower and swifter, and the Girondists unable to escape from a vortex bearing them on to certain death, could only fortify themselves to meet it heroically.

On the morning of the 31st of May, 1793, a driving rolling mist darkened the streets of Paris. Crowds of demoniac men, howling women and reckless, bloodthirsty boys, blocked up the thoroughfares, adding their shouts and imprecations to the dismal tolling of bells, booming cannons, and the melancholy sound of the tocsin. The rush and the roar, rolled ominously through the convulsed city. "Illa suprema dies," *it is our last day*, exclaimed one of the illustrious Girondists, and he said it with truth. Madame Roland and her husband remained in their solitary room listening in sickening suspense to the sounds borne even to their distant retreat, not daring to venture into the streets, where their appearance would be the sure signal of death. Friends brought them tidings of events during that dreadful day. The clouds, that had hung gloomily over the city since morning, gathered in an early twilight. M. Roland sat gloomy, unnerved and despairing, while his courageous wife, whom danger never intimidated, spoke cheerfully and hopefully even in these hours of terror: but her words were suddenly checked by the sound of brutal voices and stumbling heavy footsteps ascending the dark stairway. In another moment six armed men noisily burst into the

apartment, and advancing towards M. Roland, showed him a warrant for his arrest in the name of the Convention. "I do not recognize the authority of your warrant, and shall not voluntarily follow you," said he to the officer. The leader replied that he had no orders to exercise violence and should return his answer to the Council, leaving a guard to secure his person.

Far from being overcome with womanly fears, at this near approach of their enemies, Madame Roland was strengthened with fresh heroism. She immediately sat down and rapidly penned a glowing letter to the Convention, ordered a coach, left a friend with her husband, and drove speedily to the Tuileries where the Assembly was engaged in riotous debate. A dense and murmuring crowd filled the gardens and the courts, rendering access almost impossible. Undaunted, she forced her way through, approached the sentinels who guarded the doors, and asked admission. It was refused. An instant's thought suggested a deception. Assuming the tone of the Jacobins, she assured them she had important notes for the president that would admit of no delay in times when traitors threatened the restoration of a monarchy. The sentinel immediately permitted her to pass. Another sentinel was stationed at the door of an inner passage. "I wish to see one of the messengers of the House," said she. "Wait till one comes out," was the surly reply. Fifteen minutes passed that seemed hours to the impatient, anxious wife. At length she descried a messenger to whom she gave the letter, and it was immediately delivered to the presi-

dent. A long hour passed, yet Madame Roland still stood at the entrance, watching with painful interest every face that came from among the excited Assembly, hoping for tidings of her husband's release in reply to her appeal. But no message came, and at length unable longer to endure suspense, she sent for one of the principal Girondists, and besought him to gain her admission to the bar that she might speak in defence of her husband and her friends. "The Convention has lost all power. Your words can do no good. Violence, noise, and confusion fill the House," replied Verginaud.

Madame Roland abandoned the hope, and leaving her letter to speak the words she would eloquently have uttered, promised herself to return in two hours, and hastily sought her home again to assure herself of her husband's safety. Upon entering her apartments, M. Roland and the guards were nowhere to be seen. Alarmed, she inquired and searched, till she found M. Roland had escaped the vigilance of his keepers, and was concealed in the house of a friend. Finding him at last, and inspiring him with new courage as her own revived, she again parted from him and returned to the Tuileries, though the midnight bell had tolled. The streets were brilliantly illuminated, but silent and deserted; the palace and the Assembly rooms were vacant; a quiet and gloomy mystery rested upon the place that a few hours before had been crowded with a mass of human beings swaying to and fro with the passions of demons grasping for new victims. Foreboding some new and horrible calamity,

she turned from the palace, blazing with lights, and traversed the streets till the shouts and uproar of the maddened voices of a countless multitude reached her ear. A nearer approach revealed the twenty-two Girondists of the Assembly guarded and driven before the mob with threatened violence towards the dungeons of the Conciergerie. Enough! Madame Roland knew at a glance her own fate, and the doom of all she loved.

A moment's delay at the Louvre to consult with a friend some means for her husband's escape, and she sped back to her own home, penned a hasty letter to M. Roland, then sat quietly to scan the day's events and see the extent of her own danger. Bold, heroic, and energetic, she had preserved her cheerfulness and hope to this moment, but the remembrance of her fugitive husband and a glance at her sleeping child resting innocently and securely upon her mother's pillow, brought with a sharp pang the thought of leaving the idolized Eudora an orphan. Her courage was gone; she threw herself beside the sweet sleeper, threw back the bright ringlets that clustered round the child's rosy face, kissed it with clinging love and wept such tears as she had never shed before. Exhausted with grief and fatigue she fell into a deep slumber, with her child closely clasped in her arms. It was a mother's last dear embrace. Just as the dawn of a cheerless cloudy morning stole through the curtained windows, the rush and tramp of many feet, the clattering of steel weapons and clubs, and the hoarse howlings of a debauched multitude aroused Madame Roland in time to meet at

the door the rough leaders who immediately announced her arrest. No tears, not a word of supplication escaped her lips. She calmly pressed a farewell kiss upon the lips of her child, committed her to a friend, spoke cheerfully to the weeping servants, and followed the officers with a heroic and defiant dignity that elicited their respect and protection. To secure her from the insults of the mob, one of the officers kindly proposed to close the windows of the carriage. "No," she replied; "oppressed innocence should not assume the attitude of crime and shame. I do not fear the looks of honest men, and I brave those of my enemies." She calmly and pityingly gazed upon the passionate and distorted countenances of the crowd that pressed about the carriage with threatening words and gestures; they fell back, awed at her fearless bearing, and let her pass unmolested.

The iron doors, bolts and bars of the Abbayé prison closed upon Madame Roland. A bare, comfortless room, dimly lighted by a high, narrow, grated window through which the damp, chilly air crept, was given her in lieu of her own home. Nothing broke the cheerless aspect of this gloomy cell. A straw pallet lay in one corner close to the cold, mouldy walls, but without uttering a word of complaint the undaunted prisoner laid herself down upon the humble couch and fell into a deep, dreamless slumber.

But a few days passed before the jailer and his kind-hearted wife were fascinated with the cheerful cordiality, the winning, gentle manners, and heroic endurance of the new prisoner. They willingly aided her in giving

the cell an air of taste and comfort. At first a little table appeared, and another day the jailer's wife came in smiling and full of mystery with something concealed under her wide apron. Suddenly the table was decorated and brightened with a neat, white spread, and the good little woman hastened away pleased and proud with Madame Roland's rewarding expressions of surprise and pleasure. Then came books; writing materials quickly followed, and lastly fresh, beautiful flowers bloomed in the grated window of her cell.

Four months passed away and the beginning of the fifth, found Madame Roland cheerful and contented, strong and resolute as when she graced the elegant saloons of a palace-home. Satisfied and happy that her husband had escaped, at rest in regard to her child, safely asylumned with a friend, and hoping for the near approach of the nation's tranquillity and her consequent release, she lost not a moment in repinings or useless tears. Occupied with her books, or sketching the scenery of La Platière and other places distinct and dear in remembrance, or writing her memoirs, she scarcely lived at all in the damp, dark cell. Her busy imagination was continually on the wing, and when recalled to her loneliness and imprisonment, by the entrance of the keeper with her coarse fare, she felt no gloom, shed no tears, but kindly greeted him and partook of the untempting food, spread upon a rusty stove to preserve the little table unsoiled, with as much liveliness and grace as if she presided at the splendid dining-table of the Minister of the Interior. She might have possessed herself of some luxuries,

but choosing rather to relieve her fellow-sufferers, she distributed her money among them to obtain necessary comforts.

One day two commissioners entered her cell to extort from her if possible, the secret of her husband's retreat, since all Paris and its environs had been diligently searched for the fugitive minister. She scorned to dissimulate and told them plainly she knew the place of his concealment, but nothing on earth could induce her to betray him; she spurned them from her. From first to last Madame Roland's defiant heroism cost her liberty and life. Her contemptuous treatment of these Jacobin inquisitors determined her fate. She was too illustrious, too eloquent, too fearless a woman to be suffered to live, but it was necessary to convict her on a new charge in order to bring her to the scaffold.

The following day an officer entered and announced to Madame Roland, that her liberty was restored. Scarcely believing her senses she emerged from her prison, joyfully breathed the free air again and accustomed her eyes to the blinding light of day, scarcely less bewildering than the exultation of being free, of clasping her child to her heart and claiming her own home. Ordering a carriage to drive quickly to the Rue de la Harpe, it was not long before she alighted at her own door, her face beaming with the expected happiness of hearing again the voice of Eudora. She eagerly bounded up the steps and opened the door; her foot was upon the threshold—when two men darted from places of concealment, seized and rudely thrust

her back into the carriage with the assurance that the Assembly had issued a new warrant for her arrest. They bore her to the prison of St. Pélagié, and conducted her to a loathsome dungeon already crowded with the most abandoned women, and desperate villains, whose repulsive aspect made her shudder and shrink from the vile contact.

Her courage no longer supported her; the disappointment had been too cruel; she sat down amids' the miserable wretches of the dungeon and wept and sobbed with uncontrollable sorrow. But here, as in the other prison, she gained the sympathy of her keepers, who soon ventured to remove her to a narrow cell by herself. As before, her room gradually assumed an unexpected degree of comfort. Books, music, drawing, and writing were made available by the kindness of Madame Bouchaud, the wife of the jailer; flowers, and vines twined among and hid the ugly iron bars across the high window, and a small table and comfortable bed completed all her wants. Once more she gathered calmness and happiness from her employments. She could utter with triumph what Marie Antoinette exclaimed in despair, "What a resource, amid the calamities of life, is a highly-cultivated mind!"

On the same day when the Girondists were executed, October 31st, 1793, Madame Roland was led to the dungeons of the Conciergerie. This frightful prison lay beneath the Palace of Justice. A wide flight of stone steps led down to the subterraneous passages that wound and twisted and intersected each other like

caged serpents, and terminated in cells, cold, dark, and silent as the grave. The atmosphere was humid and noxious; moisture oozed from the walls, and the damp slippery floors made the bewildered captive recoil from a footing that suggested a path among sliding lizards and creeping scorpions. Through these dark labyrinths, the heroic Girondists and the hapless queen had passed forth to a repulsive, bloody death; ladies distinguished for beauty and talent, young girls fair and innocent, noble men and their aged fathers, bowed and trembling under the snowy crown of years, had gone forth daily to appease the mad multitude thirsting for human blood. Still agonizing groans resounded through the gloomy corridors, or sometimes echoed to a wailing death-song from the breaking heart of some despairing prisoner. Rarely the voice of prayer went up from these cells except wrested from some frantic victim. Those were days of infidelity; God had withdrawn his presence from the atheistical nation.

From one of those cells came a sweet voice that uttered eloquent and inspiring words in clear, ringing tones, thrilling every listener, and kindling a new heroism from the ashes of despair. Those lips did not beguile fellow-captives to exhausting, enervating tears, but aroused all the patriotic fire, the exalted courage, and the stoicism of which they were capable; they caught the unshrinking lofty tone of the bold-spirited orator, and when she paced the narrow courts, gathered round her with a love and devotion they might have paid to an angel. Fascinating and graceful even

in prison robes, stately and commanding, yet womanly and gentle, the sturdiest bowed before her, and the weakest leaned upon the strength her impassioned soul could impart.

But one day she smilingly glided past them, attired in flowing white drapery, and her dark hair falling in wavy abundance to her girdled waist. She hastened cheerfully along the winding passages, passed through the massive entrances, and soon stood in the Hall of the Palace of Justice, before an excited and tumultuous throng. In vain her voice richly and eloquently rose above the confused murmurings boldly speaking her own defence—not in crouching supplication—not in fear of death—not in appeals to the humanity and sympathy of the Assembly, but in daring defiance of their imputing a single crime to her or to those illustrious men who had gone before her to the scaffold. She sealed her own doom while proudly asserting her innocence. She was condemned to die. Fully prepared for this sentence, she received it with unchanging countenance, and returned to her cell as cheerfully as she had emerged from it, intimating her fate to the prisoners, as she passed them, by silently drawing a finger across her white throat.

That night an old harp that had long lain untouched in the solitary cell, resounded with slow, mournful tones, accompanied by a full, melodious voice, sadly sweeping a wild requiem through the long galleries that had been silent to every sound but human groans or shouts of exultation or despair. The shuddering captives recognized the farewell.

The following morning—the gloomy opening of a November day—a long line of carts, crowded with victims for the guillotine, issued from the yard of the Conciergerie. In the last was the white-robed heroine of the dungeons, still calm and self-possessed, still bearing up the drooping spirits of those who stood beside her. An old man with whitened locks, weak and trembling, leaned upon her sustaining arm. Her own face was brilliant and blooming, freshened and tinged with the cool morning air. The near approach of a sudden and horrible death was no intimidation to her heroic spirit. Nearer and nearer the rough vehicle approached the scaffold, as those in advance were emptied; higher and more ghastly grew the heaps of the slain; faster and fuller rolled the crimson tide. At last came the cart with the old man and the beautiful, fearless woman. She was still brave and undaunted, he shrinking and pale with terror. "Go first," said she, "that you may not witness my death." But the brutal executioner commanded her to ascend first. "You will not refuse a woman's last request," she replied mildly, and with one of her winning smiles. The murder-inured man was won like every one else upon whom that fascinating smile fell. The old man with the whitened locks, bowed his head first beneath the axe—then came the noble woman with firm, unfaltering step—she knelt—an instant of awful stillness was succeeded by the terrible sound of the sliding axe, and the beautiful head, enveloped in its dark veil of flowing ringlets, fell from the block.

The noble, heroic, exalted spirit of Madame Roland had gone to the eternity she had so often and so darkly questioned. Her soul was in an instant ushered to the presence of an unacknowledged God, before whose tribunal human philosophy, and stoicism, and lofty endurance must vanish into nothingness.

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